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Tales of Adventure

By Sea and Land.

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Preface.

THERE are few regions of the globe without some tales of suffering, or traditions of human heroism, which have stamped with immortal memorials the secluded isle, the solitary bay, or the lone track, where man has battled with the elements, or contended against the ferocity of barbarous tribes. Such places must ever possess a powerful interest for those who delight to contemplate man under circumstances which develop the energies, and exalt the courage of the soul.

The level of the common-place, however abounding in the *useful*, presents but rarely those heroic qualities, the study of which is necessary to the cultivation of manly habits, and for rightly estimating the hidden powers of human nature. We cannot behold the exhibition of long-sustained patience, or brilliant displays of energy in others, without feeling our hearts warmed by a generous enthusiasm, or roused to a

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healthy contempt of enervating pursuits. We need not look into the depths of the "heroic ages"—to the shores of ancient Greece, or the famed hills of Rome, for instances of human daring and brave endurance. In all ages, and in all lands, suffering and trial have attended upon the footsteps of man, and summoned him to hardy resistance, or disgraceful defeat; and therefore each period produces instances of men who wreath bright laurels from calamities, and stand as examples to their fellows.

The contemplation of such "adventures" is necessary at all times, but especially in what is called a highly civilized, or commercial age, when the natural tendency of men is towards luxury. To repress such a disposition is impossible; but to prevent it from degenerating into effeminacy is not only desirable, but absolutely essential to the preservation of the national character. To make our youth familiar with deeds of generous hardihood and of perseverance against the shock of unexpected ills, must be the best corrective of the customs and opinions too often connected with the advance of society in physical comforts. Sea and land alike contribute such examples—the shattered ships and iron-bound coasts of the former, combining with the lonely waste, snow-covered mountains, or dungeons of the latter, to develop the truest heroism in men of all climes, ages, and ranks.

The "adventures" in this volume have not been selected exclusively from our own countrymen, as it was desirable to illustrate the triumphs of perseverance and disciplined courage, not only in Englishmen, but in all human-kind. Our countrymen are therefore joined with French, Dutch, Italian, Swedish, and Russian adventurers, whose diversities of national temperament only render still more striking the uniform results produced by heroic endurance.

Instances of lofty courage and generous devotedness have

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been selected from *different ages*, that the earlier periods of history may concur with later times, to teach lessons of high fortitude by appropriate examples, and to prove that under all varieties of human institutions the soul may display her great resources. With this view the writer has also chosen "adventures" from the records of *civil* as well as *military* life; for the highest bravery is not unfrequently found in those who have never heard the report of a cannon, and who are total strangers to the pomp of war. Women have likewise contributed to the list of our adventurers; for they often exhibit that calm species of courage which imparts a dignity to feminine nature, and shows how frequently the highest powers of endurance are united to physical weakness.

It is presumed that the various aspects under which man appears in the ensuing pages will suggest numerous important reflections to all who agree with the poet that "The proper study of mankind is man." Amid *ordinary* circumstances the strongest minds can only exercise their *common* virtues; but amidst sufferings and danger, all that is great and noble have opportunity for exercise; and it is therefore in the world of "adventure" that our nature displays her loftier attributes. Sometimes, however, the reverse of all this appears when peril and calamity develop the long-concealed enormities of degraded minds, and lead to those terrible catastrophes which startle the reader, and reveal the horrors of crime's deep abyss. But even such disclosures are valuable manifestations of human nature, and serve to modify the admiration produced by views of lofty greatness and heroic virtues, which might otherwise lead us to an exaggerated estimate of human powers.

The writer must, in conclusion, say that all the adventures in this volume are taken from the most trustworthy and authentic sources, and presented to the reader in that form which seemed best fitted to place the events most fully

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before the imagination. That these narratives may contribute to improve the understanding and interest the heart of each reader, is the writer's hope ; and he is the more confirmed in this expectation, as he trusts that nothing in these pages will be found to exhibit false views of man or morals, by which the taste might be corrupted, or the intellect enfeebled.

W. D.

February, 1847.

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Adventures by Sea.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

LIFE AT SEA.

LIFE on land is the antipodes of life at sea. The citizen rises to traverse the same streets, look upon the same buildings, and return at eve to the same spot. This uniformity has a beauty for many minds; some of our most stirring associations and much of our richest poetry arise from the strong mysterious love for the places where the boy has grown into the man, and where the circling thoughts of a whole life have concentrated the passionate energies. We invest the objects constantly around us with a portion of our being; we intrust, as it were, our noblest thoughts to the keeping of the ancient trees, which were *old* when we were children. The rivulet where the wild flowers grew sixty years ago can talk to us of deeds and days long past. The ancient house, where we first tried the patience of our worthy nurse, is as garrulous as an old man when he meets a schoolfellow after a lapse of fifty years. Now all these local associations, this poetry of place, and solemn music rising from things visible and tangible, springs

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from the *fixity* of the scenes amidst which we move. Being ever with us, our nature has linked itself to their nature; all we have done or suffered seems to have been observed and recorded too by mysterious, silent witnesses—the walls of our house, books of our library, or the ancient elms of our village lanes. We should not feel thus had we lived in a hundred different places instead of one; each would have acquired too small a portion of our confidence to possess that wonderful power by which familiar scenes rule the soul and secure her love.

The sailor is ever in motion; his skies, lands, and seas are constantly changing; earth meets him under all her aspects, and he is on visiting terms with every land from the equator to the pole. *Fixity* he has none; the very stars change in their courses for him. At one time the Bear takes his departure, at another the Southern Cross gleams nightly on the waters. These constant movements and ceaseless introductions to things new, in heaven, earth, and seas, have for some a powerful charm. Such minds are the Arabs of nature, dwellers in tents; "here to-day, gone to-morrow;" delighting in rapidly varying, rather than in concentrated emotion.

"A life on the ocean wave" is distinguished in almost innumerable respects from life on land; it must, therefore, exhibit human nature under many peculiar aspects.

As the reader will, in the following pages, see the sailor struggling with calamities—at one time driven far over the wild waters by contending tempests, at another dashed like a sea-weed on the desolate shore, or silently enduring the horrors of famine, amid impenetrable chains of ice—so it is desirable that some general description of sea life should precede such adventures. When we are about to lead a friend through an unknown land, it is natural to place before him a map of the regions through which he must pass, the rivers he will probably cross, and the mountains, the gigantic shadows of which will fall each sunset along his path. So let the writer now place this outline of "Life at Sea," with its thousand lights and shadows, variable as the multitudinous heavings of the ocean itself, before the reader, ere he enters into a closer acquaintance with the perils encountered on the deep.

The very words "Life at Sea" have in them something to

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arrest attention; for though most of us may have seen the sea, and have moved along its paths, few can say that their *home* is on the deep; and, therefore, to the majority of men, "Life at Sea" presents scenes wholly different from those which mark the life of their towns, villages, and hamlets. To have a fixed house, the site of which we can point out and register by its street and number, if in a large town; or by grove, green, or wood, if in the country, is the lot of nearly every reader of these pages; nor can he, without a strong effort, imagine a different state of things. Our home stands in a certain place; we leave it with the full expectation of seeing the well-known walls in the same place when we return; that it should move a hundred miles off is out of the imagination's range. Thus we gain certain notions about *localities* and *fixity*, quite opposed to the diversities of a sea life, where all is motion. But if we would present a natural picture of that strange life which so many thousands pass on the changing waves, we must take the representations of its peculiar dangers, joys, and sublime phenomena, as drawn by the sons of ocean—by sailors themselves. Vain is the attempt of the mere landsman to paint the diversified life of the deep, trusting to the raree-show exhibitions of his own fancy: his seas and storms may be very *artistic*, and his events most suitable to the theatres of London's alleys, but all will be a daub, tantalizing to the eye, and disgusting to the experienced. This attempt to describe "Life at Sea" is therefore drawn, in all its essentials, from the delineations of men to whom the ocean had become a familiar friend—who have listened to its cry of wrath, or delighted in the harmonies of its rippling waters, as, laving some bright isle of the tropical seas, they play joyfully beneath the sun of a ceaseless summer. Whilst listening to the reports of these numerous witnesses, it has been deemed expedient to select the *experience of one*, and follow him through the awful and the beautiful, the grand and even the little, as they successively met him during his sojourn on the sea. This will give a unity to the picture, and preserve the truthfulness of the delineation. The observer to whom allusion is made has preserved his impressions in a work entitled "Two Years before the Mast," from which, as opportunities offer, various extracts will be taken to complete this view of "Life at Sea." He had lived in the closest

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intercourse, not with passengers nor officers only, but with the true "Jack himself," being literally a working sailor, and admitted into all the corners of the forecastle, where alone the seaman can be thoroughly studied. "It is there you hear sailors talk, learn their ways, their peculiarities of feeling, as well as speaking and acting. No man can be a sailor, or know what sailors are, unless he has lived in the forecastle with them, eaten of their dish, and drunk of their cup."

We have had numerous novels aiming at a representation of sailors' lives, but many of these give little insight into the peculiar pleasures or sorrows of sea life. One reason may be that few *common sailors* have written narratives of their adventures and mode of life; to *them* there is nothing novel in their daily round of danger and duty; hence, as Dana says, "a voice from the forecastle has rarely yet been heard."

The following sketch comprises many of the events which happened in a voyage of two years' length on the coast of South America. The account was drawn up by R. H. Dana, Esq., of Boston, in the United States, who became a common sailor during that period.

His example is a singular instance of a young man leaving the studies of his college, and suspending professional pursuits, to share the dangers of sailors, in a small merchant-vessel; and his narrative presents a true and faithful portraiture of life at sea.

The ship in which he had thus engaged to spend two years of his life was named the "Pilgrim," her destination being the western coast of America, and her object to collect a cargo of hides from the buffalo-hunters. The vessel set sail on the 14th of August, 1834. Few of our readers can have felt the transition from college-rooms to the deck of a merchant-ship, from classics or mathematics to tar and ropes. Dana thus describes his first transition state:—"The change from the tight dress-coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trowsers, checked shirt, and tarpauline hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made, and I supposed that I should pass very well for jack-tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practised eye in these matters; and while I supposed myself

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to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was no doubt known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight. A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them that no green hand can get. The trowsers tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned hat, worn on the back of the head, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, with sundry other minutiæ, are signs the want of which betrays the beginner at once. Besides the points in my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands were enough to distinguish me from the regular *salt*, who, with a sunburnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwart-ships, half open, as though just ready to grasp a rope."

However various the habits of sailors may be, and there are many diversities in the great family, not one can be mistaken for the dweller on firm, unmoving land. Let us, before following Dana on his track, note the various classes of sailors. First comes the man-of-war's-man, counting himself the only thorough, well-behaved, and fully educated seaman, and regarding the whole mercantile marine as a most miserable imitation of himself. He is the sea-aristocrat, and treasures up with pride the stories of the deeds which have made his name famous through all lands. No descendant of an ancient house can contemplate his heraldic devices, suggestive of great deeds in the past, with more elevated feeling than the true man-of-war's-man regards the torn shreds of flags once floating amid the storm of battle; or the bits of wood—sound heart of oak, you may be sure—cut from the battered hulls of the old Victorys and Dreadnoughts. The associations of the man-of-war's-man are of a more stirring kind than those of the equally useful mercantile Jack; and he has therefore more elevation of character, more pride, and more energy than the sailor of commerce, who is in truth rather despised by the true king's seaman. This notion of dignity pervades every rank, from the captain on the quarter-deck—who surveys his beautiful frigate, or line-of-battle-ship, with feelings somewhat akin to those of the ancient northern sea kings—to the humblest sailor, whose manner clearly utters every sentiment in "Ye mariners of England." It is in men-of-

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war that sea life is most impressively developed, and surrounded with all that power which tells so forcibly on the imagination. These ocean-cities, with their eight hundred o: thousand men, present a singular concentration of all the passions, which on land diffusing themselves over a wider space, become diluted and unromantic, but gathering force between decks, display their capricious and wild vigour to the astonishment of landsmen. If all the inhabitants of a country town were shut up for a year within its boundaries, some startling manifestations of eccentricity would enliven the annals of the borough; how much more must this be the case in a ship of war, where a host of men are limited to a space not larger than a town street. It is therefore in such ships that "Life at Sea" presents its most perfect developments. Consider, too, the various scenes through which the sailor on board a man-of-war passes. To-day in port—to-morrow in the storm of battle; one hour pacing the deck, with a mind disporting in easy reverie, calm as the smoke which rises so steadily from his tobacco-pipe—the next dashing into an enemy's harbour, with shot whistling round, and his best friend laid dead, with oar in hand, on the boat-seat before him. The mind does not pass through such rapid changes without acquiring habits, at which men accustomed to float easily along the monotonous stream of life gaze in wonderment. The dash, the cool daring, the seeming recklessness, and nautical peculiarities, arise from these hasty transitions from peace to war, from mirth to death.

What is the great event in the life of a sailor in a ship of war? The battle, unquestionably; and as the course of the ensuing narratives will not lead to such a scene, it may be expected that this important aspect of the mariner's life should be presented in this place. But surely few are ignorant of that "Life of Nelson," which displays all the tumult and stern decision of naval conflicts, or of those numerous works exhibiting the struggles and triumphs of England's navy. Such readers cannot need a formal description of a sea-fight, and had far better recall, by the aid of imagination, the conflicts of which they must have read. Let us, however, if the reader please, imagine ourselves, some bright morning during a time of war, on board a first-rate English frigate, far out at sea. The crew have just breakfasted; a pleasant breeze is

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filling the bonny sails, on which the brilliant sun pours his fresh morning rays, and swiftly, like a glorious being of the sea, the noble frigate moves. No land is in view, but far on the east lies St. Vincent's famous Cape; and more to the south, Trafalgar's waters flow. Some hours pass—noon approaches; but what attracts the attention of yon group of officers, and soon fixes all eyes upon one small part of the sea? A sail moves proudly in the distance; like an ocean warrior is her bearing, and towards our frigate hastens with exulting bounds. Soon whispers pass; men get singularly intent on the fast approaching sail, and at last the words "An enemy! an enemy!" make every heart bound with that steady yet wild excitement which never can be *imagined*: a man must have felt ere he can know the emotion. The cold grey eye of the old gunner, a Trafalgar man, now begins to sparkle with a strange brilliancy, as if the cannon's flash were lighting up its depths, whilst the order to "clear decks!" sounds like a trumpet's peal through the ears of three hundred and forty men.

Short is the work; for that little warlike world is kept ever ready for the strife. All obstacles to the action of the combatants are removed; the guns stand ready loaded and shotted, each seeming to wait with a stern quietness for the decisive moment when, at one short word, it may roar defiance, and launch its vengeance forth. Through the long decks the men are posted; each gun has its company gathered round, the last arrangements have been made, and all is now prepared. On high floats a blood-red banner, "The meteor flag of England." It may seem strange that above this preparation for slaughter, the Cross should float; but here the gorgeous standard of St. George opens its massive folds to the view of the advancing foe; and if the fight be just, the God of battles himself will bless that flag. How looks the foe? Bravely he advances, and from his tall masts flies the banner hateful to the eyes of the English sailor, and which he would select for his pugnacious efforts in preference to the flag of any land.

What are the feelings of the sailor now? Eagerness for the first shot; for till that a certain sedate and even religious meditativeness fills each heart. Should a new man, or a midshipman fresh from his English home, perhaps some

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quiet parsonage-house, be now for the first time placed as a mark for cannon, strange feelings will hurry to and fro through such hearts, producing an excitement not unaptly called the "cannon fever." But these are not cowards; perhaps that boy of fifteen thinks of his distant home, his school companions, his sister with her tearful kiss, his mother's parting embrace, and his father's solemn words; these crowding images, and not the dangers of the fight, distract his mind.

Ha! crash through the foresail goes the first shot from the foe, whilst over the waters booms the deep sound of the first battle-gun. Again! and again! the balls wing their course—one over the bowsprit, and another tearing up the waters alongside.

A singular sensation is produced by that sharp, singing sound, and these crashing rendings. You feel that, without a moment's warning—for the ball comes before the report—all may be over with you in this world; nor is it allowable to seek a shelter from danger; stern duty compels each to stand exposed to the ceaseless fire, with shot passing before, behind, or on each side, leaving you to calculate the chances of a hit.

The frigate, however, moves on, bearing each to his destiny, and fast closes with the foe, whose shots have already riddled many a sail, wounded several of the crew, and smashed a large portion of the bulwarks to splinters. How beautiful is the stern quiet of the crew; though the shot is dashing fast amongst them, rattling through the shrouds, and boring holes in the oaken sides of their ship, not a gun has yet been fired in reply; but with sails crowded and colours flying, the frigate rushes to the close, fiery struggle. A change has come; the word has been given; and now with lightning rapidity, gun after gun pours out its treasured bolts of vengeance. The fight has fully commenced, and huge volumes of whitish smoke enshroud each ship—part rolling off with the breeze, as if bearing away the souls of the slain. Here and there, red spots on the deck mark the place where a sailor has fallen, pierced and battered by the invisible shot; but the bodies do not encumber the deck; the storm of battle hinders not attention to the wounded, dying, and dead. Thus, perhaps, for six hours, as in the case of the Quebec frigate,

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the vessels are exposed to the iron hurricane, ere some desperate rush, with axe and boarding-pike, ends the slaughter by the capture of the enemy.

Whilst the battle rages, each ship exhibits two opposite and yet connected states. On decks all is excitement, inflamed to its highest pitch ; but in the cockpit, beneath the range of shot, are stretched the torn bodies of the wounded, whose ghastly countenances appear still more deathlike, in the pale, sickly light, which shows to the busy surgeon the strange-looking eye of the mortally wounded.

When the battle is over, the sufferings in the cockpit begin—for the pain caused by a gun-shot is trifling at the moment, being chiefly felt some time after, when inflammation begins.

Such is one aspect of the war-sailor's life, which many a sea-famed bay and long-remembered promontory have witnessed ; sad that it has been so, but even these dark facts must be recorded in a sketch of life at sea—a life so often nearly allied to death.

After this large class of the sailor-family comes the still more numerous one of the mercantile marine, differing in some particulars from the former, and presenting less remarkable peculiarities, but filling up, nevertheless, a large region in the seamen's world. There is, of course, less grandeur, less of the startling, amongst this class of sailors than the last, but not less of perilous adventure, or singular exhibition of character. The absence of that uniform discipline which flows from articles of war and courts-martial, leaves the natural tendencies of the mariner more at liberty ; and we therefore find less uniformity of character amongst the merchant sailors, whose lives are passed in smaller societies—for the crews of traders bear the same ratio to those of war-ships as the few inhabitants of a hamlet to the crowded population of a city. Where do we usually look on land for *originals ?* in wayside homesand little village groups, rather than in London or Liverpool. So it is in the merchant-ship, with her small isolated crew, that we find seamen's character most *diversified,* though less bold in its outlines : just as the dense procession of city myriads, with drums beating and tall banners floating, looks far more impressive than a club meeting of rustics, though amongst the latter more dis-

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tinct characters may be found than in the whole of the great crowd.

But the merchant sailors are themselves divided into several very distinct families—some departing but a little from coast, and so connecting the sea-life with that on land, whilst others sail to the remotest seas, renouncing for years all intercourse with shore-folk. Look at the crew of a vessel sailing to and fro between two places on the coast, as Newcastle and London for example, and rarely losing sight of land; mark how little they differ from many whose lives are passed on the shore itself. The dangers of the sea are, however, theirs; for numerous are the perils of a coaster, which, keeping between the two worlds of land and ocean, encounters risk from both. Such a crew does not acquire the full characteristics of a genuine "Jack," though often supplying first-rate seamen for the finishing school of the navy. In general the coast seamen are amongst the thorough *salts* what the seal is among marine animals, a species of amphibious creature, able to live contentedly either on land or on water.

Far different are the crews of our Indiamen and South-sea ships, who march, as it were, along the silent highways of the broad Pacific with the pride of men regarding those illimitable pampas of the sea as their home.

Look again at the peculiar life through which the crews of whaling ships pass, who penetrate to the wildest regions, and abide amid the desolate seas of the poles, searching for the huge spermaceti whale. The thorough sailor often looks contemptuously on a whaler, calling such ships "spouters," and regarding the men as little better than fishmongers. Nevertheless, a wild and stormy life is that of the whaler, full of thrilling adventure and hair-breadth escapes, both from the danger peculiar to the seas and the despair of dying whales. That a "spouter" should appear rather despicable in the eyes of a frigate's crew, accustomed to see their ship in perfect order, all the parts bright as a pin, and not a stray rope or slovenly sail visible, is not strange; for it cannot be pretended that a whaling ship is much of a beauty. Her appearance resembles that of a floating wharf—the decks being encumbered with cranes, ropes, and barrels, covered with oil-stains, and otherwise most offensive to the man-of-war's-man, whose

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white and polished deck might suit a drawing-room. Then the rigging, sails, and masts are frequently in similar confusion—the various ropes slack, and mended in equally clumsy style. In fact, a whale-ship being but an oil-store, the crew do not waste time in the details of seamanship, preferring to keep a sharp look-out for whales, and eagerly pulling in pursuit when one appears. Some readers, probably, know all about whale fishing, and will not feel in the least gratified by a description of this anti-Waltonian kind of angling; such must, however, have pity upon others who may not be quite so learned, and tolerate the attempt to place a whale hunt before their view.

The gentlemen who hunt tigers for pure fun, might do well to take a sporting voyage to the South Sea, for the sake of an introduction to a pugnacious, half-grown spermaceti whale. If they can fall in with the gentleman when he is a little out of temper, the very best sport may be expected, and sufficient profit to pay expenses—a point of some consequence in these prudential times.

The spermaceti, or South Sea whale, is a much more intractable monster than the black, or Northern whale, showing fight to the last, and evincing a most determined resolution to sacrifice to his insulted dignity the whole of his assailants.

Let the reader imagine himself on a bright, breezy morning aboard a whaler in the South Sea; a signal is made from the mast-head, and the cry of "There she spouts!" * summons all upon deck. The boats are quickly launched, and away all go with the utmost speed, straining every nerve to reach the animal. Perhaps the gigantic creature suddenly plunges head foremost into the deep, heaving up his peaked tail to the view of the disappointed men, whose harpoons and lances were ready for the stroke. Perhaps the whale soon rises again to eject the water it has swallowed, and breathe fresh air; upon which the boats again advance, hoping to catch the sea-giant ere he descends. Should the harpooner, who stands at the head of the boat, get sufficiently near, he

* As the whale comes to the surface to breathe, and to discharge the water taken in during submersion, large quantities of the fluid are ejected from two holes in the head, which *spouting* gives notice to the whaler of the animal's presence.

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drives his weapon deep into the soft side of the whale, which, smarting from the wound, plunges with fury into the sea, dragging the harpoon-line after with such velocity that it smokes with the friction, and requires a man to keep the swivel wet over which the rope runs.

Sometimes the whole of the line runs out; another is attached; this too descends into the depths, towards which the infuriated whale dashes. Eight hundred fathoms of rope have sometimes been drawn out by the descending animal; and woe to the crew, should their lines be too short; the rope must instantly be cut, or down goes the boat, leaving all to swim for their lives. Perhaps the whale at last stops in his downward race, wearied by the enormous pressure of water, which at such depths must almost crush even its Titan-like frame; and rising to the surface, gives his hunters another chance of lancing him. This, however, may be prevented by a race upon the surface of the sea; for often the whale rushes for hours, with the speed of a steam-engine, through the water, dragging the boat after him far over a desolate sea. To extricate themselves is impossible, without the loss of the valuable ropes, as the harpoon keeps its hold of the flesh; and onwards all must press, till the whale is exhausted by his efforts, or by the loss of blood. It is then that lance after lance is plunged into the maddened monster, which sometimes heaves, with a stroke of his gigantic tail, a boat and all its crew into the air, or expends his remaining struggle in lashing the ocean with blows, the noise of which sounds like thunder over the waves. At last he dies, and is hauled through the sea to the ship, where the enormous body is soon deprived of the covering, and the remainder left to rot on the sea. Such is one scene in the whaler's life.

This slight glance at the different classes of sailors may suffice for suggesting to the reader those different aspects under which sea-life may be viewed. Few things strike a landsman more than the peculiar vocabulary of Jack, which it may be supposed finds little support from the authority of Johnson, or the decisions of Walker. Some words, common enough on shore, are pronounced with such a fearful prolongation, such a dwelling upon a syllable, that the gentleman from Aldgate, who goes to the sea-coast in the regatta

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season, and wears a sort of half-Moses half-nautical jacket, would be sadly puzzled to comprehend many a term which he has met with in his favourite sea novels. Thus the simple words "Land-ho!" shouted out by him who discovers land, are so completely mystified by the singular pronunciation as to puzzle those who have never heard the cry at sea. Not only are common land-words altered, but others introduced, and kept for the sailor's especial use, as if he sought some line of demarcation between himself and the creatures who grow on land.

Whilst noting these peculiarities of sea-life, something may be said respecting the classification of the crew on board a merchant-ship; and here Dana's description may properly be given:—

"The captain, in the first place, is lord paramount. He stands no watch, comes and goes when he pleases, and is accountable to no one, and must be obeyed in everything, without a question, even from his chief officer. He has the power to turn his officers off duty, and even to break them, and make them do duty as sailors in the forecastle. Where there are no passengers and no supercargo, as in our vessel, he has no companion but his own dignity, and no pleasures, unless he differs from most of his kind, but the consciousness of possessing supreme power, and occasionally the exercise of it.

"The prime minister, the official organ, and the active and superintending officer, is the chief mate. He is first lieutenant, boatswain, sailing-master, and quarter-master. The captain tells him what he wishes to have done, and leaves to him the care of overseeing, of allotting the work, and also the responsibility of its being well done. The mate also keeps the log-book, for which he is responsible to the owners and insurers, and has the charge of the stowage, safe keeping, and delivery of the cargo. He is also *ex-officio* the wit of the crew, for the captain does not condescend to joke with the men, and the second mate no one cares for; so that when 'the mate' thinks fit to entertain 'the people' with a coarse joke or a little practical wit, every one feels bound to laugh.

"The second mate's is proverbially a dog's berth. He is neither officer nor man. The men do not respect him as an officer, and he is obliged to go aloft to reef and furl the top-

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sails, and to put his hands into the tar and slush with the rest. The crew call him 'the sailor's waiter,' as he has to furnish them with spun-yarn, marline, and all other stuffs that they need in their work, and has charge of the boatswain's locker, which includes serving boards, marline-spikes, &c. He is expected by the captain to maintain his dignity, and to enforce obedience, and still is kept at a great distance from the mate, and obliged to work with the crew. He is one to whom little is given and of whom much is required. The wages he receives are double those of a common sailor, and he eats and sleeps in the cabin; but he is obliged to be on deck nearly all his time, and eats at the second table—that is, makes a meal out of what the captain and chief mate leave.

"The steward is the captain's servant, and has charge of the pantry, from which every one else is excluded. The cook is the patron of the crew, and those who are in his favour can get their wet mittens and stockings dried, or light their pipes at the galley in the night watch. These two worthies, together with the carpenter and sailmaker, if there be one, stand no watch, but, being employed all day, are allowed to 'sleep in' at night, unless all hands are called. The crew are divided into two divisions, as equally as may be, called the watches. Of these the chief mate commands the larboard, and the second mate the starboard.* They divide the time between them, being on and off duty, or, as it is called, on deck and below, every other four hours. If, for instance, the chief mate, with the larboard watch, have the first night-watch, from eight to twelve, at the end of the four hours the starboard watch is called, and the second mate takes the deck, while the others go below until four in the morning, when they come on deck again, and remain until eight, having what is called the morning watch."

When the ship weighed anchor, Dana's little knowledge of a vessel was soon found to perplex rather than assist. "I could take," says he, "but little part in all these preparations; my little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly executed—there was such a

* When a person looks towards the bow of a ship, the larboard is on the left, and the starboard on the right hand.

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hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life. At length those peculiar long-drawn sounds which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass began, and in a few moments we were under weigh. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground-swell, and we had actually began our long, long journey. This was literally bidding 'good night' to my native land."

Night, which brings rest and repose to most of us, and offers to the wearied labourer at home so grateful a respite from his toils—night brought no rest to the new sailor. Here is his sleeping-room :—"The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk and ship's stores. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a complete 'hurrah's nest,' as the sailors say—everything on top, and nothing at hand. A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress, and blankets, had all *fetched* away, and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find anything with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and all that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails."

He was not destined, however, to lie long even on this couch. "I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm. In a few minutes the slide of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder; the loud cry of 'All hands a-hoy !—tumble up here and take in sail !' saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me.

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The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over nearly upon her beam-ends. The heavy head-sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail haliards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out, and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me, unintelligible orders constantly given, and rapidly executed, and the sailors 'singing out' at the ropes, in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my 'sea-legs on,' was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was pitch dark. This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time to reef topsails.

"How I got along, I cannot now remember. I 'laid out' on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail-yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favour, for the confusion of everything below, and that inexpressible sickening smell, caused by the shaking up of the bilge water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. When on deck, we were not much better off, for we were continually ordered about by the officer, who said that it was good for us to be in motion; yet anything was better than the horrible state of things below. I remember very well going to the hatchway, and putting my head down, when I was oppressed by nausea, and always being relieved immediately. It was as good as an emetic." What a contrast to the quiet college-rooms, and little elegancies of his former home!

But beauty visits even the sailor with her bright revelations; all is not dull work amid tar and ropes. Nature shows her majesty on the solitary waters, and stars, sun, and moon hold communion with the mariner. The sea may truly be described as

"Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms;

Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun,
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green."

Poets have dilated on the beauty of the rising sun at sea, but Dana prefers the period *before* sunrise—the *break* of day. "Much has been said of sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with sunrise on shore. It wants the accompaniment of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of men, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, and spires, to give it life and spirit. But though the actual *rising of the sun* at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare with the *early breaking of day* upon the wide ocean." Then the limitless plain below, and the boundless arch above, seem to give and reflect in beautiful harmony the soft tints and flushes which steal out so gently from the depth of the sky as the morning advances. The extent of view, obstructed by no hills, broken by no city-walls or towers, enables the observer to take in at one glance the whole circle of sea and sky, and to note the contrast between the dull western horizon yet wrapped in its mantle of night, and the soft light in the east, which first resembles an almost imperceptible flush, then deepening in beauty and spreading in its glory, at last tinges the innumerable waves with its splendour. Bright indeed, and calmly beautiful, is the first opening of the eyelids of the morning, when the swelling sails of the solitary ship receive upon their expanded forms the newly-created light. The very silence of the sea harmonizes well with the breaking of the day, when the world is waking, but not yet engaged in its busy whirl. It is then that mystery seems busy upon all things, and creation appears placed for a moment between the glimmering incertitude of the world in its primeval state —when light had risen upon the waters, but the "greater light to rule the day" was not yet fitted for its work—and the more fully developed earth. The songs of birds, the hum of waking multitudes, or even the gush of breezes through the first leaves, would disturb, by their variety of sound, the solemn grandeur of day-break on the sea. The one sound of the ocean, wave with wave according, alone comports with the sublime feelings with which the growth of the day is watched. Calmness is the great characteristic of the day-break

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at sea; no sudden gush of beauty startles, but slowly, step by step, the heavens reach their magnificent glow, filling the soul of the observer gradually with images of richness; not hurrying him away by instantaneous revelations of grandeur which dazzle the eye, and leave but an indistinct remembrance of the gorgeous vision. Therefore it is that some regard day-break at sea as far superior to sunrise, and certainly not to be compared with the dawning upon land, where the field of view is limited, or the emotions disturbed by objects which interfere with the deep stillness so appropriate to this phenomenon.

Moonlight on the open sea is not to be compared with moonlight on land, where the beauty arises from the combination of light and shadow, joined to a certain poetic obscurity thrown over the well-known hills and valleys, which not only excites the imagination by its novelty, but fills it with rich outlines and an endless variety of forms. At sea all is uniform at night; no distant mountains throwing out their sharp outlines against the sky relieve the monotony of the ocean, over which a dull mist settles, shrouding the waters with its leaden sombreness. Thus the break of day is the scene of grandeur peculiar to the sea, unless some should prefer the almost supernatural stillness which often rests upon the deep after sunset; but this we have in some seasons upon the land, when evening comes down with its magical quiet in the recesses of lonely mountains, hushing the air to a deep repose, and calling out the low, melancholy song of the rock-nightingale.

Sometimes the iceberg appears to diversify the scenery, and impress all with feelings both of beauty and danger. Here is one that appeared in the month of July, when the vessel was off Cape Horn:—

"There lay floating on the ocean, several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

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No description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and the sublimity of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour, its base crusted with frozen foam, and as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its colour shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow."

The ice-islands at other times present magnificent views: "It required little fancy to imagine them to be animate masses, which had broken loose from the 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' and were working their way by wind and current, some alone and some in fleets, to milder climes. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses, *stuck* in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur, their slow, stately motions, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts, the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg, while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day look like floating fairy isles of sapphire."

Far different from the ice-bergs, and more dangerous, are the ice-fields, which are low, long tracts of ice floating on the sea, and often encircling ships with their fatal chains. These may be seen, when far off, by the peculiar white light with which they cover the horizon, announcing to distant vessels the approach of the frozen mass. Often does the first flash of sun-light reveal to startled mariners the approach of dangerous fields, which sail along, in their gloomy desolation, like fragments of a shattered world suffered to float within the circle of inhabited seas. Numbers of small ice-fields sometimes precede the large masses, heralding their slow-march, and often driving in the stout ribs of the whaler or Hudson's Bay ship. Shipwrecked crews have

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sometimes found a melancholy home upon these ice-fields, which prove the most dangerous of refuges for the sailor, as the low temperature of the ice draws from the human body its heat, and exposes the sufferers to the most intense anguish. These fields and the ice-bergs are, however, in general surveyed from that safe distance which enables the observer to regard them as points in the scenery of the ocean instead of ship-crushing masses.

Storms, too, have a peculiar grandeur, though the sailor has little time to admire the sublimity of a wave, which may beat in the timbers of the thick-ribbed ship, and cause the loss of a brave crew. The following description will enable the landsmen to form some idea of a tempest:—"A light breeze had been blowing for some hours during the first part of the night, which had gradually died away, and before midnight it was a dead calm, and a heavy black cloud had shrouded the whole sky. When our watch came on deck, at twelve o'clock, it was as black as Erebus; the studding-sails were all taken in, and the royals furled; not a breath was stirring; the sails hung heavy and motionless from the yards; and the perfect stillness, and the darkness which was almost palpable, were truly appalling. Not a word was spoken, but every one stood as though waiting for something to happen. We could hear the captain walking the deck, but it was too dark to see anything more than one's hand before the face. We found all hands looking aloft, and there, directly over where we had been standing, upon the main top-gallant masthead, was a ball of light, which the sailors name a corposant (*corpus sanctus*), and which the mate called us to look at. They were all watching it carefully, for sailors have a notion that if the corposant rises in the rigging, it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down, there will be a storm. Unfortunately, as an omen, it came down, and showed itself on the top-gallant yard-arm. We were off the yard in good season, for it is held a fatal sign to have the pale light of the corposant thrown upon one's face. As it was, the English lad did not feel comfortable at having it so near him. In a few minutes it disappeared, and showed itself again on the fore top-gallant yard, and, after playing about for some time, vanished. But our attention was withdrawn from watching this by a perceptible increase of the darkness, which seemed suddenly to

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add a new shade of blackness to the night. In a few minutes low, grumbling thunder came from the south-west. Every sail was taken in but the topsails; still no squall appeared to be coming. A few puffs lifted the topsails, but they fell again to the mast, and all was as still as ever. A moment more, and a terrific flash and peal broke simultaneously upon us, and a cloud appeared to open directly over our heads, and let down the water in one body, like a falling ocean. We stood motionless and almost stupified, yet nothing had been struck. Peal after peal rattled over our heads, with a sound which seemed actually to stop the breath in the body, and the 'speedy gleams' kept the whole ocean in a glare of light. The violent fall of rain lasted but a few minutes, and was succeeded by occasional drops and showers; but the lightning continued incessant for several hours, breaking the midnight darkness with irregular and blinding flashes; during all which time there was not a breath stirring, and we lay motionless, like a mark to be shot at—probably the only object on the surface of the ocean for miles and miles. The rain fell at intervals in heavy showers, and we stood drenched through, and blinded by the flashes, which broke the Egyptian darkness with a brightness which seemed almost malignant; while the thunder rolled in peals, the concussion of which appeared to shake the very ocean. A ship is not often injured by lightning, for the electricity is separated by the great number of points she presents and the quantity of iron scattered in various parts. The electric fluid ran over our anchors, topsail sheets and ties, yet no harm was done to us. We went below at four o'clock, leaving things in the same state. It is not easy to sleep when the very next flash may tear the ship in two, or set her on fire, or where the death-like calm may be broken by the blast of a hurricane taking the masts out of the ship. But a man is no sailor if he cannot sleep when he turns in, and turn out when he is called; and when at seven bells, the customary 'All the larboard watch a-hoy!' brought us on deck, it was a fine, clear, sunny morning; the ship going leisurely along wih a good breeze."

Take another specimen of a high sea struggling with the power and skill of the sailor:—"I stood on the forecastle, looking at the seas, which were rolling high as far as the eye could reach, their tops white with foam, and the body of

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them of a deep indigo blue, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. Our ship rose slowly over a few of the largest of them, until one immense fellow came rolling on, threatening to cover her, and which I was sailor enough to know by 'the feeling of her' under my feet, she would not rise over. I sprang upon the knight-heads, and seizing hold of the fore-stay with my hands, drew myself up upon it. My feet were just off the stanchion when she fairly struck into the middle of the sea, and it washed her fore and aft, burying her in the waters. As soon as she rose out of it, I looked aft, and everything forward of the mainmast, except the long-boat, which was griped and double-lashed down to the ring-bolts, was swept off clear. The galley, the pig-sty, the hen-coop, &c., and a sheep-pen, were all gone in the twinkling of an eye, leaving the deck as clean as a chin new-reaped, and not a stick left to show where they had stood. In the scuppers lay the galley, bottom up, and a few boards floating about, the wreck of a sheep-pen, and half-a-dozen miserable sheep floating among them, wet through, and not a little frightened at the sudden change that had come over them."

That such storms should require the greatest prudence to preserve both ship and crew must be evident to all, and the following description will give some notion of the dangers which so often threaten the sailor in his sea-home, when fog, tempest, and ice combine their dreaded assaults:—"At the end of the third day the ice was very thick; a complete fog-bank covered the ship; it blew a tremendous gale from the eastward, with sleet and snow, and there was every promise of a dangerous and fatiguing night. At dark the captain called all hands aft, and told them that not a man was to leave the deck that night, that the ship was in the greatest danger; any cake of ice might knock a hole in her, or she might run on an island and go to pieces. No one could tell whether she would be a ship the next morning. The look-outs were then set, and every man was put in his station. It was a dreadful night for those on deck: a watch of eighteen hours, with wet and cold, and constant anxiety, nearly wore them out; and when they came below at nine o'clock for breakfast, they almost dropped asleep on their chests; and some of them were so stiff that they could with difficulty sit down. Not a drop of anything had been given

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them during the whole time, though the captain, as on the night that I was on deck, had his coffee every four hours, except that the mate stole a potful of coffee for the men to drink behind the galley, while he kept a look-out for the captain. Every man had his station, and was not allowed to leave it; and nothing happened to break the monotony of the night, except once setting the main-topsail to run clear of a large island to leeward, which they were drifting fast upon. Some of the boys got so stupid and sleepy that they actually fell asleep at their posts; and the third mate, whose station was the exposed one of standing on the fore-scuttle, was so stiff when he was relieved, that he could not bend his knees to get down."

This is one aspect of the sea, but the transition is often rapid to the perfection of quiet beauty. In the stillness of night the watching sailor is startled by a mysterious brilliancy, which, spreading far over the waters, produces the appearance of a sea on fire. The brightness comes and goes, flashing hither and thither as the wind curls the waves, looking like an aurora borealis playing in the ocean depths. The superstitious mariner marvels at the strange display, not knowing that all this startling splendour arises from myriads of animalculæ moving in the still waters, and flashing a phosphorescent light through the darkness. Such a view the dweller on land never obtains. The sparkling fire-flies, which form a sort of Chinese lantern-festival during the evenings in warm countries, cannot be likened for a moment to the illuminated seas of the tropics.

Whether this beautiful appearance arises from some collection of phosphorescent matter on the surface of the water, the agency of electricity, or myriads of tiny marine creatures disporting on the still waves, the phenomenon is singularly interesting both to the ignorant sailor and the educated philosopher or naturalist. In a hot and dark night, when all around is wrapped in deep blackness, and the ship slowly moves, oppressed by the heated atmosphere, a stream of unearthly light flashes through the gloom, seeming like a river of lightning rolling and swelling through the ocean. One moment the strange gleam is close by the ship, and the bow dashes aside the spray in sparks of bluish light; again the stream glances from a distance, ebbing and flowing at the call

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of some unknown power. The grandeur of the spectacle impresses itself for years on the rude imaginations of the sailors, startled in their nightly watch by the mysterious splendour of those lurid streams. Consider next the ever-changing scenery of the heavens, the various constellations which successively rise as the ship changes her latitude. During one month the sailor, as he nightly walks the deck, beholds the well-known stars which he has gazed on from boyhood : in the next, fresh groups shed their new rays, and Ursa Major is succeeded by the " bright cross of the south."

> " How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
> Where all was mysterious and awfully lone,
> Hath the spirit been cheered by thy light when the deep
> Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep !"

Stars, never seen by millions of the human race, rise in their beauty to the sailor, and reveal the rich variety of those fields of light which lie hidden from the view of all, fixed to one little spot of earth. Such persons see but one page of the celestial records, and read not the sublime mysteries hung over the great oceans they have never seen. What marvels are sometimes disclosed in those skies, whence the aurora borealis, or the aurora australis, darts its long, fiery splendours, raising across the heavens vast arches, of rainbow hue and brilliancy. The distant scintillations of these mysterious phenomena do sometimes excite the admiration of landsmen, especially of those dwelling in high latitudes ; but the sailor is alone privileged to behold the aurora in its home, and mark its indescribable gorgeousness. At one time long columns of splendid light shoot up suddenly from the horizon, and rising far into the heavens, branch out into forms of the brightest beauty, from which coruscations of vivid light dart in various directions, here expanding into a fan-like form, there curving into majestic spirals. The suddenness of the whole phenomenon, its brilliancy and variety of colours, rapid changes, singular forms, and the hissing noise which often accompanies this meteoric display, combine to render it one of the most magnificent spectacles witnessed by the sailor. Amongst the " beautiful sights " at sea must be classed a ship in full sail. How often do we hear of this ?—with what an easy glibness does the voyager

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to far distant Gravesend, or the remote Nore speak of this? Not one in a thousand has witnessed the glorious spectacle. Let the reader imagine himself on the deck of a ship whilst another vessel in *full sail* passes by; see what a pyramid of canvas rises towards the sky, spreading out like beautifully defined clouds above the hull. There is just breeze enough to swell every sail to the most gracefully developed shapes: the sunlight falls upon the canvas, giving to the vessel the appearance of some splendid sea palace. Such a spectacle is never seen on the land, and only at sea when a light and settled breeze allows of such a display of sail.

> "A ship! a ship! I see the swelling sails
> Fly like white clouds before the breathing gales;
> I see the waters dancing round her bow,
> The moonbeans flashing silvery from her prow.
> How gracefully she cleaves the sparkling flood,
> And rides the billows like a winged god!"

The various kingdoms of animated nature are also laid before the mariner. At one time he moves amidst a crowd of whales, and such a zoological study as the following is presented to his notice:—"The first time I heard the breathing of whales was on the night that we passed between the Falkland islands and Staten Land. We were surrounded far and near by shoals of sluggish whales and grampuses, rising slowly to the surface, or perhaps lying out at length, heaving out those long-drawn breathings which give such an impression of supineness and strength. All was perfectly still, so that there was nothing to break the illusion, and I stood leaning over the bulwarks, listening to the slow breathings of the mighty creatures. Now one breaking the water just alongside, whose black body I almost fancied that I could see, through the fog; and again another, which I could just hear in the distance, until the low and regular swell seemed like the heaving of the ocean's mighty bosom to the sound of its heavy and long-drawn respiration." Or, instead of listening to the breathings of these Sea-Titans, the sailor may come into close contact with them, almost touch with his hand their rough sides, and feel the spray of the water dashed from their tails. The following adventure shows one instance of such an undesirable approach: "We," says Dana, "once came very near running one down in the gig, and should probably have

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been knocked to pieces and blown sky-high. We had been on board the little Spanish brig, and were returning, stretching out well at our oars, the little boat going like a swallow, our backs were forward, and the captain, who was steering, was not looking ahead, when all at once we heard the spout of a whale directly ahead. 'Back water! back water, for your lives!' shouted the captain; and we backed our blades in the water, and brought the boat to in a smother of foam. Turning our heads, we saw a great, rough, hump-backed whale slowly crossing our forefoot, within three or four yards of the boat's stem. Had we not backed water just as we did, we should inevitably have gone smash upon him, striking him with our stem just about midships. He took no notice of us, but passed slowly on, and dived a few yards beyond us, throwing his tail high in the air. He was so near that we had a perfect view of him, and, as may be supposed, had no desire to see him nearer. He was a disgusting creature, with a skin rough, hairy, and of an iron-grey colour." The reader of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" may pause at the lines:—

"At length did cross an albatross;
Through the fog it came,
As if it had been a Christian soul;
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er did eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder fit—
The helmsman steered us through.

"And a good south wind sprang up behind;
The albatross did follow;
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"In mist or cloud—on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whilst all the night, through fog smoke-white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus.
Why look'st thou so? With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

The reader may now desire to see the bird, but long must he wait; it is the seaman only who can gaze uninterruptedly

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on the albatross, sleeping on the swelling waves, or soaring high in air. Here is the description of a sleeping albatross, which all genuine naturalists would give not a few bank notes to possess :—" One of the finest sights that I have ever seen was an albatross asleep upon the sea, during a calm, off Cape Horn. There being no breeze, the surface of the water was unbroken, but a long heavy swell was rolling, and we saw the fellow, all white, directly ahead of us, asleep upon the waves, with his head under his wing, now rising on the top of a huge billow, and then falling slowly until he was lost in the hollow between. He was undisturbed for some time, until the noise of our bows, gradually approaching, roused him, when, lifting his head, he stared upon us for a moment, and then spread his wide wings and took his flight." This enormous bird is often caught by hooks baited with meat and attached to a float, which, being drawn along the surface of the sea, are snapped at by the albatross. The feet are admirably adapted for a sea-life, consisting of large webbed paddles, which enable the bird to rest quietly on the heaving waves. The great albatross of the southern sea often accompanies a ship for a long period, as if desirous of escaping from its ocean-solitude.

And now, pleasant reader, view another scene in the panorama of the animal kingdom, open to few, save "Jack." Imagine yourself in a ship under easy sail in the tropical seas —see those glittering things rising from the water, and flying above the surface of the waves; how their wings sparkle in the sunlight; there, they have dipped again into the billows; but see again, the shoal rises, darting like silvered creatures over the waves. What would the proprietors of a zoological garden give for such a display? London would flock to the exhibition, and ichthyology lift its head. Those little flashing objects are flying-fish; they have doubtless risen from the water to escape from the pursuits of the Dorado, which has no doubt to-day a relish for a dinner of these fish. Their flight is short, as the extended fin-wing requires frequent plunging to keep it wet, and in a state fit for flight.

Perhaps it may now be inquired, Is "Jack" occupied in observing zoological phenomena, and nothing to do except looking out for beautiful sunsets, magnificent storms, gorgeously-coloured icebergs, and natural wonders? Not such is

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the sailor's lot; these revelations of the beautiful are peculiarly his own; but his life has another aspect, less poetical and more worklike. The duties of a sailor are severe and various—on decks, high in the masts, in hold, lading or unlading, in calm and storm, on shore, or in the midst of the wide sea, he has work enough.

When a ship has left her port, the landsman may suppose that little is to be done except keeping the vessel to her course by alterations of the sails and easy management of the rudder. This must be done, and much more. Every plank, timber, spar, mast, sail, and rope, require constant repairs. Hence a succession of painting, tarring, greasing, twisting of ropes, taking down old repairs, putting up new, spinning ropes, and scraping anchors. All this work occurs in a variety of forms and repeatedly, for "a ship like a lady's watch is always out of repair;" then the decks are daily washed and holystoned. What, the reader may ask, is holystoning? The holystone is a large soft stone, smooth at the bottom; ropes are fastened to this stone, by which it is dragged backwards and forwards over the deck. Such a process effectually removes all dirt and spots arising from the repairs of the ship, or the action of storms.

Suppose, amidst all this work, illness should fall upon the sailor, he has then little comfort to expect from the hard worked crew, whose labours are increased by the subtraction of every hand. The fate of the sick mariner is thus described by Dana, who himself experienced the things narrated:—"To be sick in a forecastle is miserable indeed; it is the worst part of a dog's life, especially in bad weather. The forecastle shut tight to keep out the water and cold air; the watch either on deck or asleep in their berths, no one to speak to; the pale light of the single lamp swinging to and fro from the beam, so dim that one can scarcely see, much less read by it; the water dropping from the beams, and running down the sides, and the forecastle so wet and dark, and so lumbered up with chests and wet clothes that sitting up is worse than lying in the berths. These are some of the evils. Fortunately I needed no help from any one, and no medicine; and if I had needed help, I don't know where I should have found it. Sailors are willing enough; but it is true, as is often said, no one ships for nurse on board a vessel. Our merchant-ships

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are always under-manned, and if one man is lost by sickness, they cannot spare another to take care of him. A sailor is always presumed to be well; and if he is sick, he is a poor dog."

How much a sailor's work and annoyances are increased by stormy weather, may be inferred from such a description as the following:—"It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being as dark and thick as night could make it. The main-sail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck, and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out if they were called up so often; that, as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly, we went upon the yard, and never shall I forget that piece of work. The yard over which we lay was cased with ice; the gaskets and ropes of the foot and leach of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of suction-hose, and the sail itself about as pliable as though it had been made of sheathing copper. It blew a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens; for if he slipped, he was a gone man. All the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it."

If stormy weather brings labours with it, little leisure time is afforded by the calmest and brightest sky; work of a peculiar kind is then to be done: "All the first part of a passage during the fine weather is spent in getting a ship ready for sea, and the last part in getting her ready for port. The new strong sails which we had up off Cape Horn were to be sent down, and the old set, which were still serviceable in fine weather, to be bent in their place; all the rigging to be set up fore and aft, the masts stayed, the standing rigging rattled down, the ship scraped inside and out, and painted, decks varnished, new and neat knots, sergings, and coverings to be fitted, and every part put in order, to look well to the owner's eye on coming into Boston. This, of course, was a long matter, and all hands were kept on deck at work for the

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whole of each day during the rest of the voyage." Indeed, each day brings its round of work to the sailor with as much certainty as the return of twelve o'clock. At break of day the labours commence with washing down the decks—a work of much time, occupying the crew till breakfast, after which tarring, 'slushing' (that is, greasing the masts and yards), mending and making ropes, are ready to fill up any spare minutes which Jack may, by a singular fortune, have upon his hands. "Nothing is more common than to hear people say—'Are not sailors very idle at sea? What can they find to do?' This is a very natural mistake; and being very frequently made, it is one which every sailor feels interested in having corrected. In the first place, then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon something when he is on deck, save at night and on Sundays. Except at these times, you will never see a man on board a well-ordered vessel standing idle on deck, sitting down, or leaning over the side. It is the officer's duty to keep every one at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain-cables. In no state-prison are the convicts more regularly set to work and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty; and though they frequently do talk when aloft, or when near one another, yet they always stop when an officer is nigh. I have seen oakum-stuff placed about in different parts of the ship, so that the sailors might not be idle in the snatches between the frequent squalls, when crossing the equator. Some officers have been so driven to find work for the crew in a ship ready for sea, that they have set them to pounding the anchors and scraping the chain-cables. The Philadelphia catechism is—

"Six days shalt thou labour,
And do all thou art able;
And on the seventh, holy-stone the decks
And scrape the cable."

Thus the sailor has abundant occupation, and little time for indolence or recreation. These incessant labours are partly the result of a feeling in the captain and officers that the sailor is a mischievous animal, and will get into scrapes unless kept constantly occupied. This view may be the correct one, as it is

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doubtless drawn from an extensive acquaintance with the habits, temptations, and weaknesses of "Jack." There can be no question, however, that some captains stretch the principle of "work is safety" to an unwarrantable extent, and thus irritate their crew. But it is not the common sailor only who works at sea, the officers have their full share of the more important labours, upon the proper performance of which the safety of the ship and lives of her crew depend. The most unremitting superintendence over all matters is required in a large ship, where a hundred different items demand the attention and exercise both the skill and patience of the commander. When it is considered that thousands of noble ships have been wrecked by some slight mistake in the reckoning, that is, in keeping the ship's course accurately, it will be evident that the closest attention is required in navigating a vessel through unknown or dangerous seas. Nor will numerous voyages over the same tract excuse the commander of a ship from such duties, without regard to which a slight deviation from the course or the action of a sea-current may lead to a crash on some iron-bound coast, or shiver the ship upon a line of breakers. This destruction may happen in a moment, with a calm sea below and the breeze blowing gently, whilst not the remotest idea of danger haunts the sleeping crew. The drift of the waves may draw the ship on the sunken rocks, and one stunning shock be the only announcement of approaching ruin. Perhaps some readers may wish to know the methods by which a ship is kept in a desired course, and her position ascertained, in any part of the ocean, within four or five miles of her true place. The slightest acquaintance with geography will teach a reader that when the latitude and longitude of a ship are known, the exact position of that vessel is ascertained. All, therefore, that is required is to find the two former, both of which may be ascertained by certain observations of the stars, moon, and planets, and the inspection of nautical tables found on board every ship. The peculiar processes, though simple enough to the astronomer and educated seamen, are omitted here, as their full elucidation would lead us too far from the subject of Life at Sea.

The rate at which a ship sails through the sea is also necessary to be known, in order to secure her safe navi-

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gation. But how is this knowledge acquired? Has the reader ever heard of the log-line? This is a cord fastened to a piece of wood called the log, which is about six inches long, and so balanced with lead at one end that it swims upright like an angler's float. The line is divided into a number of parts, of such a length that if one runs out whilst a half-minute sand-glass empties itself, the ship is reckoned to move a mile an hour; if two parts run out in the same time, the progress is calculated at two miles in the hour; and so for any other number. Each part of the line is marked by a knot; and the ship's rate is therefore reckoned by *knots*. Thus we often hear of a vessel going eight, nine, or eleven knots in the hour. When the log-line is used, the log is cast into the sea, upon which the ship, being in motion, leaves it behind; the line, which is fastened to the piece of wood, then runs out with a velocity proportioned to the ship's rate of sailing. According to the number of knots drawn out in half-a-minute is the vessel's motion reckoned in miles per hour. This is not, however, always a certain mode of ascertaining a ship's rate of sailing, as sometimes a current runs *from* the ship, and of course accelerates the motion of the log as it recedes from the vessel. Thus, if the ship move at the rate of five miles in the hour towards the north, whilst a current runs two miles in the same time to the south, the log will show a motion of seven miles in the hour, which is, of course, too great. On the other hand, if a current sets in the same direction with the ship, the log, instead of remaining in the place where first cast, will move after the ship, and thus give a less rate of sailing than is proper.

The keeping of the log-book is also an important part of the officer's work. This is no other than the ship's journal, into which all events from one noon to another are entered, and everything connected with the workings of the vessel recorded. Such a register serves for reference should disputes arise respecting the management of the vessel, and a clue furnished to ascertain the degree of her commander's skill and attention. From such records are collected many of the important facts and observations by which the science and art of navigation are improved.

The closest attention to all the various phenomena connected with the sea currents, with the force, direction, and

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periods of certain winds, is an essential part of the officer's work, without which no ship can be well navigated. For the reader must remember that the modern mariner adopts a far bolder, and at the same time more scientific system of sailing than his forefathers, who directed a ship by what is now contemptuously called "the rule of thumb." Thus, when a vessel was on her route to India, the captain no sooner passed the Cape of Good Hope than he turned the ship's head direct for her destination. "And with reason, surely!" some readers may exclaim, deeming a short course the best. But this passage was not short—that is, in *time;* which is, of course, the grand point, as nothing is gained by a short road which requires double the time necessary for traversing a longer but better route. Mark the consequence of sailing direct for India as soon as the Cape was reached. The ship had, indeed, a straight path before her, but the winds to impel her forwards are wanting: a stagnating calm settles upon the sea into which she enters, and there she lies, baking in the sun till the timbers crack, and the very ocean seems corrupting for want of motion. All this time a splendid breeze is blowing in more southern latitudes, ready to waft thousands of vessels to the shores of India. But this our becalmed ship has lost, in consequence of her standing too soon to the east. Had she ran directly south after passing the Cape, careless of the apparent circuitousness of the passage, she would have fallen in with the trade-winds, when a straight course might have been held without a change of sail for a thousand miles. Such a mode of sailing, requiring a knowledge of the trade-wind localities, and the latitudes where they may be best used, brings a ship to her port in far less time than the "rule of thumb" would usually require. Such principles of navigation will not allow officers to indulge in neglect or indolence. Thus all on board a ship have their hands full, whether before the mast or on the quarter-deck.

Though a sailor has no time to nourish idle fancies, he is the most superstitious of mortals. Nor is this matter for wonder; many of us have felt the close connection between silence, vast solitudes, and that mysterious awe which whispers of the supernatural. A man hurries carelessly through a crowded city, and feels little superstition whilst passing through Temple Bar in mid-day, or down

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Regent-street in the height of its stir. But place him on a lonely moor, as the autumn sun is setting behind a dark range of distant hills; let no sound reach him save the moan of the bittern—no living object appear, except the ghost-like owl, silently flapping its wings over the darkening heath. What a strange feeling would, in such circumstances, steal over the minds of most men! whilst to the ignorant and credulous peasant the thickening gloom will seem the home of spirits commencing their nightly walk. But it is on the ocean that the natural excitements of superstition act in all their power, and impress the mariner with a thousand wild legends. At one time the natural causes of refraction and reflection make the image of a distant vessel appear near, for the mirage ship holds on her course close to a real vessel, then disappears at once, with a change in the direction of the reflected rays. The sailors gaze upon the vacant sea, and for ever after speak of the phantom ship.

Coleridge has finely wrought up some of those traditional superstitions in his "Ancient Mariner," where he brings in a crew beholding with terror the approach of a spectre bark:

When looking westward, I beheld
  A something in the sky:
At first it seemed a little speck,
  And then it seemed a mist.
It moved, and moved, and took at last
  A certain shape, I wist.

A speck—a mist—a shape, I wist!
  And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
  It plunged, and tacked, and veered!

"See, see!" I cried, "she tacks no more!
  Hither to work us weal:
Without a breeze, without a tide,
  She steadies with upright keel."

The western wave was all a flame;
  The day was well nigh done:
Almost upon the western wave
  Rested the broad, bright sun.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud—
  How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
  Like restless gossameres?

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The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark:
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre bark!

The sudden deaths which so often happen at sea tend to promote superstition in sailors. An alteration is then perceptible for a time at least in the manners and feelings of the crew; a species of melancholy perception of the nearness of death presses upon them. An unexpected and serious event then seizes with peculiar energy upon the feelings of the more ignorant. Dana well describes the effect of a sudden death by drowning on a crew: "Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and 'the mourners go about the streets;' but when a man falls overboard at sea, and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore; you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object, and a real evidence; but at sea the man is near you—at your side; you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb; there are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss."

The possession of a power over the elements was at one period ascribed to those deluded or deluding beings known in history as witches. To raise the winds and whelm ships in the yeasty waves were deeds common enough with the foul sisterhood, if we may believe old chroniclers. Nor is this

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notion yet extinct amongst the peasantry in some parts of the British isles; but it is amongst seamen that we find the belief most strongly declared. An amusing instance of this occurred on board the vessel in which Dana was a sailor. The cook was observed to be exceedingly civil to the sailmaker, whom he supposed to be a Fin, which people he firmly believed capable of raising the wind. The moment doubts of this power were hinted at, a host of facts were brought forward, all tending to prove the supernatural powers of the Fins. Finnish vessels had been seen sailing against wind and tide, and stories were told of Fins revenging themselves upon troublesome captains by raising adverse winds, and thus retarding the vessel.

These superstitions extend to animals also, and some sailors would as soon put to sea in a washing-tub as sail in a ship from which a black cat had been thrown overboard; whilst others would apprehend the most fearful consequences should one of the small sea-birds, called "Mother Carey's chickens," have been shot. What particular influence the sable quadruped is supposed to exercise over the ship is not easy to say; but its ghost, or the ghosts of all drowned black cats from the earliest times of cat-history, will surely haunt the vessel in the dark nights, or amid the sulphurous glare of the thunder-storm. As to the aforesaid "chickens," the belief is decidedly strong that death will enter the crew of any vessel from which one has been shot. Should a careless passenger or officer, unimpressed with the superstitions which find a home in Jack's mind, shoot one of these birds, immediately the ship is filled with predictions of evil; and it is strange if in some way the croakers do not bring about the accomplishment of their own prophecies.

But the superstition of the sailor has nothing of the feminine about it—it is wild as the fables of the north, and has little effect in softening the manners. The *manners* of a sailor! What are they like? Some may think of a bear practising the courtier, or the politeness of Suvaroff in the moment of battle. But the sailor is not *rude*, far from it; he is only *bluff*—of which British quality he has abundance. "An overstrained sense of manliness is the characteristic of seafaring men. This often gives an appearance of want of feeling, and even of cruelty. From this, the sick are neglected

at sea; and whatever sailors may be ashore, a sick man finds little sympathy or attention forward or aft. A man, too, can have nothing peculiar or sacred on board ship; for all the nicer feelings they take pride in disregarding, both in themselves and others. A thin-skinned man could not live an hour on shipboard. One would be torn raw unless he had the hide of an ox. A moment of natural feeling for home and friends, and then the frigid routine of sea life returned." With all this roughness is combined a great and almost reckless generosity, united to much dash and fearlessness of manner, which seem inseparably connected with our notions of a sailor.

Life at sea opens some strange chapters in the book of human life. All sailors are not men from the common classes of society. Sometimes the forecastle becomes the sorrowful home of one whose early life was passed amidst ease and refinement. The wild spendthrift, who fled from college, wandered an exile and beggar through strange lands, and at last finds a refuge on the deck of a ship, may here and there be found. Others are frequently men of superior natural powers and adventurous habits, who, fitted for the highest employments, live and die common sailors. Some, too, have been forced on the sea by a long series of crime and desperate profligacy. Thus life at sea exhibits some of the most startling histories of human eccentricity—weakness and sin relieved by much of a higher and nobler nature. Some of these sea-wanderers might furnish materials for the most stirring biographies, their lives being marked by the greatest contrasts: at one time all brightness; at another, blackened by crime or suffering. Were some of these to read the essay of the celebrated Foster on a "Man writing Memoirs of himself," and then note the various scenes through which they have passed, with the peculiar feelings linked to each past deed, some dark revelation of the deeps of man's nature would startle the moral philosopher. Dana thus mentions one of those seamen who, though ranked as *common*, are in mental power far above the thousands who deem the sailor always an ignorant or an unthinking machine: "Tom Harris was the most remarkable man I have ever seen; but the most remarkable thing about him was the power of his mind. His memory was perfect, seeming to form a regular chain reaching from his earliest childhood up to the time I knew

him, without one link wanting. His power of calculation, too, was remarkable. I called myself pretty quick at figures, and had been through a course of mathematical studies; but, working by my head, I was unable to keep within sight of this man, who had never been beyond his arithmetic, so rapid was his calculation. His facts, whether dates or events, no one thought of disputing; and his opinions few of the sailors dared to oppose; for, right or wrong, he always had the best of the argument with them. His reasoning powers were remarkable. I have had harder work maintaining an argument with him in a watch, even when I knew myself to be right, and he was only doubting, than I ever had before; not from his obstinacy, but from his acuteness. Give him only a little knowledge of his subject, and among all the young men of my acquaintance and standing at college, there was not one whom I had not rather meet than this man. I never answered a question from him, or advanced an opinion to him, without thinking more than once. With an iron memory, he seemed to have your whole past conversation at command; and if you said a thing now which ill agreed with something said months before, he was sure to have you. In fact, I always felt, when with him, that I was with no common man. I had a positive respect for his powers of mind, and felt often that if half the pains had been spent upon his education which are thrown away yearly in our colleges, he would have been a man of great weight in society. The principles of the steam engine he was familiar with, having been several months on board of a steam-boat, and made himself master of its secrets. He knew every star in both hemispheres, and was a perfect master of his quadrant and sextant. Such was the man who, at forty, was still a dog before the mast, at twelve dollars a month." Such, it is to be presumed, is not a solitary picture drawn from life at sea. When seamen are composed of such elements of good and evil, it is important to secure some moral supervision on shipboard, by which the fierce and licentious may be improved, and the well-disposed preserved from demoralization. This, however, must depend on the characters of captains and the influence of shipowners. At present, too, many sailors are left wholly to themselves—even Sunday is much disregarded. This not only leaves the crew without the least chance of improvement, but irritates

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the men, who have a feeling that when it is possible, some portion of Sunday should be their own. It is with regret that the following remarks of one who had tried life at sea will be read —" The main reason for sailing on the Sunday is not, as many people suppose, because it is thought a lucky day, but because it is a leisure day. During the six days the crew are employed upon the cargo and other ship's work, and the Sunday being their only day of rest, whatever additional work can be thrown into Sunday is so much gain to the owners. This is the reason of our coasters, packets, &c., sailing on that day. They get six good days' work out of the crew, and then throw all the labour of sailing into the Sunday. Thus it was with us nearly all the time we were on the coast, and many of our Sundays were lost entirely to us. The Roman Catholics on shore have no trading, and make no journeys on Sunday; but the American has no national religion, and likes to show his independence of priestcraft by doing as he chooses on the Lord's day."

The greatest privation felt by a sailor of the more educated class, in many merchant ships, is the want of useful books. The monotony of life on board ship during a long voyage is well known and remembered by all intelligent travellers who have been unable to lighten the tedium by study. Dana thus records his rather amusing attempts to find occupation for his mind: " As soon as I came on deck, and took my place and regular walk, I began with repeating over to myself a string of matters which I had in my memory. First, the multiplication table, and the tables of weights and measures; then the states of the Union, with their capitals; the counties of England, with their shire towns; the kings of England in their order; and a large part of the peerage. Then came the ten commandments, the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, and a few other passages from scripture. The next in the order that I never varied from came Cowper's 'Castaway,' which was a great favourite with me; the solemn measure and gloomy character of which, as well as the incident upon which it was founded, made it well suited to a lonely watch at sea. Then his lines to Mary, his address to the jackdaw, and a short extract from 'Table Talk,' 'Ille et nefasto' from Horace, and Goëthe's 'Erl King.' From this paucity of books arises, in part, the eagerness with which sailors receive

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news from a distance. Great is the ecstacy produced by a packet of newspapers, even though six months old, in which the long-absent mariner may see the names of familiar places. Not a line is omitted: houses to let, advertisements for sales, down to the printer's name. Precious, too, is a letter from a distant friend: never did enthusiastic scholar pore over a favourite author with greater avidity than the sailor devours his letter from a sister or a sweet-heart.

The seaman's propensity for "yarning" is probably owing to his want of books; to compensate for which, he naturally has recourse to the "long story"—very different from Gray's though—and the tale of perils escaped or marvellous feats performed. Few things are more prized by sailors than these snug chats. When far from the officer's ears all listen to some "yarn" from an old seaman, who dilates upon wonders, real or imaginary, until his hearers lose all thoughts of their hard life, in the deep interest of the tale. High tragedy or low comedy, with a touch of the horrible, are equally agreeable to men wearied with the monotony of work and the absence of more intellectual stimulants.

But this survey of "Life at Sea" must now draw to a close. We have seen the sailor in calm and storm, followed him to distant regions, and noted his daily labours; and we shall, in the subsequent parts of this volume, behold his severe struggles, and mark his sufferings amid wreck, famine, abandonment, and captivity. Dana's vessel has accomplished the objects of her voyage: the ship is rapidly nearing her haven, and we must now prepare to leave these preliminary observations, and accompany other voyagers on their perilous routes. Perhaps the pleasantest hour in the sailor's life is that in which he hears the order given, after a long and dangerous voyage, to steer homewards. For though Jack is at home on the sea, yet, like certain aquatic animals, he has a relish now and then for the land, and especially for the part whence he sailed. Sea is his working world—land his holiday-place; and therefore right well does he love to see again the old homes, and pace the narrow streets with the feeling of one who has money to spend, and is resolved to have some fun as a set-off to his past labour.

The moment when a ship nears port on her return, has a brightness all its own; then the feelings produced in many

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cases during the voyage are all flung off; men who have vowed a lasting revenge against each other, join heartily in their common work, as the well-known headlands and distant sea-port becomes every hour more defined. The sentry light-houses along the coast speak cheeringly to the wanderers, who are far too eager for the moment when the ship shall be hauled into dock to spend much time in admiring the picturesque. After the safe arrival, what becomes of the crew? Most are inveigled by the vilest sharpers to low lodging-houses where their hard-earned money is quickly dissipated by the wildest riot, and then poverty again forces the sailor to sea. The time has arrived when wise and thoughtful men deem it an honourable work to devise and execute plans for promoting the moral and bodily welfare of the sailor. On sea and on shore may such plans flourish, and the mariner be raised to his due place amongst men and citizens. An intelligent and well-ordered commercial marine would contribute largely in the extension of England's influence and the spread of civilization.

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II.

THE SAILOR WRECKED;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF PIETRO QUIRINO, A VENETIAN, IN THE NORTH SEA, A.D. 1431.

THE enterprising commercial spirit which distinguished the Italian merchants in the middle ages, and made the name of "Lombard" * memorable, was still active in the fifteenth century; nor was this energy that of mere bankers and money-lenders, who, whilst sitting at ease in their homes, draw to themselves the treasures of distant lands. The merchant of olden times was often the daring mariner, uniting in his own person the triple functions of trader, shipowner, and captain. Such was Pietro Quirino, a rich Venetian merchant, resident in Candia, then possessed by his countrymen. His mind was formed for bold adventure, and longed for that struggle with danger and difficulty so congenial to active spirits. Around him were the bright waves of the Archipelago: on these waters he resolved to seek occupation and fame. Venice had her merchant princes—men who had made St. Mark's flag a standard of glory; their example he resolved to imitate, for he too was a son of Venice. But dangers menaced him on those seas, where a Turkish galley

* All the Italian merchants were, in the middle ages, called Lombards. They were the principal money-lenders of Europe, and had agents in every country. Those in London resided together in one place, called from them Lombard-street.

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and pirate vessel rode; but this rather increased than diminished the zeal of Quirino; glory and profit were both before him. He therefore purchased a valuable assortment of goods, and having stowed them in a stout vessel, resolved to navigate his ship to the coast of Flanders, at that time the centre of the North European commerce. On April the 25th, 1431, he sailed from Candia to exchange the products of the east for the wealth of the *Hanse Towns*.* The ship was manned by a crew of sixty-eight men, a necessary guard against the pirates; but Quirino was not assailed by men; his calamities arose from the fury of the elements, combined with his ignorance of navigation.

Bright was the day when the ardent merchant sailed from Candia—brighter than the brightest skies were his hopes as the sunny cliffs flung back to his distant gaze the light of that evening's setting sun. Glorious were the innumerable rainbows which shed their splendours on the calm waters, as the sun threw his last rays across the deep; Quirino and his crew might hail the brilliancy as an omen of success; but deceitful was this calm of the elements. A tempest arose from the north, and drove the vessel toward the African coast—that region so dreaded by the Christian mariner of early times, where the savage and fanatical Moor consigned the shipwrecked mariner to slavery or death. For a whole month did Quirino battle with the elements, thus taking his first lesson in conflict with the deep. At length the ship escaped these perils, and the delighted crew bore through the Straits of Gibraltar for Cadiz, where they took shelter, and commenced refitting the shattered vessel. Again Quirino set sail for a Flemish port; again the tempest caught his bark, hurrying her to the south-west, far from the desired track, till she reached the Canary Isles. But the cloud-piercing peak of Teneriffe was no safety-guide to Quirino and his

* The number of pirates who formerly infested the north sea and river Elbe induced Hamburgh, Lubeck, and other cities, to form a league for the protection of commerce. This celebrated confederation began in 1241, and soon comprehended all the principal trading cities of Europe. The number of cities amounted at one time to eighty-four, the chief of which was Lubeck, where the great meetings of the Union were held. The association was dissolved in 1630. The *free* cities of Germany are the representatives of this once powerful confederation. The name was derived from *hanse*, a league.

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storm-beaten crew. Forty-five days was he driven to and fro, and at length forced to run about a thousand miles to the harbour of Lisbon, which he entered August 29th. Thus the adventurous Venetian had drifted, in those ocean zig-zags, nearly two thousand miles; four months of the summer had passed away, and he no further on his voyage than Lisbon.

He had longed for occasions of heroism when speculating, in his quiet Candian home, on the lives of great men; and now the testing time had come. Bravely did Quirino bear his lot; no thought of return was cherished—no desire to sell his rich cargo in Lisbon, and seek a smoother path to fortune, entered his heart. A second reparation of the tempest-beaten ship was ordered, and upon its completion the sails were again spread on September 14th. Quirino had no sooner left Lisbon than he was driven, strange to say, once more to the Canaries, as if *there* the rich bark was doomed to sink beneath the wild waves, which, like wrathful sea-sprites, had so long pursued her. On October 26th, the ship anchored in the port of Mures, in the Canaries. And now a noble picture of *rational* and lofty religious feeling is disclosed to our view. What would some expect to see?—the crew revelling in the taverns of Mures, flinging care to the winds, and thoughtless of the morrow? A far different scene is before us. Quirino went on shore with all his crew, and led them to a church near the sea, where all joined in a solemn thanksgiving to God for their escape from shipwreck. We often hear of "*moral courage*:" this was truly in the heart of Quirino.

Those mariners, though unequal to our modern sailors in the art of managing a ship, excelled them in religious wisdom. In two days Quirino again sailed, resolved, if possible, to gain the Flemish coast; and now a favourable breeze sprung up, the hopes of all became strong, and the merchant began to count his gains. With a fair breeze, the ship neared Cape Finisterre and the Bay of Biscay, across which Quirino sought to hold his course, and gain the British Channel. Whilst all hearts were beating high with the hope of gaining the wished-for point, the wind changed before the ship could enter the channel; and again she drifted from her course, falling to the west of the Scilly Isles. This brought the vessel near the entrance of the Irish Channel; but the tempest drove her farther and farther towards the Atlantic Ocean. Thus from

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April to November Quirino had been struggling with wind and waves ; and now, with winter upon him, is driving fast into an unknown sea. On November 11th his rudder was torn away, and for three days the ship which held his fortunes drifted like a log before the storm. Now, too, both provisions and the hearts of his crew began to fail ; they gazed on their shattered ship, the wintry sky, and the black heaving sea ; then thought of the bright heavens, warm breezes, and their sunny homes in Candia. What shall Quirino do—their leader and captain ? Retiring to his cabin for a few minutes, he pondered on the condition of his ship and crew ; remedies he could not discover, and therefore, with earnest devotion, began to contemplate death as drawing near.

Having thus prepared his mind for the worst, he returned on deck resolved to leave no means untried to cheer the spirits of his worn-out men. Arduous were the efforts used—outriggers to guide the ship and a fresh rudder were made, but only to be torn away by the sea. The planks of the vessel began to open from her heavy plungings, and the water rushed in through numerous leaks. Still she drifted before the south-east wind, until the vessel reached, at the end of November, some point off the north-west coast of Ireland, having been chased by the storm along the whole line of the Irish western coast. But no rest awaited Quirino ; the ship was borne along toward the Northern Ocean, till about halfway to Iceland, when the vessel being wholly ungovernable, and fast filling with water, the commander resolved to abandon to the sea his ship and rich merchandize of spices, silk, wines, &c. The crew, amounting to sixty-eight men, were disposed of in two boats—forty-seven in the long-boat and twenty-one in the other. On December 17th, they left the sinking vessel, taking in each boat as much biscuit, cheese, bacon, and wine as they could stow away. Thus were these Italian mariners placed in the depth of winter in two open boats in the midst of the Northern Ocean. Their first night came down in dense fog, and the smaller boat was lost. The survivors in the long boat stifled their grief and kept their course east, through a sea so heavy that they were forced to fling away a great part of their provisions to ease the boat.

The nights were now twenty hours long, to such high latitudes had they been driven ; the men were drenched by the

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constantly breaking waves, their feet and hands frozen, whilst to add to their distress, food failed, and death from starvation was close upon them. The boat moved on, but her crew was silently leaving her. Before January 3rd, twenty-four out of the forty-seven in the long boat had perished, whilst upon many of the survivors madness was gradually settling, partly from despair, but chiefly from drinking sea-water. They had now been in the boat fifteen days, crushed by storms, hunger, and the bitter frost of the Arctic Ocean. Surrounded by these depressing circumstances, they had run two thousand five hundred miles since leaving the ship. Soon all must perish, and leave their bodies in the boat to stiffen in these frozen regions, for they had reached within eighty miles of the Arctic circle. The 3rd of January dawned upon them, and now daylight lasted only two hours ; but before the sun went down, hope rose upon them, for land was clearly seen by the famished crew. True, the shore was covered with snow, a desolate and savage region did it seem ; but land of the wildest character was now precious. Night came on before they could make the beach, and during the darkness a current drifted the boat past the land. This was a terrible blow ; they were too weak to row against the coast stream, and feared they should be driven out to sea. But again land was seen ahead, and the crew, making a desperate effort, got the boat towards a low part of the coast, where a large wave caught her, and threw them on the beach. Some instantly leaped ashore, and snatching up the snow, eagerly devoured it ; their example was followed by the rest, and thus they quenched the fever of their thirst. The boat had been cast upon a desolate rock, called the Saints, from which the exhausted crew tried in vain to escape to another island, being prevented by the leaky state of the boat. Some shelter from the cutting blasts was requisite, or the escape from death in the sea would he exchanged for death by frost. They therefore divided the boat into two parts, and inverted each for sheltering places against the storm. During the short daylight, those who could move were engaged in gathering periwinkles, muscles, and seaweed, for food. This was the apparent end of Quirino's ardent efforts—such the realities which had succeeded to innumerable bright anticipations. The plan for this voyage was matured during many a silent walk on

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the sunny shores of Candia; now he paced with anxious step an Arctic beach, begirt by a dark ocean, lashed by sleepless tempests. Often he pictured to himself his noble vessel as she left the shores of Candia, and frequently his imagination would present in startling contrast the sinking of his hopes and ship. Then he thought of his dying crew, and with a more solemn feeling of those who were dead. He had led them from their homes; he saw them dying now; what could he do? Often he knelt in prayer on the lonely beach, for his bold heart yet hoped for deliverance.

In the meantime, their situation assumed a more alarming aspect; scarcely one could move from the fires made of the planks cast up by the sea, whilst the volumes of smoke from the sodden wood inflamed the eyes of all to such a degree that it was feared blindness would precede death. Death, too, was active amongst them. In a few days only thirteen remained alive, and these were too feeble to bury the dead. An ominous sullenness began to take possession of each—their mutual woes chilling instead of nourishing sympathy. Quirino alone preserved his fortitude entire, and endeavoured by every means to dispel the fatal melancholy of his men. He was never visibly downcast, for this might have paralyzed every effort; but often in the stillness of the long nights the hopelessness of his position would present itself. In what part of the world was he cast? Was it beyond the visits of human kind? These were questions which the geographical knowledge of the adventurous Italian did not enable him to answer. But in the depth of his hopelessness some hope arose. Whilst searching for seaweeds some of the crew discovered a ruined hut, and near it the tracks of oxen. Such appearances proved that they were still within the circle of human beings; every one exulted in the hope of meeting with deliverance, and all slept that night with happy hearts.

This discovery happened on the eleventh day of their abode upon the island. Eager search was now made by the famished men to discover further traces of human beings, and many an eye wandered over the dark sea for the sight of a sail. But this joy was transient, no further cause for hope appeared, and the last day of January found the survivors plunged into utter hopelessness. The intensity of the frost, constant storms, and want of food, had reduced the physical

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energy of each to that point where Death places his mark.

We have now to record one of those striking, though perhaps not rare events, which attest the singular influence of dreams on the destiny of man. It happened that a young herdsman in a neighbouring island had lost his heifers; he dreamed one night that the missing animals had crossed a certain shallow place at low water to the Saints' Rock. On awaking he mentioned the dream to his father and brother. All started for the "Saints," in a boat. Arriving there they beheld with surprise the smoke of a fire, and were amazed by the sight of some famine-stricken men crawling towards them. The herdsmen could only speak Dutch, and were therefore unable to understand the Venetians; but the signs of misery and death were not to be mistaken. Having no provisions in their boat, they determined to return to their island for succour, taking with them two of the strangers. The priest of the place, a Dominican monk, assembled the islanders, and, on Candlemas-day, six boats, headed by the priest, arrived at the "Saints," and received the surviving crew of Quirino's lost vessel.

They also took up the unburied dead, and committed them, with funeral solemnities, to the earth. Eleven alone remained to enjoy the hospitality of their benefactors, who had been sent as by a voice from Heaven to their aid. The island to which Quirino was removed is that named Rost in modern maps. It lies at the southern extremity of the Luffoden group, about seventy miles from the Norwegian coast. The simple manners and ready hospitality of these remote islanders attest the moral influence which in such early times must have penetrated into these almost inaccessible and sea-girt rocks. Each family eagerly pressed their aid upon the half dead mariners, and regarded its acceptance as an honour. In this friendly place, Quirino and his men were entertained till May 14th, when they departed for Drontheim, having been at Rost three months and twenty days. Arrived at Drontheim, the rescued mariners attended a thanksgiving service in the church of St. Olave, and spread far and wide the details of their marvellous deliverance. Leaving Drontheim on June 9th, they travelled to the Danish port of Ladèse, whence three of the crew departed for Venice; and shortly after, the

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remainder, eight in number, embarked for England September 14th, and reached Ely in eight days. Quirino proceeded with his party towards London, by way of Cambridge, where he rested for a few days. Whilst here he was observed to be a constant worshipper at the daily services so numerous in the University Town, and during one of these his demeanour attracted the attention of a Benedictine monk, who accosted the Venetian and received a brief account of his adventures. The monk finding Quirino's funds exhausted, gave him, in "the name of God," sixteen crowns, and promised to visit him at Venice, in the course of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which the Benedictine was then contemplating. We know not whether Quirino and the monk ever again met; but the aid afforded to the former was most opportune, and enabled him to proceed at once towards the capital. In a short time the Italians reached London, where most of them remained two months, supported by the hospitality of merchants acquainted with Quirino. After this period some departed on religious pilgrimages, hoping thus to deepen their feelings of gratitude to God for their great escape. Quirino judged it best to journey directly for Venice, where, upon his arrival, the tale of his perils was the marvel of the Rialto. Many a friend received him as one risen from the dead, so strong was the belief that he and all his crew had perished.

Thus ended this mercantile adventure of Quirino, presenting at the beginning an enthusiastic, confident man, aiming at the accomplishment of his plan, and exhibiting at the close the same man chastened and disappointed, but still unbroken in spirit, and preserving, amidst the wreck of his hopes, a noble patience.

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III.

THE SAILOR IN THE BURNING SHIP;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE NEW HORN, A DUTCH SHIP DESTROYED BY FIRE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN IN 1619.

A BURNING ship in the midst of a lonely sea presents to the imagination one of the most fearful scenes in which man can be placed. The dangers of shipwreck when a vessel is suddenly dashed on the roaring breakers, or buried by an avalanche wave, may be as great; but it can scarcely give those terrible impressions which the sailor must feel as inch by inch the fiery circle closes upon him. That moment when the crew give up all hopes of saving their burning vessel, when through every outlet the whirling flames rush with the screaming noise so peculiar to a conflagration, when above the black cloud spreads, and below the inextinguishable furnace crackling to charcoal the stout timbers, presents death to the mind in a terrible form, then "shrink the timid and stand still the brave."

The destruction of the New Horn, a Dutch ship, by fire, in the South Sea, presents one instance of this fearful nature. This vessel sailed from the coast of Holland in the latter end of December, 1618, with a crew of two hundred and six men, under the command of Captain Bontekoe; her destination was Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indian possessions. Nothing of great interest happened till near the completion of their voyage. The straits of Sunda, between

Sumatra and Java, were in sight of the rejoicing crew, when an event occurred which overthrew every hope of a successful termination to the voyage. The cry of "Fire" was heard from below; the captain ran to the spot, and found a torrent of flame rushing from the bung-hole of a brandy cask, and the panic-stricken steward endeavouring to quench the fire by pouring water into the vessel. In a short time their efforts seemed to have succeeded, the flame disappeared, and the captain had time to ascertain the cause of the accident. The steward had dropped a spark from a candle into the bung-hole of the cask from which he was drawing brandy for the crew. Had the matter ended here, the New Horn might never have filled a place in naval chronicles; her voyage would most probably have ended happily, and her hull at length quietly rotted in some Dutch dock-yard. But the small spark dropped by the careless steward had not yet done its work. The captain was forgetting the accident, and his irritation passing away, when once more the alarm of fire ran along the decks; the fatal cask had again blazed, and, exploding, communicated the flames to every substance around. A heap of coals under the burning brandy had taken fire, and threw out an intense heat upon the combustible materials in the ship's hold. Two most dangerous elements were now at hand; a large stowage of brandy, consisting of four piles of casks, was lodged immediately above the burning coal, whilst a vast quantity of powder was in the magazine. The safest course was to throw the powder overboard with all speed, as whilst it remained none of the crew could work with the coolness so requisite in their condition: the constant dread of explosion paralyzed effort. A clear-headed and decided man might now have saved both ship and crew by instantly getting rid of the powder. The captain had not the power to do this, and appealed to the supercargo, who refused on the plea that if the powder were destroyed the ship would be helpless should an enemy appear. Thus a real and present evil was partly heightened in order to provide against a mere contingency. Quickly the fury of the fire proved more than a match for the efforts of man; the hold became a furnace, the flames rushed up the rigging and whirled in eddies round the tall masts of the solitary ship. To remove the powder was now desired by the supercargo

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himself, but the right moment had been allowed to pass; no man could approach the magazine through the fiery circle. The sea was now called in, to subdue the flame, and tons of water poured upon the raging furnace. But still the fires and the smoke ascended, making the drifting ship appear like a burning pyramid. Part of the crew now began to look for the means of escape. Quite regardless of the fate of the great body of their companions, these recreants seized one of the boats, into which they all got, and rowed to a distance from the burning ship. The captain was thus abandoned by the most able part of his crew, and enraged at their base desertion, set all sail, and endeavoured to run the cowards down; but the sails were quickly burned to tinder. The men escaped, and the captain was compelled to depend on the fidelity of his remaining crew. The ship's side was now cut through, and floods of water poured into the hold. But calamity rose upon calamity; a quantity of oil took fire and added to the danger, whilst every effort to suppress the flames seemed to augment their fury. To complete the awful state of the crew, the sides of the magazine were now on fire, and the removal of the powder was impossible. The crowds on board gazed like men stupified as they saw the fire eat its way step by step into the powder stores. Each was now expecting to hear the roaring of the explosion which must end his earthly career. Desperation nerved some to a daring work, and sixty barrels of powder were at last got overboard, leaving three hundred in the magazine. Further efforts were useless, and the crew were compelled passively to await their certain fate. When L'Orient blew up amid the tumult of battle, no such terrible suspense could be felt; all were engaged, and every thought occupied by the fierce struggle of Aboukir. Here no activity was possible, all eyes were centred on that spot where blazed the magazine; all thought of the volcano about to open there—this was the agony of their trial. In the midst of this awful expectation the fire reached the dreaded spot, and the ship blew up with one hundred and nineteen persons.

The captain, Bontekoe, afterwards wrote an account of this wreck, and gives a vivid description of his sensations upon recovering from the stunning effects of the explosion. He found himself in the water surrounded by fragments of

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burning timber, to one of which he clung. In this situation he saw one of his crew swimming past him, to whom he called; and both got upon a larger piece of the wreck. Besides this young man, no being was visible; but ere night closed upon them, the two boats, which had escaped from the ship before the explosion, drew near, in the hope of saving some of the crew. They found their captain and the young man, but searched in vain for others. No ripple marked the circle where one hundred and seventeen ocean graves had been so quickly formed, and all seemed hushed after that fatal thunder peal.

After hovering for some time around the destroyed vessel, the boats departed to search for a path to some land over the lonely waters. In the boats were seventy-two persons, and only about eight pounds of biscuit; as for water, they had none. The crews rowed away from the wreck, impelled by a species of madness; but the captain, knowing that land must be distant, advised the men to lay aside their oars, and reserve their strength for the privations which might await them. To impel the boat onwards the men tore up their shirts for sails, and thus were enabled to steer in a direction which it was hoped would lead them to Batavia. Intense thirst was soon produced by their anxieties and the heat of the climate, which some rain caught in a sail, and drank from a shoe, but slightly alleviated. It was soon found that the cutter could not keep up with the launch, whereupon the selfish crew of the latter cut the tow rope by which the cutter had been for some time drawn along. Thus the very men whose desertion of their captain caused the loss of the ship, were now equally ready to abandon their companions to drowning or starvation. Extremes of selfishness are sometimes met with in retreating armies, when lacerated men are abandoned on the road-side or snow-covered heaths, by their companions; but such heartlessness is still more revolting when exercised on the wild ocean-tracks, where the sternness of solitude should knit man to man in closer brotherhood. The cutter, however, managed, by desperate efforts, to keep up with the large boat, and her crew were at last prevailed on by the captain to receive their fellow-sufferers into the launch. In a short time all their food was exhausted, and famine began

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to wear out the bodies of both officers and men. Some lay down in the bottom of the boat, and quietly yielded themselves to death; others, half maddened by thirst, drank sea-water, and were soon reduced to the delirium consequent upon such drink. Thus a fearful spectacle might have been seen in the slowly moving boat: some with fever-blackened lips cursing their companions; others, calmly desperate, longed for the billows to sink the famine-stricken group; many laughed wildly, as with frenzied eye they gazed on the waste of waters; and few retained the patience and coolness required by their sad condition. One day, when the last hope was leaving the stoutest heart, a crowd of flying fish* suddenly rose from the calm waves, and, becoming entangled in the sails, were caught by those who had struggled to grasp the prey. They were instantly eaten raw, and the ravenous men thus alleviated for a brief space their hunger. Many kept on the watch for a fresh shoal of these fish, but no more were taken. It was at length whispered by a few that some must die to appease the hunger of the rest, and two or three boys were selected as the most suitable victims. By degrees the whisper spread; none rejected the horrid proposal, and at length the fatal murmur reached the captain's ears. He besought, reasoned, and threatened, by turns; assured the men that land could not be far off, but all in vain; the utmost he could procure was a promise to wait for three days, when, if no relief appeared, some of the boys must die. Those familiar with maritime annals will recal various instances of famine-maddened crews adopting a resolution so horrible to our contemplation. We can but pause and pity those men—unquestionably brave—who have been led by a tremendous combination of circumstances to such depths of misery. In the present case, however, murder was to be added to cannibalism, and thus the horror of the miserable scene is deepened by its alliance with crime. The savage, feeding on the dead body of his foe, is a disgusting spectacle; but to see the civilized man murdering his fellow-creature, for food, fills us with dismay. The misery was, however, terminated, and the crime prevented, by

* These fish frequent the tropical seas, are about the size of a herring, and furnished with two pairs of fins, moved by powerful muscles, which the fish uses as wings to rise from the water. The flight is about two hundred yards.

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a discovery of land on the last of the three days named by the men as a limit to their forbearance. The land was an uninhabited island, on which cocoa-nuts were found ; the milk of which being used to alleviate their thirst, their strength was in some measure restored. After some further perils and sufferings the boat reached the Dutch settlements in Java.

From Batavia Captain Bontekoe returned to Holland at the close of the year 1625. Often in the quietude of his dwelling at Horn did his thoughts return to that moment when the roar of his ship's conflagration thundered in his ear. Frequently, when sea-perils became the subject of remark, would the old captain describe the terrors of the crew when the sides of the powder-filled magazine were seen on fire, and the strange calm which took away all dread from his mind whilst expecting the crash.

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IV.

THE SAILOR ENSLAVED;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF JOHN FOXE, AN ENGLISH SAILOR, TAKEN CAPTIVE BY THE TURKS IN 1563.

THE enterprising mariners of the sixteenth century had to contend with a foe unknown to the modern navigators of European seas. Swarms of Turkish pirates then infested the sea, especially the Mediterranean,* from whom the Christian sailor had little to expect save perpetual captivity or a miserable death. These vile pests of the ocean-highways were more dreaded by mariners and traders than the storm or hidden rock.

The events narrated in this chapter will partly exhibit the maritime perils to which allusion has been made, and the audacity of the Turkish robbers before the decisive battle of Lepanto† had nipped the blossom of their pride. In the year 1563, a ship named "The Three Half-Moons" left Portsmouth with a cargo for Seville, having a crew of thirty-eight men on board. All went well till near the close of the voyage, and the ship was nearing the mouth of the Guadalquiver, with every hope of a prosperous result, when eight Turkish galleys suddenly appeared between the vessel and

* Even so late as the reign of Charles II. the British Channel was infested by Turkish pirates, who actually made descents on the Irish coasts.

† This battle was fought 1571, in the Gulf of Lepanto, formerly called the Corinthian Gulf. The fleets of Spain, Venice, and the Papal States joined, and completely defeated the grand Turkish navy of two hundred and eighty galleys.

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her haven. Resistance was useless ; but the spirit of chivalry which had so often checked the advance of the crescent was amongst the sailors, and all resolved to fight till the last against the blasphemer who now sought to spoil them. The ship was provided with guns, and also with a gunner named Foxe, a man of cool head and daring courage. He arranged the guns in the most effective manner ; and as the Turks came on, the pieces were discharged with the utmost steadiness into the midst of the galleys. The artillery was aided by a weapon at which the sailors of Nelson may smile—the arrow. These were sent in rapid showers upon the enemy by some archers on board. But the cannon from eight ships of the pirates began to tell with terrible effect on the one solitary vessel exposed to the storm. The Three Half-Moons received many balls under water ; and in the midst of a furious cannonade the Turks rushed forward to board her.

In spite of their great force they were beaten back with much slaughter by the Christian crew. The repulse exasperated without much weakening the foe, from whose galleys the shot flew into the Three Half-Moons at every point. No sign of surrender was given after a long continuance of the struggle ; and the pirates began to fear lest their expected prey might escape them by sinking. Accordingly, they made a dash with their whole force on the exhausted crew, and bore down all resistance by the crushing weight of numbers. Thus these brave men, with their intrepid gunner, became prisoners, though not without inflicting a heavy punishment on their assailants. The pirates, when they had plundered their captives, compelled them to work at the oars, and thus aid in their transportation to an enemy's country. The Turks sailed for Alexandria, which they soon reached, and immediately placed Foxe and his companions in a strong prison, having first secured them by chains. The captain and master of the captured ship were in a short time redeemed by their friends ; but the rest of the crew met with no such deliverance. The British ambassador or consul was not then at hand to protect his countrymen, and the brave crew of the Three Half-Moons were abandoned to the bitterness of slavery. Their spirits might have sunk beneath the strange troubles now pressing upon them ; but Foxe en-

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couraged his companions with hopes of deliverance or escape. He possessed one of those minds in which an unconquerable resistance to evil enables the soul to maintain its post with heroic calmness, in the midst of thickening danger. These men not only nerve themselves to action, but infuse their own untiring energy into the hearts of others. Such a man was Foxe, the gunner of the captured ship. As soon as all hope of ransom was at an end, he began to devise plans for his own deliverance and the rescue of his fellow-sufferers. These plans must have seemed wild, even to himself, when he thought of the strongly-guarded port and well-watched coast of Alexandria. He was aware that no sudden dash of courage could accomplish the desired result; that nothing but a long series of concealed devices could lead him to the delights of liberty, and open a passage to his native land. His first aim was to appear contented and even happy in his condition, and thus remove from the Turks all suspicion of his designs. Foxe therefore began to employ his spare time by operating as a barber, which not only increased his comforts by the wages earned, but introduced him to the acquaintance and confidence of his enemies. The keeper of the prison soon allowed him to walk out, within certain limits, with a chain on his leg; for which favour Foxe always paid a sum of money. Foxe soon induced this man to grant a similar privilege to six of his fellow-prisoners. Thus, by degrees, he grew in the confidence of the Turks, and what was of greater importance to him, the favour of the numerous prisoners, who, from time to time, were brought in from captured merchant-ships. Still no opening for escape presented itself. Year after year passed away, leaving Foxe in slavery, and harassed by constant apprehension lest the Turks should suspect his object. Well was it for this English sailor that his was no yielding heart; otherwise, hope delayed for fourteen years must have crushed all effort, and left him to a slave's grave.

Such was the long period during which Foxe kept his eye steadily fixed on the bright though distant form of Freedom, nor once allowed his view to be diverted by the thousand distractions and perils of his position. He had by this time become the intimate friend of a Spaniard who kept a public house near the prison. This man was named Unticaro; and

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having been taken by the Turkish pirates, had remained a prisoner thirty years. His captors allowed him to keep the victualling-house, as the best means of employing his time, a large sum being paid to them for this permission. As the aid of Unticaro was essential to Foxe, he by degrees revealed the projects of escape to the Spaniard, who, seized with a desire to revisit the country of his birth, entered with eagerness into the plan.

Year after year had continued to pass away, presenting no means of escape. Many of his companions obtained freedom by death; and all had resigned every hope of seeing their homes again. But in the winter of 1577—being the fourteenth year of Foxe's captivity—circumstances seemed to offer the means of deliverance. The Turkish galleys were all stowed in their winter positions; and Foxe felt that, could he once put to sea in any vessel, there was little chance of instant pursuit. There were in the prison at this time two hundred and sixty-eight Christian captives—natives of sixteen countries. Of this number only three were English—John Foxe himself, William Wickney, of Portsmouth, and Robert Moore, of Harwich. Foxe knew that if a plan likely to succeed could be devised, all the prisoners would eagerly assist in the attempt, and risk even life rather than remain supinely subject to the insults and tyranny of the barbarous infidels. After a long consideration between himself and Unticaro, a scheme was agreed upon, and the particulars revealed to five of the most cool and courageous amongst the captives. Foxe soon opened the whole matter to all the prisoners on the last day of December, 1577. No excitement was needed to rouse the captives to exertion: the shameful wrongs they had endured fired each, and Foxe at once found himself entrusted with the lives of nearly three hundred Christian men. He had previously collected a number of files, which had been concealed in the house of the Spaniard. These were now gradually conveyed to the prison, and distributed amongst the captives, who were charged to have their fetters ready to be broken off by eight o'clock the next night.

Foxe having arranged his plans, sought to prevent all suspicion on the part of the guards and watchers, by assembling the five confederates, whom he had first chosen at

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Unticaro's tavern, to a merry-making, where, by games and pretended carousing, they diverted all attention from their real proceedings. To keep his companions actually sober whilst feigning the excesses of drink required all the watchfulness of Foxe. Night at length drew on: the guards had gone their rounds: it was evident that no suspicion of the state of things existed. Within the prison hope mingled with dread, and produced that inexpressible feeling which unnerves the coward whilst it imparts energy of purpose to the brave. The wintry day closed gloomily, and each captive's heart beat as he marked the deepening shadows of evening gather over the harbour of Alexandria.

Some time was allowed to elapse after nightfall before the least move was made; but at the appointed time Foxe and his companions were on the alert; for well they knew that ere the morning light fell upon that coast they should be free on the sea, or doomed men. Blood must be shed in the attempt: that each man knew; but regret was hushed by the recollection that those against whom they plotted were both robbers and murderers, from whom they were justified in making their escape by force and subtlety. But what were the means by which Foxe hoped to extricate nearly three hundred men from a guarded and strong prison? how overcome the sentinels? above all, how escape from the coast? For, unless this could be accomplished, all the rest would but render their condition more terrible. What, then, were his resources? Two or three rusty swords, which had been secretly picked up at various times; a like number of iron bars, some spits, and a few files. These feeble instruments were, however, directed by a cool hand and resolute heart.

When eight o'clock came, Foxe called to his side his six confederates, and armed them with the rusty swords, spits, and bars just mentioned. Foxe now put his first device into operation. This was to get the harbour-master into his power. Unticaro was accordingly sent to this officer with a message purporting to come from one of the city governors, who, it was pretended, urgently required his presence at a specified place. The harbour-master, not suspecting the stratagem, set off, but took alarm on reaching the appointed place, where no one was ready to receive him. He was returning in haste, when Foxe, rushing from ambush, clave his skull

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in two by a single blow. The Turk dropped dead on the spot, without giving the least alarm. Thus the die was cast: the seven marched to the gate of the harbour, which, as they suspected, had been left open for the return of the master. It was guarded by six sentinels, who challenged as Foxe's party approached. A sudden rush upon the startled watchers was the necessary reply, and every man was killed. Fearing an alarm, no time was lost in fastening the gate, and pointing a cannon so as to command the entrance. They next got into the jailor's house, and armed themselves with more effective weapons. Here, in spite of all the remonstrances of Foxe, two of his men seized upon some money, with which they burdened themselves. Whilst the seven were thus clearing the way to freedom, their fellows in prison were awaiting the issue in the utmost suspense. At intervals the distant sound of hurried steps had been heard; but nothing had yet reached them to indicate with clearness the progress of Foxe and his party. The prison-keeper had once or twice inquired respecting the return of those who had been allowed to pass the day at the house of Unticaro: nothing further had transpired. The appointed time had passed, and all were eagerly listening for the coming events. No sound fell upon those wakeful ears save the tread of the sentinels outside the prison-wall. At length one of these was heard to challenge. For a moment all was still; then a rush was heard, the clash of steel and furious execrations sounded on the ears of the prisoners, who were thus forced to listen passively to the struggle on which the lives of all depended. The contest outside was short; for in a few moments the voice of Foxe was heard, the doors forced open by iron bars, and the captives rushed out in orderly files, as had been enjoined. Six of the sentinels had been killed by the onset of Foxe and his men; but the rest escaped to a turret, where they made a desperate defence, killing the two confederates who were encumbered with the jailor's money, and also Unticaro. The tumult of the contest aroused the garrison in the city, and not a moment was now to be lost by Foxe. The prisoners were all got out; and whilst one body guarded the gate, another set a galley afloat. The prisoners, having worked in the harbour, knew the exact position of each storehouse, and in a very short time oars were procured and

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sails raised. At this moment, when all were rushing on board, lights were seen to glance from the batteries of the harbour; the noise of gathering troops sounded from the shore, and in a few moments the thunder of the Turkish cannon and the rushing of shot convinced Foxe that the greatest danger was yet before him. This was the critical moment of the enterprise; Foxe solemnly adjured each man to keep to his appointed place in the galley, and pull fearlessly at the oars. Desperation seemed to keep the men calm; each rower sat unmoved, though the thickly-falling shot struck the galley repeatedly. But the darkness of the night befriended the confederates, the Turks being unable to point their cannon with precision; thus many balls flew over and around the escaping vessel, producing little injury to ship or crew. The sea-breeze, acting on the large galley, aided the combined efforts of the rowers, and sent the vessel through the waters with a speed rarely witnessed in the harbour of Alexandria.

To clear the mouth of the harbour was not sufficient to ensure safety; the Turkish galleys were all laid up, but a short time would enable some to be launched, and a most determined pursuit might be expected. No relaxation could be permitted, till, in some Christian port, the rescued slaves might rest under the shelter of the cross.

The morning light found them clear of the coast: no pursuing galley was seen, and Foxe ordered the crew to join in a short thanksgiving to God for their deliverance. He then prepared to confront the numerous perils still before him, which were sufficient to test all his courage and patience. One source of danger arose from his ignorance of the coast, which exposed him to the chance of sailing towards hostile instead of friendly shores. He wished to steer the galley for Candia by the most direct route; but his only guides were the stars, sun, and moon. Another evil now presented itself to moderate the joy of the crew, scarcely any provision was on board the galley; whilst, to increase their consternation, a furious tempest arose, before which the vessel drove helplessly along. For twenty-eight days they contended with hunger: the strength of all began to fail, and eight men died before the end of January. Foxe continued to impart his own enthusiasm to a portion of the

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crew, by whose aid he kept the galley on the course for Candia. Each morning he would scan the horizon for land with such a scrutiny as Columbus may be supposed to have pierced the distance before the coast of the new world loomed into view; and at each sunset did the hopeful Foxe cheer his men with the promise of land on the morrow. But as starvation pressed upon the men, and day after day passed away bringing nought save sea and sky to view, a sluggish desperation began to prostrate each heart. Even the intrepid Foxe feared lest that Alexandrian galley should prove the floating sepulchre of those dying forms he saw lying helplessly on the deck. At length, on January 29th, the mountains of Candia were seen a-head. Now every heart was aroused, and new strength nerved each arm. Swiftly the oars were plied; and before sunset they were visited by a Venetian war-galley from the harbour. The strangers were all immediately taken into a monastery, and soon recovered from the exhaustion produced by their late sufferings. The monks hung up the sword with which Foxe had killed the harbour-master against one of their abbey-walls, for a memorial of the event.

When the strength of the crew was restored, it was resolved to sail towards the coast of Italy; and Foxe brought the galley into the bay of Tarento. Whilst resting here, information was received that a Turkish squadron had been despatched after them, and must have passed within a few miles of their galley on her course to Tarento. This intelligence so terrified the companions of Foxe that it was resolved to travel no farther by sea. Accordingly, the galley which had been taken from Alexandria was sold, and the proceeds equally divided; after which all proceeded to Naples, where each took the road leading to his own home. Foxe journeyed to Rome, which city he entered on Easter eve, and was received into the house of a fellow-countryman. His marvellous escape was soon rumoured through the city, and reached the pope, who presented large gifts to Foxe, besides furnishing him with letters of recommendation to the king of Spain.

Enriched by these gifts, the English sailor departed homewards through Spain. Foxe was introduced to the Spanish monarch, whose admiration of his courage and

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energy was evinced by the grant of a pension for life, and the bestowment of the rank and pay of a gunner in the Spanish navy. Foxe did not remain in Spain, but hastened to those shores from which he had been so long an exile. He reached England in safety, where he was not suffered to remain without the reward suited to his high deserts. The royal council settled a maintenance on this brave-hearted man, and thus enabled him to spend his latter days in peace, the more prized by its contrast with the years of misery he had endured.

Whether John Foxe lived to aid his fellow-countrymen in the great contest with the Spanish armada—whether age had then made him a passive spectator of the mighty struggle, or whether death had removed him from all earthly strife to the world of spirits, is unknown. His subsequent career concerns us not; but his long-enduring resistance to evil, and the wise courage which rendered him finally triumphant, may be advantageously studied by men of every age. All are exposed to ills: all may need, in various forms, the exertion of long-sustained patience and a fearless heart; which qualities the example of Foxe nobly illustrates.

Before concluding this chapter, it is natural to revert to the change which, since the days of Foxe, has influenced the trade of the Mediterranean. Then the merchant might be ruined by the attack of African sea-robbers, his crew enslaved or murdered; now the last of the Algerines have been swept from that sea, where a pirate is unknown. Thus civilization has destroyed the chance of further adventures like those of John Foxe.

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V.

THE SAILOR ABANDONED;

OR,

THE WINTERING OF EIGHT ENGLISH SEAMEN ON THE COAST OF SPITZBERGEN IN 1630-1.

MOST readers are interested by those narratives which bring before them man struggling against calamity; and this interest is wonderfully increased when the sufferer is placed far from human aid or human sympathy. We contemplate with intense emotion man abandoned on the sandy desert, the sea, the lone island, or amidst the gloom and wild desolation of a polar winter. We delight (it may be from self-love) to see our nature victorious over accumulated ills, and acquire, from the patience and courage displayed by others, a contempt for effeminacy, whether of mind or body. Such is one source of the pleasure felt by the boy in reading Robinson Crusoe: he sees energy in Crusoe; he loves it; he would rejoice to do the like; and the hardihood he admires becomes in some degree his own. Thus, all who triumph under difficulties become the teachers of a noble daring to their fellow-men. Hence, from the most fearful evils are drawn lessons which form high and exalted spirits. The following account does not exhibit the qualities which mankind have agreed to call *splendid*, but rather those which form the basis of all that is great in human nature, viz.—unflinching courage and forethought combined with dependence on God.

In the year 1630, an English whale ship, named the "Salutation," was busily engaged in the fishery of Spitz-

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bergen,* at which place our whale fisheries commenced towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign. On a calm and beautiful day in August, the captain of the ship sent eight men on shore to kill deer. They hunted from place to place, meeting with abundance of game; and, evening coming on, they prepared a plentiful venison supper, resolving to pass the night on shore. This resolution, though perfectly natural in their circumstances, led to those sufferings which have given to these men a place in maritime annals. In the morning a dense fog prevented any attempt to reach the ship, and before the mist dispersed a gale arose, which forced the "Salutation" to stand out for sea. This happened on the 13th of August.

The sudden departure of the ship caused no great alarm, as the men knew she must touch at a place called Green-harbour, where twenty of the crew had been left. They therefore resolved to pursue their hunting along the coast to Green-harbour, and thus increase the store of provision for the voyage homewards.

On the 16th Green-harbour was reached, but no ship could be seen; their comrades had left the place—a plain proof that the ship had visited the bay and departed. This excited some surprise, but still the seamen felt little alarm, as there was yet a hope that their ship, with others, would be found at a harbour named Bell Sound; a place where the whale ships usually collected previously to their final departure homewards. There were but three days remaining ere all the whale vessels would sail. The party therefore immediately set out in their boat to Bell Sound, about forty-eight miles distant. The men were now getting anxious; the dread of abandonment on this lone spot to the terrors of the Arctic winter was beginning to harass them. Under this fear they threw all the venison which they had procured overboard, in order to lighten their boat. The fogs again caused them disappointment, as the boat passed Bell Sound without perceiving it, and went thirty miles beyond. Sus-

* The place is called Greenland by the narrator, but that name was given to Spitzbergen by Sir Hugh Willoughby, who discovered the island in 1533. About sixty years later, the Dutch navigators named the place Spitzbergen—a term signifying sharp or peaked-mountains, and therefore fitted to express the appearance of the coast.

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pecting their mistake, the crew turned back, but, again misled by appearances, sailed in their former track. At last they regained the right course, and on August the 20th entered Bell Sound. Their eager eyes wandered round the bay, but no ship appeared in view. Hope was now becoming faint; yet each man clung to the expectation of still finding the ship. Every point round the bay was searched, and at last they reached an inlet called Bottle Cove, where alone the ship could be now expected. The inlet was desolate; no sounds nor sight of human presence, save their own, disturbed the monotony of its loneliness. The last ray of hope, which had up to this moment lightened their hearts, now departed. They had often heard strange reports of the terrors of a polar winter; they knew that no rewards had hitherto tempted even criminals to pass a winter in this region. They also remembered that on the very shore where they now stood, a boat's crew had once been left by their own captain, as they were, and that every man had perished. Added to this, they were without provisions, adequate clothing, or any of those resources which enable hardy modern seamen to guard against the rigours of a polar winter. The reader of this narrative must remember the vast difference between a crew at the present time, furnished with all the aids which science and long experience can suggest, when compared with the eight sailors of the "Salutation" in the year 1630. The latter had none of the helps just mentioned, and were under the additional disadvantage of being taken unawares by the calamity. Two plans were before the deserted crew: one, that of attempting to reach England in their open boat—a desperate expedient; but this seemed preferable to a contest with the unknown horrors of the long northern winter. The ice, however, was now blocking up the sea, and thus prevented the adoption of this plan. The other was, to sail at once to Green-harbour, and attempt to kill deer for a store of food through the approaching winter. This scheme the men resolutely carried out; and having procured a large number of deer, departed for Bell Sound, where they intended to make preparations for passing the winter. The food procured was of three kinds—venison, bear's flesh, and a quantity of the refuse of whale's flesh, left by some of the ships on the shore. These stores they de-

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termined to take to Bell Sound. Before they were prepared to leave Green-harbour, Sunday came. It was resolved to honour the day by refraining from labour, and engaging in such prayers as they were able to command, for neither bible nor prayer-book was in their possession. Thus, at the beginning of their trials, those religious principles were nourished, by the aid of which their natural courage and good sense were rightly directed.

It was the 3rd of September when they reached Bell Sound, their intended wintering-place. Here they found a large tent, covered with tiles, in which the coopers belonging to the whale ships were accustomed to work. In this they stowed away the provisions. No sooner was this done than the lengthening nights and increasing frosts warned them of the approach of the dreaded winter. They now exerted every energy of body and mind, in devising and preparing expedients against the dangers feared from intense frost. Another building belonging to the whale ships stood near the large shed. This was pulled down, and the materials employed in raising a small shed inside the large one. This was a judicious plan for resisting the action of cold, as it might be likened to one house built within another. There were some bricks amongst the materials left upon the beach, and a quantity of lime, which was required by the whale ships in making the oil. The lime, mixed with sand from the shore, furnished mortar; the bricks supplied the matter for the walls of their inner house. The remaining walls were formed of boards nailed upon each side of thick timbers placed upright; the hollows left between the double line of boarding were filled up with sand; and thus strong and warm walls were constructed. The plan pursued by these sailors to secure warmth was similar to that employed by Captain Back for a like purpose in his arctic wintering, 1833-4. The top of the inner house was made of five or six layers of boards, each exterior layer covering the joinings in the planking beneath; thus they hoped to exclude the freezing air. An old bed, left in the large shed, served to line the door of their apartment. At last these sensible men finished the house in which the siege of winter was to be resisted. But their prudent labours were not yet over. Another expedient to lessen the intensity of the frost was now carried out.

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The hut just finished was about twenty feet long, seventy wide, and ten high; in this four small rooms, or sleeping berths, were formed, and beds of deer-skin placed in each enclosure. Their apartment had no window, as they feared the frost would overpower them if such openings were made, especially as a chimney opening and one door-way were necessarily left. A small hole was made in the roof of the outer shed, through which some light would reach the in-dwellers as long as the sun remained visible. All was now ready, except fuel; and fire was essential. This was soon procured from the timbers of old boats left by the departed ships on the shore; but no serviceable boat was broken up, so rigidly did this devoted crew respect the rights of men they might never again behold. In order to economize fuel, and yet keep up a fire during the hours of sleep, a block of elm was buried each night in a heap of hot ashes, and thus covered up, and there being little draught, it would smoulder for more than twelve hours. By this plan the fire was kept burning without cessation for eight months. In September, when the winter was fast closing round them in storm and darkness, the dread of a failure in provisions seems to have alarmed them. They made a survey of all their stores, and finding the stock rather low, resolved to keep to one meal a-day, and on Wednesdays and Fridays to observe fasting, or at least to eat nothing except whale-flesh.

In the early part of October the sea was frozen over, presenting to their view a boundless icy desert, over which no sounds broke except the wailing of the storm. This singular isolation from the world, and the dread of perishing amid the wintry desolation, affected at times their spirits; but the energy of their natures soon recovered from these melancholy forebodings.

They often betook themselves to prayer, as if to compensate by intercourse with the unseen world for their separation from the society of men; and imaginative minds will believe that over that ice-girt land the guardian spirits of a higher state kept watch.

On the 14th of October the sun sank for the winter below the horizon, leaving them to the glimmer of the long twilight and the illumination of the moon. In this state two things gave the deserted crew some concern. First, it was feared

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that all reckoning of time would be lost, as the moon often became invisible; and the long-continued gloom brought to their minds the most melancholy feelings. But Pelham, the narrator of their adventures, contrived to keep time most accurately by the following method: first, he kept in his mind the number of the epact; then, by carefully observing the variations of the faint light still left, he registered the moon's age; and thus kept time so exactly, that when the ships returned in the summer, Pelham was able to name the true day of the month. The skill and industry of the party soon devised the means of keeping a light. From some old lead three lamps were made; ropes untwisted supplied matter for wicks, and train oil was collected in different parts of the shed; but no amount of energy or prudence could devise a shield from the intense frost, which at the beginning of the new year raised blisters on their skin, and so affected the iron in the shed that if touched by the hand a wound was made, like that produced by hot iron. One great essential—fresh water, they procured from the frozen snow, by melting it with heated iron bars. The dread of death by famine became strong in January 1631; the stores, notwithstanding their abstinence, were so diminished that without some fresh supply all must die. No animals ever appeared on the wild frozen plains; nor, whilst the winter reigned in its stern severity, were they to be expected. Thus no prospect of a fresh supply appeared. These patient men had thus to contend, not only against the polar cold, but also with the physical weakness resulting from their forced abstinence. Under these depressing feelings they marked with a trembling delight the constant increase of a whitish light on the horizon, which appeared as the herald of the returning sun. One of the most joyful days in their winter's calendar was the 3rd of February, on which they beheld the first rays of the sun illuminate the lofty peaks of some snow-covered mountains, the summits of which, as they flashed in the sparkling light, seemed like gigantic beacons raised upon the waste. This sunshine on the snow was to them a more delightful sight than the most gorgeous scenery which ever greeted the eye. While gazing on these beams, so gladdening to their hearts, a bear and her cub were seen on the ice. Instantly the harpoons were seized, and all rushed upon the fierce animals.

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The bear, enraged, dashed forward to meet them, but was killed in a few minutes. With haste they dragged their prey into the shed, for the frost was fast benumbing their limbs. The bear furnished a dinner at once, and a supply of food for twenty days. It may appear strange that, amidst so many privations, the men should have escaped that pest of the old seamen, the fatal scurvy. But it may probably be traced to the fact that they had no salt with them. Had this been in their possession, it is likely they would have used it to prepare their food: and thus, living pent up in their close tent, the animal fluids would have become vitiated, and the sea-plague have destroyed them.* As it was, the frost alone was sufficient to preserve their food from decay; and thus, though the supply was scanty, it consisted of fresh meat.

After the return of the sun, the crisis in the affairs of the men had passed; for though still exposed to bitter cold, the bears began to appear; and by killing these a plentiful supply of food was obtained. Foxes also, and wild fowl, were caught in sufficient number to give an agreeable variety to the diet. The men now began to ascend the hills, and watch the breaking up of the ice at sea, hoping, ere long, to see some whale ship, and once more join in companionship with their fellow-men.

The 25th of May saw the close of their anxieties. The day had been stormy, which kept them within the hut; and whilst preparing to go to prayers, a cry was heard outside, like the hail of sailors. All rushed out, and before them stood part of a boat's crew, belonging to a ship from England. To describe the joy is impossible: those only who have had like deliverance can imagine it. The men who had just arrived went into the winter-house, and beheld with amazement the place which had shielded their countrymen from the perils of the winter. The rescued crew, as they gazed upon the walls, blackened with the smoke of their perpetual fire, felt that God alone had prevented that weather-beaten hut from becoming their tomb.

* Seven Dutch sailors were persuaded to remain during the winter of 1634, and were left well provided with food, medicine, and clothing; but on the return of their friends in spring, all were found dead. This mortality has been ascribed to the use of salt in preparing their food.

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There was, however, a black spot amidst the gladness of the day. The captain who had abandoned these men in the preceding year had also returned, and he, to screen himself from blame, began to revile them as a set of deserters who had escaped from the ship and stolen his boat. But this brutal man met with no credit: the men were kindly treated in the other ships; and after reaching England, were liberally rewarded by the Russian Company.

The whole of this narrative shows what fearful danger human nature is able to combat, when man is true to those principles of reason and religious laws, by the observance of which he alone can become great, or accomplish great results. It may not be uninteresting to state that the narrative of these adventurers was drawn up by one of the crew named Edward Pelham, who filled the office of gunner's mate, and was evidently an intelligent and religious man, by whose directions many of the precautions narrated were adopted.

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VI.

THE SAILOR IN CAPTIVITY;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM ADAMS, AN ENGLISHMAN, IN JAPAN, FROM ABOUT 1600 TO 1631.

THE distant isles of Japan* have no startling history, nor a series of grand events to interest the European mind. Their annals are unadorned by the splendours of ancient literature, or the marvels of modern science. The pretensions of its inhabitants to an ante-diluvian antiquity are classed amongst the fables of the Chinese, or rank with the mythologies of Egypt. Nor will the line of its priest-kings,† or the changes of its dynasties present much to charm the historian. Future ages may render it famous; some development of the Divine purposes may give it a place for ever in the recollections of human beings; but to the men of present times it offers little save those historic facts which speak of suffering or crime. Japan was once the spot on which the adventurous merchant of Western Europe fixed an anxious eye; and to trade along its coast was deemed a sure means of accumu-

* Japan is the name given to a number of islands, extending from Lat. 30° to 49° north. This name was given to the islands by Europeans, but the natives call the whole group Niphon, from the name of the largest island.

† The ancient kings of Japan were of the sacerdotal order, and there is yet preserved some portion of this power in the existence of spiritual emperors, who trace their succession in a direct line to six hundred years before Christ. They are subordinate to the temporal princes.

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lating wealth. Hence in the sixteenth and following century we find rival Christian nations employing every art to conciliate the Japanese pagans, and establish factories on their shores. The Portuguese especially were desirous to preserve the trade in their own hands, and were too apt to employ both force and fraud for the attainment of this object. The Dutch were, however, as desirous to possess a share of the trade to Japan as the Portuguese were to preserve it exclusively for themselves.

In the midst of this national rivalry, some Dutch merchants made the acquaintance of an Englishman, named William Adams, a skilful seaman, possessed of a strong understanding, and versed in mathematical science, as far as the attainments of the time allowed.* The Dutch authorities entrusted Adams with the command of five ships, and he sailed from the Texel Channel in the year 1598. The object of the voyage was the coast of Japan, where it was expected Dutch management might be able to open a trade, notwithstanding Portuguese hatred and Japanese jealousy. The voyage was long; disease thinned the crew, and storms broke up the ships; but at last the rock-bound coast of Japan appeared.† This was in April, 1600, when Adams had but one ship left, the rest having been separated or wrecked. In this remaining vessel were only nine efficient men; so that necessity compelled him to avoid all delay, and entrust himself at once to the natives by landing. Troubles now began; but not from barbarian ferocity or pagan superstition. The Portuguese residents in Japan stirred up the most malicious reports against their fellow-Christians, and thus the love of gold crushed those sympathies which the possession of a common faith was fitted to produce. The Dutchmen, with Adams their leader, were represented as spies and even pirates, whose objects were incompatible with the safety of Japan. The natives were alarmed and irritated by the suggestion that some European power had despatched Adams to examine

* Robert Norman and Dr. William Gilbert had already much improved the science of navigation, and Recorde, Digges, Napier, Harriot, and Briggs opened the road to mathematical studies.

† All the islands are surrounded by steep rocks and shallow seas, which are rendered more dangerous by frequent storms and numerous whirlpools.

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the harbours, and devise plans for attacking the coast. Nor was it without reason that the Japanese dreaded contact with Europeans. They had seen vast regions of the Indies gradually subjugated by bands of adventurers, and the fate of India, Ceylon, and Malacca seemed to prefigure that of Japan. To their terrified imagination Adams appeared the forerunner of another Albuquerque.* Moved by these fears, the emperor summoned the Englishman to his presence. The great tact of Adams, and his capacity for ruling the minds of others, was now evident. By an interesting mode of detailing the events of his long voyage, and the customs of his own country, he gained the attention of the monarch, who heard with delight the wonders of far distant lands. Once, however, the ignorance of the king had nearly proved fatal to Adams. The latter had made the voyage to Japan, through the Straits of Magellan, and shewed the chart of his route to the emperor, who refused to believe in the possibility of such a track ; but the happy clearness with which Adams instantly illustrated his surprising account by reference to the ship's books, papers and charts, carried him again into the confidence of the sovereign. But an unfavourable impression had been made on the minds of the Japanese chiefs† and people by the malicious reports of the Portuguese ; and though Adams had secured the good will of the emperor, this was insufficient to procure liberty ; he was therefore consigned to a prison. This restraint was soon removed, and a pension granted to him and his crew from the royal revenues, much to the disappointment of the Portuguese traders. Adams had indeed narrowly escaped a terrible fate, for in Japan spies and pirates were usually crucified, and this end the mercenary liars who had accused him hoped to accomplish. Surely such men, though bearing the Christian name, must have apostatized from the faith which tends to bind in one all

* Albuquerque was the Portuguese governor of India: at the beginning of the sixteenth century his conquests were extensive on the east of India. The princes of the surrounding regions feared his military genius whilst living, and the natives, long after his death, made pilgrimages to his tomb.

† The chiefs are sufficiently numerous and powerful to control the emperor, their number exceeding two hundred, and some keep large forces about them.

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human minds: thus commerce, which was designed to civilize, often tends to unchristianize men. The love of gold was in all probability the motive actuating these Portuguese factors, though religious hate may have added somewhat to the keenness of commercial antagonism.

History proves that such unworthy rivalry has not been confined to the Portuguese: the conduct of the Dutch in the Spice Islands,* that of the Spaniards in America, and the bloody contests between the French and English in India, are exhibitions of the same fact. When Adams had remained in restraint for five years, he resolved to petition the emperor to grant him leave of return in some ship to Europe; but the very abilities of Adams were destined to prevent his freedom. The king had by degrees discovered that the captive possessed some knowledge of ship-building. Often had the monarch gazed with delight on the tall ships from Europe, and contrasted their stately outlines with the clumsy forms of the Japanese vessels. He had long wished to possess a fleet of better ships than the native builders could construct; and now saw in Adams the means of accomplishing this object—hence his liberality to the captive, and his reluctance to permit his departure. One day Adams was summoned into the emperor's presence, and formally requested to give up his whole time to the construction of a large ship on the European model. The Englishman heard this request, or rather command, with dread; for justly did he fear that his services in this department would render him too valuable to the Japanese to allow of any return to Europe: he therefore sought to avoid compliance by pleading his imperfect knowledge of ship-building, and enlarging upon the difficulty of constructing a capacious vessel with his present means. His efforts were, however, useless, and he quickly found compliance would be the best policy: he therefore laid the keel of a vessel of eighty tons, which by great efforts he completed, and thus rose at once to the highest point of favour with both king and people.

The day on which the ship was launched raised him to external honour, but depressed him by real regret: he now

* These consist of the extensive groups stretching from Malacca towards New Holland. The principal are Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas.

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regarded himself as the slave-architect of the Japanese monarch. To every application for permission to leave, evasions of all kinds were returned ; in fact, his hopes of once more beholding his native shores had now wholly perished ; but though the prospect was gloomy, the present had become much brighter. The Portuguese factors, finding they could not destroy Adams, resolved to profit by his elevation, and were anxious to ingratiate themselves with the man whose destruction they had sought. To his praise it must be recorded that he returned not evil for evil, but used his influence to preserve peace between the traders and the Japanese authorities.

Thus year after year passed away, until at length twelve years had been numbered by him in this distant land. The year 1611 was an eventful one: a Dutch ship touched at Japan, the arrival of which determined Adams to make an effort to communicate with his distant country. By careful contrivances he transmitted a letter by this vessel to England, directed to "Limehouse, near London, or Gillingham, Kent." The letter thus concludes :—"I am constrained to write, hoping by one means or another, in process of time, I shall hear of my wife and children, and so with patience I wait the will of Almighty God, desiring all those to whom this my letter shall come, to use the means to acquaint my good friends with it, that so my wife and children may hear of me, by which means there may be hope that I may hear of my wife and children before my death, the which the Lord grant to his glory and my comfort. Amen.—Dated in Japan, 22nd October, 1611." From this letter it appears that Adams had no expectation of escape: he only expresses a hope that he might hear from his wife and children before his death. Thus a grave in Japan seemed the only termination to his captivity. Two or three years before this, however, he had been able to effect the liberation of the captain of his ship and a brother officer, who both reached the Dutch East India settlements : the condition of Adams was there made known ; but the Dutch merchants in those parts were far more anxious to use his influence in Japan as the means of promoting their interests, than intent on effecting his liberation. Probably some among them reckoned him of much greater use in Japan than elsewhere. A Dutch ship had

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reached these isles in 1609, and Adams at once procured for her captain liberty of trading with the natives: thus the very object which the Dutch had designed to accomplish by sending out Adams from Holland, was now effected by the same man in his state of imprisonment. This privilege soon brought another ship from the Netherlands, which anchored in a Japanese harbour in 1611. Adams was, of course, more anxious to use his influence in behalf of his old friends the Dutch, than for the Portuguese who had formerly sought his destruction. He therefore procured from the emperor permission for the Dutch to erect a factory on the coast, and thus the first step was made towards the establishment of their commerce in Japan. In the meantime no prospect of escape was opened to Adams; and even had it been possible for him to have escaped on board some Dutch or Japanese trader, he would have been deterred by the apprehension of serious consequences to the Europeans in Japan. The king would in all probability have avenged his loss upon the factors by expelling them from the island. But for this dread some opportunity for escape might have been seized; these chances must, however, have been rare, as it was not likely any merchant would risk the loss of a capital trade by aiding in such an attempt. The imprisonment of Adams was now to be the instrument of introducing a third nation to Japan, from which he might reasonably hope for aid to effect his rescue. The letter which had been sent to England fell into the hands of some English merchants at Bantam in Java, in the year 1612, at which place a British factory had been recently established. It was resolved to send a vessel to Japan, where the merchants hoped the influence of their countryman would procure them the same trading privileges which had already been granted to the Dutch: accordingly an Indiaman was despatched in the beginning of the year 1613, with presents from James I. to the Japanese emperor. The vessel reached her destination in June, but July came before Adams had an interview with his countrymen, from whom he learned the state of his long lost country, and to whom he imparted all the details connected with his long residence in Japan. The influence of Adams was now put forth in behalf of the English traders, and permission obtained for the establishment of a factory in

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the coast: thus, by what seemed an accident, two nations were introduced to the commerce of Japan, notwithstanding all the exclusive caution of the Portuguese and the jealousy of the natives.

The privileges granted to the English were not confined to the erection of a factory: the right of trading to the island for ever was conceded to their merchants by the emperor, and the vessel returned to Bantam with this highly-prized intelligence in January, 1614. The emperor sent by her a letter to the king of Great Britain, James I., acknowledging the presents sent by the English monarch, and expressive of the good-will borne towards him by his Japanese Majesty. Neither Portuguese nor Dutch were pleased with the favours bestowed upon Adams's countrymen. The two nations had been previously fierce rivals, but now each saw with jealous mercantile hate another competitor in the Japanese ports.

Notwithstanding the influence exercised by Adams for the advantage of others, he was unable to obtain his own liberty. The thoughts of dying amidst pagans, far from his former home and the friends of his early life, would at times fill his soul with deep melancholy. The many years of his virtual imprisonment had not destroyed those associations which crowded upon his mind in lonely hours, when the captive thought of the well-remembered friends in England. At such periods the idea of an escape would naturally present itself; but the difficulties and dangers were too numerous to allow the thought to be developed into a resolve. Thus in this strange captivity years passed rapidly on, till at last the habits of the exile seem to have become reconciled to his state, and the desire of visiting England gradually perished with the hope. The English traders also naturally opposed any attempt to escape, as they would inevitably fall under the suspicion of the native authorities. This apprehension may also have contributed to deter Adams from entertaining the thought; the interest of his countrymen being ever near his heart. But he was destined to afford the most important assistance to the English factors in the latter part of his life, when the Dutch, taking advantage of some changes in the government of Japan, attacked the British factories, and subjected their occupants to the most

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barbarous treatment.* Adams then retained sufficient influence to protect in some degree the victims of low cupidity and mercantile rivalry. Thus, on one hand, he had the mortification of seeing the Dutch whom he had introduced into Japan persecuting his own countrymen; while, on the other, he enjoyed the satisfaction arising from his ability to succour those who suffered. Adams appears also to have passed safely through the terrible storm of persecution raised against the native Christians and European residents in Japan. This persecution of the Christians lasted in all from 1586 to 1637, during which it is calculated that more than twenty thousand perished. His conduct at this critical period is unknown; probably he was able to afford little aid to those native converts upon whom the hate of the suspicious pagans fell. The influence he had acquired protected him from harm during this bloody era, and he lived to mourn over the extirpation of Christianity from Japan. In his own heart its holy truths in all probability remained the only solace of his exile. This supposition is justified by the Christian tone pervading the letter sent to England, and the noble self-denial which led him to refrain from attempting at escape, lest others should suffer. It is needless to state, even if his history had been more fully written, the subsequent events of his life. It may suffice to say that Adams never left Japan; but died there in the year 1631, after a captivity of thirty years.

The comforts which he enjoyed in this long state of imprisonment were mainly owing, under Providence, to his superior knowledge, ability, and wisdom. Without these mental riches Adams had been truly poor, when a famishing sailor he was compelled to throw himself on the compassion of the Japanese. But his strong understanding would have availed little unless directed by prudence of so high an order that it bore the various tests of a thirty years' residence amidst a bigoted and pagan race.

These adventures of Adams give us an insight into some of the causes which have hitherto prevented the due extension of all the benefits which the intercourse of civilized with

* The Dutch, by many tricks and degrading compliances, induced the Japanese to expel in 1634 all other European traders.

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barbarous nations ought to produce. Who shall say what effects the bitter rivalry between Christian nations may have had on the minds of the pagan Japanese in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Such a spectacle must have given them a contempt for Christians, and may have added to the fury of that persecution which has made the name of Japan a watch-word for missionary martyrs: nor could their contempt be much lessened by the servile submission of the Dutch to every demand, however degrading to them as Christians. Such are the effects of commerce, when followed in a spirit of vulgar grasping exclusiveness.

Amidst such circumstances Adams was opportunely placed; his knowledge and superior bearing won the respect of the Japanese, and thus counteracted to some extent the evil view entertained by them of Europeans. His grave is unknown; the circumstances of his death forgotten; but it cannot be said that his life was useless, or his labours without honour. That Japan gave him a burial-place rather than the church-yard of his native English village, cannot diminish our sympathies for this true-hearted mariner of England, nor detract from our admiration of his long-tried fortitude.

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VII.

THE SAILOR BENT ON DISCOVERY;

OR,

HORE'S ADVENTURES ON THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA IN 1536.

IN the sixteenth century it was the all-absorbing desire of many of the noblest minds of England to explore the seas and bring home reports of newly-discovered lands. Then was beheld the spectacle of gentlemen leaving their quiet estates for the agitations of the ocean, lawyers exchanging the contentions of the courts for the strife of tempests, whilst divines and philosophers compiled with zeal the maritime exploits of their countrymen. The voyage of an Englishman named Hore will illustrate these remarks. He was a gentleman residing in London, whither the thickly increasing reports of new and wonderful countries, far to the west, were constantly brought by Spanish and Portuguese mariners. Thousands of eager spirits looked to that point of the horizon whence such wondrous visions of new lands rose from the once dark regions of the west. These exciting discoveries induced Hore to study geography with minute attention and untiring zeal. Whilst thus engaged, it was natural that his desire to visit distant coasts, of which he read and heard, should grow with each hour of his life. Perhaps there were moments when, with his maps before him, hope depicted some region discovered by himself, which should bear his name down to the adventurous spirits of after ages. By such studies and meditations desire at length grew into resolution; he gazed

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on the broad Thames, and resolved to make its waters a highway to fame.

A ship was purchased, and named the "Trinity," upon which numerous shipwrights were quickly employed to put her into a state for speedy departure. But Hore was not surrounded by idle admirers; there were many gentlemen amongst his acquaintance whose imaginations had been fired by his enthusiasm. These resolved to accompany their friend, and share, perhaps, in the bright renown attendant on the founders of new regions. Such was their ardour that two ships were prepared instead of one. It does not appear that the enterprise sprung from a desire for gain; many who thus chivalrously joined were men of fortune, gentlemen of landed estates, and members of the bar. A strange crew, certainly, in our estimation, for a discovery ship; though not so strange in that age.

The day came at length, the ships dropped down the river to *Gravesend*, when the deep and earnest spirit then animating men was apparent, in the last act of Hore's company before leaving England—all received the sacrament; and then setting sail, looked not weakly back or timidly forward. Such calm and deep enthusiasm frequently meets the eye, as it gazes on that past world in which our heroic ancestors lived and moved.

This band of adventurers sailed along a silent sea: not then, as now, cut by a thousand sails from east and west. Not fifty years had passed since the panic-stricken crew of Columbus had gazed upon the western ocean, as the home of supernatural powers; and a solemn mystery still hovered over the distant west. Hore pressed onwards for two months without seeing land. Cape Breton* then rose in sight. Sailing forward, they touched the shores of *Newfoundland*†, when the fate common to so many of the early navigators befell them—that of a failure in provisions. Hore's naval readings had not sufficiently prepared him for the exigencies of a long voyage in barbarous regions; hence due precautions were not taken against the visitations of famine. This

* Cape Breton is sometimes said to have been discovered in 1584, but Hore may be called its discoverer.

† Discovered by John and Sebastian *Cabot* in 1496, who called it "*prima* vistva," the first seen land.

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frequently rendered unavailing the high courage of these maritime pioneers. Important advantages were hastily abandoned; and the ships steered from newly-found coasts, on which the starving crews could gain no supplies.

Hore did not, however, retreat; he seems to have hoped that provisions would be procured at some point on the coast, and long cheered the spirits of his companions. But at length the crews were compelled to visit the shore to collect the wild roots and sea-weed for food. This terrible want of food reduced the expedition to total inactivity; as the only chance of supporting life was the use of the wild vegetation on the beach. To put out to sea was to run into the jaws of famine: to remain on the coast promised, indeed, but a slower death. For how could the vessels hope for sufficient provisions for the voyage homewards; or how was life to be supported on these barren rocks? Most of the crew submitted to their privations in the same noble spirit with which they had begun; but there were demons amongst these high-hearted men.

The officers could not fail to notice that, from time to time, various persons were missed from the crew; and naturally feared that they had been destroyed whilst wandering in search of food by wild beasts. It happened one day that an officer, wandering in a thicket, came upon a fire, where meat seemed to have been roasted; and near which he found one of the crew. The man confessed, both that he had meat, and had used the fire to dress it. The officer, indignant at this selfishness, when so many were starving; and, supposing the meat had been purloined from secret stores in the ship, upbraided the man for his vile conduct. Upon which the other, rendered desperate by suffering or crime, plainly told him that he had roasted the dead body of one of the crew, whom he then named. The horrified superior saw at once what had become of the missing men, and reported the dreadful affair to Hore.

It was no time for vengeance; and the leader, fearing the recurrence of such deeds yet unable to prevent them, called his company together, and besought each, by every solemn consideration, to submit to whatever God should lay upon them, or yield to death by famine if that must be; but to die as men, and not become monsters by such crimes.

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In spite of Hore's energetic appeal, the deed could not be wiped from the memories of the crew. It was regarded as a something which might be done again.

The condition of Hore was now desperate: to remain on the barren coast must lead to death under the horrors of famine; to sail homewards was but to meet the same death upon the ocean. He feared to see the crew he had proudly led from England sink into a herd of cannibals, and die accursed by each other. The things he dreaded seemed at hand. No more secret murders happened, for the men were now above concealment; and it was resolved that, unless some relief should be obtained by a set day, lots must be drawn for one of them to die for the support of the rest. Gladly would Hore have hailed as a blessing some sudden catastrophe, or fatal pestilence, by which the days of all might be ended. But the noble-minded leader and his companions were saved from the dreaded calamity by the commission of another, though less evil.

Before the arrival of the day on which the dreadful lot was to be drawn, a French ship entered the bay where the two English ships were at anchor. Hore's crew resolved at once to rescue themselves from starvation by attacking the stranger, and taking from her provisions sufficient for their passage to England. The attack was made, abundance of stores were found; and, dreading delay, it was resolved to depart at once in their prize, leaving their own ship, with a supply of food, for the Frenchmen.

All the great designs of Hore were thus relinquished; his men dreaded famine more than they desired discoveries, and sail was eagerly set for England, where they arrived in October; coming first to anchor at St. Ives, Cornwall.

Thus in a short space were a thousand generous impulses and much noble daring rendered useless by want of due forethought; for to this the calamities of Hore's crew, and the ruin of his own hopes, must be ascribed. The vessels were clearly unprovided with sufficient provisions; wanting which the most heroic-hearted navigators become powerless. What modern discovery-ship would exhaust her stores in half a year?

About seventeen years after the events recorded in this chapter, Sir Hugh Willoughby departed on his voyage of

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discovery, and he took care to have at least sufficient provisions for eighteen months in his ships; and though this brave man with all his crew perished by frost in an ice-bound bay of Lapland, no part of this calamity could be traced to a want of food.

Hore might have become the famed founder of an American colony, had he been as prudent as he was brave, enthusiastic, and religious. Some trouble was likely to befall this adventurous gentleman after his arrival in England, as the owners of the ship which his crew had seized made a formal complaint to the king. The deed might have been deemed an act of piracy; but the terrible circumstances under which it was committed, induced the monarch to pardon the aggressors, whilst he ordered compensation to be made to the French for the loss of their ship.

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VIII.

THE LOVER TURNED INTO A SAILOR;

OR,

THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF MACHIN, AN ENGLISHMAN, IN THE YEAR 1344.

THE bright deeds of chivalry have long shed a brilliancy over the reign of Edward III., and enriched with many a gorgeous description the annals of those times.

The story of Machin belongs not to the high places of middle-age history; it rather falls within the range of family biography, and ballad history or narrative. But, as some small event may ultimately lead to results which affect the condition of a whole country, and thus acquire importance in the memories of men, so it happened in the case of Machin. The story of his shipwreck might have passed away amongst the thousand lost tales of the past; but his adventures having led to the discovery of Madeira, history has inserted his name in her roll.

About the year 1344, an English youth, apparently of gentle blood, named Machin, or Macham, loved Anna D'Arfet. The lady returned his love. Their love ran together, but its course was not smooth. Anna's friends decided against Machin, and procured, by some means unknown, his imprisonment; nor was he released until Anna D'Arfet was married to another. The tragedy now begins.

The lady had given her hand to one whom she abhorred, and thus perjured herself at the altar. With her spirit agonized by this reflection, and half maddened by the terrors of

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her position, she again met Machin, who had discovered her abode near Bristol. They agreed to escape together from England to Spain, hoping, perhaps, to have the marriage pronounced a nullity by the head of the church, could a hearing be obtained at Rome. Whatever might be the plea by whi they justified the deed, they resolved to elope at once. Machin hired and manned a ship, on board of which he conducted the lady, and set sail without detection. But long and dangerous was the route round the southern coast of England: ere the ship could reach a Spanish port a tempest arose, and Machin, with the trembling Anna, was driven from the desired track. To her heart this raging storm appeared the sign of divine anger; nor were her fears lessened by the continuance of the gale for about thirteen days. During all this time the vessel had been driving before the wind farther and farther from Spain, and plunging each day into the unknown western ocean. At last land was seen—a strange region, but beautiful to the eye, and offering a refuge from the ceaseless agitation of the tempest. Machin quickly brought the enfeebled and heart-stricken Anna to a quiet and lovely spot near the shore, and beneath the shade of a gigantic tree, erected huts for himself and part of the crew. A stream of transparent water meandered by Machin's new abode: the hills were crowded with noble forests, offering the most delightful prospects, whilst the mild air of the climate aided the general sense of enjoyment. The island upon which Machin was cast is that now called Madeira,* where many an invalid from Europe seeks to restore his decayed health. But to these early wanderers, far from all civilized homes and the land they had sought, it presented no permanent charms. Whilst reflecting upon the best time for leaving the island, and the most suitable means for the recovery of the route to Spain, an accident happened which has given to this voyage its fulness of romantic interest. The ship was riding in the bay, with a part of her crew on board, when a sudden tempest drove her away, and Machin never saw his vessel again. Every heart amongst the lonely band on the

* The word Madeira signifies *timber*, in the Portuguese, and was given to this island as a fit name for a country covered by *forests*. So numerous were the woods here, that the Portuguese burned them for seven years to clear the land.

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island felt the shock, and the spirit of Anna D'Arfet yielded to this unexpected blow: the blighting of her once-bright hopes, the sufferings she had recently undergone, and the harassing feelings which followed her elopement, had crushed her spirit, and in three days after the loss of the ship, the once-betrothed bride of Machin died. Under the tall tree where her hut had stood, and near the rippling stream to which she had often listened, they buried her. And what became of Machin? Was not his life's dream now over? They say he thought no more of England—no more of a home on Spanish ground, but silently sat in his bitter agony by the grave of the lost one. He found a melancholy solace in raising a small building over her grave, which he called "Jesus Chapel;" and this being done, her name, with his own, was cut on a stone of her tomb. Then he died, and was buried in the same grave with her whose life had so strangely mingled with his own in suffering. The crew now constructed a boat, and, going out to sea, were taken by the moors, but at last reached Castille, where they told their strange tale.

About fifty years after, Henry III., king of Castille, sent a fleet to search for the island of which Machin's crew had spoken. It was soon discovered; the bay in which Machin had landed was visited, and called Machico,* a word derived from the English adventurer's name. The tomb of Machin and the lady, with the memorial chapel, was also found, and the whole circumstance is narrated by Galvano,† in his Portuguese history of ancient discoveries.

Thus the history of Madeira must ever be connected with the romantic and melancholy adventures of Machin and Anna D'Arfet. The general details of this narrative are doubtless correct, as they are supported by evidence which has every appearance of trustworthiness. Some accounts vary a little from that just given, as they represent Machin departing from the island after the death of Anna D'Arfet, and his falling into the hands of the moors, who, astonished at his

* Madeira is now divided into two governments, Funchal being one, and Machico the other.

† Galvano wrote a history of discoveries, in the Portuguese language, from the earliest times to the year 1556. This was translated into English by Hakluyt.

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adventures, sent him to Castille, where he narrated his discovery and sufferings. It does not appear that Machin did leave Madeira, but rather that he ended his life there shortly after the decease of Anna. It must be confessed that few places can connect with their first discovery events more touching than the melancholy tale of Machin and the lady D'Arfet. We must regard the sufferings of both as manifestations of retributive justice ; but this view will not diminish the interest of the narrative, nor destroy the fascination of its mysterious termination.

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IX.

THE DISCOVERER DESERTED;

OR,

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HUDSON.

LET us examine for a few minutes the map of North America, and contemplate those vast expansions of water which, under the names of lakes, rivers, straits, and bays, arrest the eye of the geographer as he surveys those wide regions, where once the extinct Indian nations held their homes. What most fixes the eye as it follows the undulations of that vast coast? An immense inland sea lies before us, separating East Maine from the two large districts of North and South Wales, upon the mapped surface of which we read the words "Hudson's Bay." Not unknown to English ears is this ocean inlet; every winter do obliging shops remind us of its existence, by gigantic advertisements soliciting our notice to those warm comfortable-looking furs brought by the "Hudson's Bay Company" from the distant hunting grounds of the north. Often may we have seen in the London Docks some rough stout-timbered ship, armed with strong sheeting, and having altogether the appearance of a vessel destined to battle with the ice-fields of arctic seas, and stand the shock of northern tempests. That is a Hudson-Bay ship, which conveys at fixed periods to England the furs procured in those desolate and savage regions extending from the bay across the Rocky Mountains into Oregon. But what of him whose name is borne by this bay, and by that river of New York where first the steam vessel began its daily course? Captain Henry Hudson must be numbered amongst the boldest of that heroic

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band which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, became the advanced guard of English maritime discoverers, and dotted the American shores with the names of our towns, countries, kings and statesmen, not forgetting even worthy aldermen, and less dignified men.

Hudson fully participated in the ardour of his contemporaries for searching into unknown regions; and his efforts were at first directed to the discovery of a passage to China in a north-east direction—an attempt in which so many have failed in later times. Hudson being unable to force a passage beyond Nova Zembla, returned with little hope of ever reaching the eastern coasts of Asia, by navigating the northern seas. This voyage was undertaken in the year 1608; but Hudson had not quite renounced the hope of reaching China by the north-east passage, and yielded in the ensuing year to the entreaties of the Dutch, who were desirous that he should again renew the attempt. The second voyage was a failure, as far as the discovery of a passage to China was concerned; but not fruitless in other respects, for Hudson being disappointed in the east turned to the west, and crossed over towards the American coast, where he discovered the Bay of New York, and the river since named the Hudson, up which he ascended more than a hundred miles. These fortunate results fixed his attention on the shores of the New World, and hopes of discovering a north-west route to China now shed brightness over the mind of our intrepid sailor. Attempts had already been made to reach the eastern homes of luxury and wealth by sailing across the Atlantic, and searching for some passage through the northern seas to those spots towards which the daring adventurer and avaricious merchant turned many an anxious gaze. Sir Martin Frobisher led the way, and summoned a glorious band to win their laurels on the broad ocean; he was followed by the hardy Devonian Davis, whose memorial the sailor sees as he rounds the storm-beaten rocks of Greenland, and beats up "Davis's Straits." Hudson, Baffin, and a host of England's bravest sons, sought in that track of danger the fame so dear to courageous minds. Their efforts, their daring activity, and equally daring endurance, do not form our present theme: honour has wreathed their names with her brightest laurels, and a Ross, Parry, and Back are inspired by the

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glorious memories of these ancient ocean leaders. With such glowing and passionate excitement was the heart of Hudson moved, as, on May-day in 1610, he sailed from Harwich in his brave ship The Discovery. In the bright villages of England, and throughout her merry towns, thousands were that day rejoicing amid the flowery festivities of many may-poles. With such exultation behind him, Hudson might deem his day of departure marked by happy omens, and turned rejoicingly to his heroic task of searching out the untouched pathways of ancient ocean. The name of his bark, "The Discovery," sounded something like a prophecy of triumph, and was well suited to suggest thoughts of success amid the highest perils. This vessel, despatched on such a voyage, which might even end in circling the globe, was small—a mere boat, in modern eyes, her capacity being but fifty-four tons. Hudson needed no vast array, no giant instrument to work out his ends; for, truly, he was himself a giant in power, and could therefore do great things with small means. Three years before he had sailed within the arctic circle, and nearly hailed the strange mysterious pole itself, from which, indeed, he only paused at the distance of ten degrees; and all this had been accomplished in a small boat, with ten men and a boy. He did not, therefore, fear the distant and unknown regions of the west, but boldly spread his sails to the May-day breeze, encouraging himself and crew with bright anticipations. On they sailed, noting minutely each object which at sunrise or sunset disclosed the beautiful or the awful phenomena of the sea's mystic domain. Few scenes appeared before the crew more truly majestic than the far flashing flames of snow-crowned Hecla, as their fiery gleams fell upon the heaving water of the lonely Northern sea. Like some sea-giant seemed the mountain; holding aloft through storm and calm his blazing torch, as if warning off all daring intruders from that taboed sea. Hudson still held onward his course, and saw at last the shores of Greenland far over vast fields of ice, upon which the setting sun cast a thousand rainbow tints as it descended on June 4th in the northern point of the heavens. The Discovery now moved past the peaked heights of Greenland, and off Cape Farewell, uttered her "*Vale*" to the receding world of civilized man, whilst the view of Cape Desolation suggested

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to her crew gloomy thoughts of tenantless ships drifting pilotless upon a lonely sea. The currents combined with the breeze to bear the vessel towards the unknown west, and Hudson was soon sailing up the Straits which now bear his name, and form the entrance to Hudson's Bay. Here he tacked to and fro for many days, now fleeing from the rush of icebergs, thundering with strange crashes over the solitary waters, and now sailing in company with vast fields of ice which formed a white, glistening, and impenetrable circle around his ship. Sometimes one of these icy masses heaved over, launching its pinnacled heights into these ocean depths: at another time these tall Cyclopean ramparts offered a welcome shelter to the vessel from the tempest.

Slowly the awful icy sentinels gathered more thickly around the Discovery; the icebergs were forming their ranks; each day the circle increased in strength, preventing all escape for the ship. By November 10th, all were chained in for the winter; the sea had ceased to heave its waters, and the sound of the dashing waves had become hushed, for ice bound all in silence, presenting one vast expanse over which the sun cast its feeble lurid light. Now was required the energy of brave hearts, for to cold must be added the privations arising from scarcity of food, which compelled the crew to hunt across the frozen wilds after the fowl which frequented these wintry wastes; for even here all was not desolation: the Great Author of nature has willed even those frost-created plains to furnish homes for many arctic birds which flit silently through the misty air, and at times supply a starving band with food. The crew in The Discovery had a threefold succession in the nature of the sustenance procured in their wintering-place; first, during the intense cold numerous white birds were taken, which the men called "white partridges," and ate without the least apprehension of the Greenland game laws. These birds of frost departed at the close of winter, when swans, geese, and ducks offered a more abundant supply to men upon whom the severity of the frost had acted with fatal effect; and later still the spring mosses and the buds of trees provided a supply which the starving and frost-bitten sailors gladly welcomed. These provisions were not, however, sufficient to enable the bodies of the crew to resist the action of arctic frost, so that the

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approach of spring found many lamed, and their limbs useless by that singular power of intense cold which makes it so formidable a destroyer amongst the ranks of retreating armies, or in the rude cabins of arctic navigators. The return of spring therefore found the crew more prepared to depart home than eager for the prosecution of researches in an unknown sea; for to the vulgar-minded ease is always more desired than national honour or personal fame. But Hudson was still the same hoping man as on that May-day when he left the shores of England, and resolved to return, like another Columbus, amidst the plaudits of his countrymen. The bright crown of honour was kept before him, and he purposed to continue his survey round the shores of the bay into which he had sailed. But the greatest man is but weak when isolated from his fellows: the general abandoned by his army finds the knowledge gained on his grand battle-fields all useless; and the captain deserted by his crew derives little aid from personal courage or long accumulated science. Men whose lives are passed in the study occupied with abstruse thinking, may frame theories, and construct magnificent systems apart from all human cooperation; and Newton might have calculated his laws of gravitation either in solitude or in the midst of England's crowded capital. But it is different with the man of action; he requires the able hands and firm hearts of many to give conquering power and living efficacy to plans matured in silence. Hudson was now to feel the bitterness of losing all he had so ardently struggled to obtain since the sea first received him as a bold adventurer.

The fame of a discoverer had ever seemed to him the most glorious honour capable of being received by the sailor, and justly might he feel thus when he remembered that to open new roads to the old centres of population, or discover new homes of men where maps present only a blank, was to advance the civilization of the whole human family. Man cannot fully know himself until he is made acquainted with the various races of his own widely dispersed kindred, whether these lurk beneath the snow hut in undiscovered lands near the poles, wander over the hidden regions of central Africa, or pass life amid all the luxuries which overspread the bright coral-formed islands of the tropical seas. To

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advance this knowledge of mankind is the great work given to the discoverer by land and sea; and to fail in the noble attempt through ignorance, weakness, or vice, is a sad end to a life of labour and suffering. This was Hudson's fate: the winter had made his crew discontented, and a desire to return home had taken deep root in every heart save that of the determined Hudson. One reason which had led his men to this resolution was the alarming deficiency of food, threatening destruction to all in the event of a longer delay on the coast; but as food had not wholly failed, even during the winter, it is not probable that famine would have afflicted them whilst summer lasted. Hudson was not desirous of needlessly sacrificing his crew, nor is it likely that he would have persisted in navigating the shores of the bay unless some prospect of obtaining relief was perceived. It may, however, be admitted that provisions had become extremely scarce when the crew abandoned their captain; but no Englishman, certainly no English sailor, will allege this as a sufficient apology for the base villainy of the men who desert an able commander whilst engaged in the service of his country.

The conduct of the crew soon rose to mutiny, and their baseness was encouraged by an ungrateful monster named Henry Green, whom Hudson had taken on board from a feeling of compassion for his destitute state; Green's bad conduct having separated him from his friends. One evil-disposed person on board a vessel during a long voyage may produce the most serious mischief; for discontent being once excited increases with every privation, until the first whisper grows into the bloody tumult of revolt. Thus it was in Hudson's case; first, some grumblings against the determination of the commander to continue his search for a north-west passage were heard; then complaints about food; and these little grievances, exasperated by the selfish insinuations of Green and other cowardly idlers of the ship, at last grew up to a fatal height. Hudson was not the man to relinquish his great aim for any difficulty within the scope of human powers to subdue; but his crew were unable to sympathize with the purposes of one so far superior to them, and still resolved not to sail further to the west. The peculiar circumstances connected with the whole of this infamous proceeding are

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unknown, for the only account of the miserable affair was received from one of the crew, who was not likely to criminate his companions more deeply than events made necessary. The following particulars comprehend the melancholy result of all those caballings which we may suppose to have existed on board The Discovery; though no pen has recorded the dark plottings.

One morning the conspirators put their plan of seizing Hudson and those friendly to him into execution; and so well were their schemes concerted, that the noble-hearted commander, his brother John Hudson, and seven others, were all forced into a boat, and sent adrift on the solitary waters of Hudson's Bay. The mutineers then set sail homewards, leaving their captain to perish in the region he had discovered. For a time Hudson seems to have endeavoured to keep up with the ship—a hopeless attempt, as the traitorous crew set all sail and soon left him in his loneliness on the deep. What now became of Hudson? What says tradition of his fate? All is silent respecting him; no information ever reached his country of her brave son commissioned to extend her influence and amplify the range of her commerce: not a syllable ever rose from that bay, or from those shores: no heap of stones, no bottle floating on the waters, no broken oar, nor any hull of time-worn boat ever intimated his fate. We only know that he perished in the midst of the scenes where he had ardently sought the discoverer's prize, and found a sailor's grave. Little could Hudson foresee the value which succeeding ages would attach to his discovery, and that sixty years after his death a company would be chartered for trade in those parts, and extend its influence from the Atlantic to the Pacific, possessing forts, troops, and laws for the government of the wide region committed to its charge.

The crew who had thus shamefully deserted their captain did not all reach England: some having landed on the coast of Hudson's Straits were attacked by the natives, and desperately wounded; the result being that Green, the ringleader of the mutiny, died and was thrown into the sea—thus meeting with that retribution so appropriate to his crimes. Three of the remainder also died in a few days from their wounds; and another died from famine ere they saw the

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Irish coast. The survivors at last reached the Downs, when the principals hurried to London, to secure the influence of some persons in authority, that pardon might be procured for the crime which had deprived England of her brave navigator. This pardon was obtained, though by what means it is difficult to say, probably the absence of sufficient evidence prevented the authorities from punishing the mutineers, and the influence of powerful parties exerted to secure their dependents from infamy. We can therefore only contemplate the melancholy end of Hudson as one of those mysterious events which sometimes surround with clouds and darkness the last hours of men, whose memorials are preserved clear and bright in the best memories of a nation.

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X.

THE DISCOVERER'S GRAVE;

OR,

THE DEATH OF BEHRING.

ON the first discovery of America, Europe beheld the new region as a totally distinct world, separated from the old homes of Europe by a wide ocean, and forming a circle of its own in the great mundane system. Strange were its people, whose vast but barbaric mythology, and remnants of ruined cities, pointed to primitive ages when the first race of men—the giants of olden time—raised their Cyclopean walls and massive towers. Strange, too, were the reports of inexhaustible riches, of diamond-paved streams, and rivers sparkling with golden sands, which summoned distant nations to seize upon the glittering prize, and brought to the astonished natives of Mexico and Peru a Cortez and a Pizarro. But soon Europe became familiar with America, and began to regard it as part and parcel of the old world, and an essential member of the great geographical commonwealth; for fast and full rolled the tide of emigration into the bright plains, dense forests, and far extended coasts of the new world. At length the once unknown region, discovered simply because it barred a western passage to the Indies, and which Columbus so unexpectedly lighted on in his road thither, was deemed to be united to the ancient earth; and western America was supposed to join hands with Asia; so that, instead of being separated on every side by wide oceans, its physical relationship with the old world was clearly admitted. This point of junction was reckoned to be in the

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high north-western latitudes; and its existence seemed confirmed by the repeated disappointments in the search for a north-western passage to Asia. Every attempt to discover such a route must have implied the conviction that some channel separated America from Asia; and the non-discovery of the desired sea-path led geographers to believe in the union of the two continents. But this notion at length yielded to the progress of discovery, and the separation of the old from the new world became an established fact by the surveys of Behring, a Danish navigator who was induced to enter the Russian navy, then receiving the highest patronage from that imperial mind which laid the foundations of Russian greatness. The genius of Peter the Great enabled him to detect in the mariner of Jutland the spirit and energy of the discoverer, and the ruling mind of the North soon found ample work for Vitus Behring.

The Danish mariner did not, however, commence the discoveries, which have given him a name in the histories of all nations, during the life of Peter; in the year of whose death Behring prepared for his first survey of the coast of Kamtschatka. His researches were pursued according to plans prepared by the emperor himself, who had drawn up a series of remarks for the guidance of those upon whom the task of examining the unknown waters north of the Aleutian Isles might fall. The results of Behring's labours were attained by two voyages; one, undertaken in 1728, when he proved the great point that Asia is not united to America; and the other, made in 1741, when he completed his researches, and died amid his discoveries. The latter belongs directly to the subject of this chapter, and comprehends most of the great triumphs achieved by Behring.

In the year 1741 he saw his two vessels ready in the port of Alaska, to which place he gave the names of his ships—the St. Peter and the St. Paul, calling it the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul; from which he sailed on June 4th. The harbour whence he departed is at the southern extremity of Kamtschatka, where the distance between Asia and America is much greater than at various points more towards the north, where the lands gradually approach, leaving at last but a strait of about fifty miles wide.

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Behring's course lay, therefore, to the north and north-west, in which direction he sailed fourteen days before discovering the opposite continent. He now began to explore the coast to make certain that it was indeed the American continent he beheld, as on previous occasions a group of islands had been taken for the mainland—a mistake likely to happen on a coast swarming with dark, volcanic-looking isles, which seemed like the remnants of some ancient causeway formerly uniting the now dissevered continents. The reader, who will trace the Aleutian isles stretching from the American Cape of Alaska to Behring's islands, will be struck by the appearance of something like a former junction between the two continents by these numerous and dark ocean-towers, which stand like sentinels guarding the pass between the old and new worlds. Through such groups Behring carefully steered his ship, and soon satisfied himself of the existence and extent of that strait which, whilst it separates America from Asia, connects the Pacific with the Arctic Ocean.

Succeeding navigators of the highest ability have surveyed that sea and those straits, which preserve, amid the changes of ages, the name of Behring; but to him alone must be given the honour of discovering the celebrated channel through which the waters of either Pole communicate. A more perfect acquaintance with each bay and arm of that sea, both on the American and Asiatic shores, has since been obtained by the surveys of the Russians, and the labours of British navigators, especially those of Cook and Beechy; but this more perfect knowledge lessens not the fame of Behring, for discoverers usually leave the filling up of their great results to succeeding minds.

What rewards attended him, the reader may inquire. Did he retire to some Russian palace in the new capital of the Czars, and live the idol of the people, and the honoured of the nobles? Or did he, retiring to Jutland, pass his days in the pleasing seclusion of some Danish village, listening to the roar of the distant sea, but unshaken by its tempests? Let the reader take down his chart of the sea between Kamtschatka and the shores of Russian America, and observe that arc of a circle formed by the Aleutian Isles: at one end is Cape Alaska, and the other is terminated by Behring's Island.

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That isle is so called because it witnessed the navigator's last moments, and a few feet of its sandy shore became his grave

It was the month of December in 1741: the icebergs, and storm, with bitter frost, had gathered their forces in the northern seas, and the black tempest howled over the wastes of a desolate island near the Asiatic shore of Behring's Strait. A small group of sailors might be seen cowering in the most sheltered part of the beach; and a man, bearing the marks of authority, lying, exhausted by disease, in a hole scooped out of the sand. This was Behring: he lay, dying, in this lonely isle, having left the captain of the St. Peter actively surveying the American shore. What sad tide of suffering had borne him hither?

Whilst occupied in tracing the trending of the straits, a furious tempest swept his bark from her course, hurrying her to the south, from the narrower parts of the channel towards the open sea. In vain the sails were closely clewed: hour by hour the ship lost way, and it seemed as if the storm-spirit of the Arctic Sea had despatched his hosts to repel the daring navigator from invading the ancient, untouched passes of the deep. But the storm was not the only evil: the terrible sea-scurvy had attacked them, and day by day some soul passed from the plague-stricken ship. To escape from the pestilential air of the vessel became now absolutely necessary; and to find some wintering-place on the coast either of America or Kamtschatka was the great object of both captain and crew. But a spell seemed upon the ship: the reckoning was lost, water failed, the crew were dying, and the steersman so enfeebled that two men were compelled to support him at his post. The days were becoming short, and the long nights exposed the drifting ship to numerous dangers amidst the rocks and islands of the unknown sea. To increase their perilous condition, the rigging of the vessel began to yield before the constant action of the elements; and thus the masts seemed likely to fall upon the sea-beaten hull.

The struggle was, however, soon over. One night the doomed vessel was shattered upon a line of breakers off Behring's Island, on which, however, the crew were safely landed, November the 8th. Not one regarded the loss of

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the ship as a subject of regret, so certain were all that nothing but an escape to land could deliver them from the dreadful scurvy. So enfeebled had some become that they died immediately after their removal to the land; and most of the remaining crew shrunk through weakness from the slightest exertion, preferring to lie down in despairing lethargy rather than undertake the smallest labours. Nor is this surprising, when their physical sufferings are considered. The usual symptoms of their disease comprehended mental and bodily prostration; a strange indifference to life, and deep melancholy fell upon them; whilst acute inflammation piercing through the limbs, a livid skin, and the general decay of the vital functions, added to the horrors of their condition.

Behring was attacked by this sea-plague, and rapidly sunk under its wasting influence, which neither a constitution inured to all climates, nor the attention of his officers and crew could furnish him with the means of resisting. In this state lay, in the month of December, 1741, the favourite of Peter the Great, dying amid the regions which his perseverance had opened to the world. His course was now clearly over: the fatal melancholy, accompanied by delirium, had seized him; and on December the 8th, in 1741, Behring died, leaving his name to the guardianship of the old and new worlds, between the boundaries of which he found his grave.

The island on which Behring died and was buried is about a hundred miles long and fifteen broad, and placed at the western extremity of the Aleutian Chain, which extends directly across the southern entrance to the Straits. This island, so desolate in 1741, has now become a trading station for the agents of the Russian Free Company, who have thus broken in upon the solemn stillness of Behring's grave. It was not found to be an island until after his death, when the crew sent out an exploring party, and ascertained the bearing of the coast.

A few words may suffice for detailing the adventures of Behring's crew after their commander's death. The men contrived to weather the storms of winter, and constructed a boat from the materials of their ship; which, as if sympathising with her departed captain, fell to pieces in a tempest shortly after his death. They began to build their new vessel

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in spring, and did not finish till August, on the 10th of which month the survivors departed for Kamtschatka, and on the 25th entered the Bay of Awatscha, whence they had departed with such bright hopes. In the Port of Petropaulski they found a good store of provisions, left by their companion-ship the St. Paul, from which storms had early separated Behring's vessel; and with the help of these supplies another winter was passed. In the following spring the crew of the wrecked St. Peter reached the part of Okotsk on the south-east coast of Siberia, having been exposed for nearly three years to the vicissitudes of a navigation on those stormy shores.

Thus closed the last voyage of Behring, in which, having completed his work, and put the key-stone to his labours, he died in the midst of his discoveries, leaving to Russia the reward of his toils, and to succeeding navigators the task of enlarging our knowledge of the regions first explored by himself. A monument to his memory may be seen by the northern navigator in the garden of the governor of Petropaulski, raised by the Russian government near the spot where Behring took his last departure for the shores of Kamtschatka.

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XI.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S ADVENTURE;

OR,

THE SUFFERINGS OF BYRON AND THE CREW OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP WAGER, ON THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

WAR was declared against Spain by England, in the year 1739, in consequence of the injuries inflicted by the navy of the former power upon the commerce of the latter in the West Indies. Admiral Vernon and Commodore Anson were despatched with their respective fleets to attack the Spanish settlements on the coasts of South America, and succeeded in causing much damage to the sea-ports and trade of the enemy. The warlike proceedings of these squadrons require no discussion in the ensuing pages, as neither the conquest of Porto Bello by Vernon, nor the capture of the treasure-laden galleon by Anson, form any portion of the adventures detailed in this chapter. Commodore Anson left England with a fleet of eight sail in September, 1740, and sailed directly for the western coasts of South America, which the squadron was prevented from reaching by a furious tempest scattering the ships whilst attempting to beat through the Straits of Le Maire* between the island of Staten Land and the coast of Terra del Fuego.† Two of the vessels returned

* These straits were discovered in the early part of the seventeenth century by Le Maire, a Dutchman, from whom they are named.

† This group of islands received the name of Terra del Fuego (land of fire), from a volcano on one of the highest peaks.

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to Rio Janiero, whilst the others harassed the coasts, attacking towns and capturing merchant-ships. One ship, The Wager, of twenty-eight guns and 160 men, must now engage our exclusive attention, as she never returned to England, and few of her crew again beheld the shores of Britain.

John Byron, afterwards commodore, and grandfather of the famous poet, was a midshipman on board this vessel, and shared the sufferings of her crew on the desolate shores and wild districts of the Indian country. Of these adventures Byron afterwards wrote a detailed account, from which the ensuing particulars are principally derived. To these maritime perils of his ancestry Lord Byron has referred in various parts of his poems; thus, when feeding his melancholy and discontented spirit with bitter reflections on the past events of his life, a comparison is made between the sea-storms which wrecked the ship of his grandfather, and those tempests of the heart which had drifted him far from peace:

"He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore!"

The Wager accompanied the squadron as a store-ship, carrying not only the heavy artillery of the fleet, but provisions and merchandize, which rendered her movements more slow than the less encumbered ships. In addition to these impediments she was unfitted to cope with the heavy storms of the Southern Ocean, in consequence of the bad state of the timbers, and her general unfitness for the purposes of a war-ship, she having formerly been employed in the Indian trade, and so better qualified for commercial than for warlike purposes. These defects were not compensated by the efficiency of the crew, part of which consisted of feeble old men drafted from Chelsea Hospital. So shamefully was the administration of the navy then neglected that ships were thus despatched to an enemy's coast, at the extremity of the globe, with such feeble equipments. The vessel was with difficulty navigated through the rough Straits of Le Maire, narrowly escaping shipwreck on the rocky shores of Staten Land; but a heavy storm from the west soon coming on, the ship was so terribly shattered as to be unable to hold her course. The rest of the fleet became invisible, and the battered Wager began to drive towards the dangerous coast of Patagonia, by

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which it was at last apprehended the vessel would be land-locked, as the captain persisted in keeping too much to the east, hoping thus to rejoin the commodore at the Isle of Neustro Senoro del Socoro, near the coast of Chili.

To this point the captain had positive instructions to sail, and therefore made direct for the rendezvous, with the laudable object of supplying the commodore with the ammunition and stores necessary for the siege of the Spanish fortified towns. Captain Cheap imagined that he was but fearlessly fulfilling his duty by thus desperately holding his course on a lee shore, forgetting, like most men of mere blind courage, that an officer must possess a keen eye to foresee, and circumspection to ward off, danger, in addition to that bravery which is ever ready to grapple with the foe. Those qualities were, however, little regarded by the commander of the Wager, who pushed along the dangerous coast heedless of the fears expressed by his officers, who were justly alarmed by the appearance of weeds and land birds—certain signs of a dangerous proximity to the shore.

At last a cloudy dim-shaped mass loomed through the misty air, which to some appeared like the vast rounded summits of the giant Cordilleras, though others, sharing the captain's reckless confidence, deemed them but airy shapes floating in the heated atmosphere. The appearance, however, grew more and more defined, and at length the terrible conviction, that the ship was sailing directly for the land, flashed upon the whole crew. Those misty-looking mountain summits, which had been so recently observed, were at length regarded as neglected monitors of a danger now menacing the doomed ship. The land bore north-west of the Wager, which it was impossible to steer from the shore, as the wind blew a furious hurricane from the sea, and resisted every attempt to wear the ship. Every heave of the Pacific now bore the vessel nearer to the peril; and whilst the crew were battling with wind and wave, night came on, accompanied by tempest and thick darkness, thus not only increasing their dangers but diminishing the means of extricating themselves from the chain of breakers, upon whose foam-crested ridge they were drifting when the sun went down.

After nightfall the Wager became almost unmanagable, the few sails which were set being torn from the masts,

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whilst vast waves broke incessantly over her, sweeping the whole length of the deck. Amidst this confusion and horror many of the sick crawled upon the deck, as if dreading to meet death in their suffocating holes below. They appeared but to die; one after another these half-dead and enfeebled men were torn from the rigging and timbers, grasped in vain by their skeleton hands, and borne unnoticed over the sides of their ship by the wild waters. None could even attempt to assist his fellow in the darkness, and few cries were heard amid the shrieking of the hurricane, as it tore like some maddened sea-demon, through the rigging. At one moment a long-sustained wailing sound broke so horribly over the waves that all expected the ship must be torn in pieces; at another the ocean rolled on, like the roar of some mighty cataract, dashing its whole collected force upon the shivering bulwarks of the groaning ship. To add to the terror, all this proceeded amidst darkness so dense that neither captain, officers, nor men could distinguish the true nature of the perils which each knew to be close at hand. About four o'clock in the morning the crew felt as if some crushing wave had split the timbers of the Wager; the shock was instantly repeated, and the ship flung upon her beam ends, with a force which loosened every plank. The ship had struck: all now expected to enter in a few moments those whirling waters, and there find a grave. Whilst awaiting the effect of this blow a huge wave lifted the Wager from the breaker, and hove her upon another rock which smashed her rudder, and crushed in the stoutest timber. Hope now seemed to leave the crew, who began to exhibit traces of frenzy; some drawing cutlasses rushed upon the rest, and were knocked down in self defence; others sat stupified and utterly helpless, though these consisted chiefly of the sick who saw no hope of escape. A few, however, preserved the calm courage of the British sailor, standing nobly to their duty amid the savage desolation of the scene. The man at the helm displayed that presence of mind without which, in the moment of danger, man becomes not only helpless but contemptible. Though the rudder had been carried away, he kept his station, waiting quietly for the word from his officers, and when they inquired of him "whether the ship would steer," he first tried the wheel and then answered with

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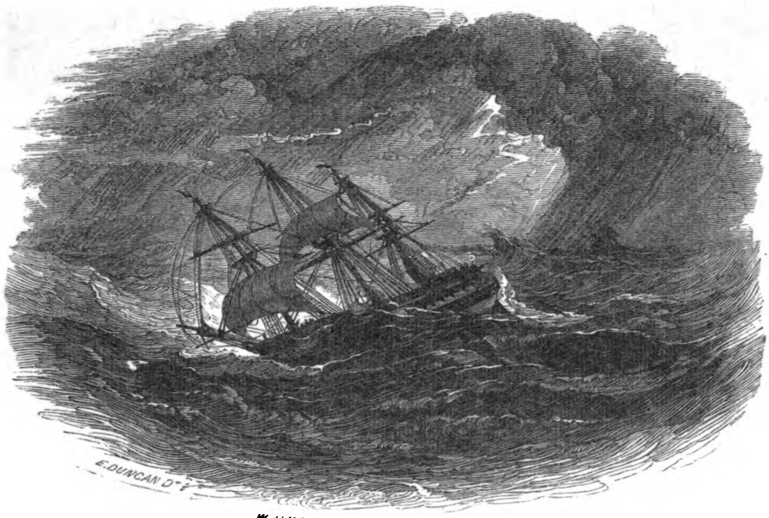

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all the calmness of a man steering his vessel in the Downs. Some of the officers, though feeling nothing could save the ship, were desirous of rousing the crew from the lethargy which would prevent the rescuing of a single man, and therefore began to incite the men to various works on the sails and ropes. The despair which sometimes falls upon a crew at the moment when a vessel strikes upon rocks or hidden sand-banks surprises those who know that the very same men have often stood unflinching before the hottest fire of a battery, and preserved the coolness of a review-day amid showers of grape and round shot. The reason is that hope often departs at the striking of a vessel, and the men feel struggling to be useless, though whilst they see a chance of success they will strive to the last.

The crew of the Wager were a little encouraged by the breaking of day, which, though it disclosed the ruin made during the night, brought to their view the land at a short distance. The shore seemed desolate, barren, and exposed to the storms of the Pacific; but it promised, for a time at least, safety to those who now gazed gladly upon the line of savage ocean-torn rocks, against which the huge billows rolled with incessant roar. To reach that firm land was now the aim of all, and not without reason, as the ship gave intimations that before long the hull would be broken up by the waves. The prospect of escape from immediate death raised the crew from their supine despair to the heights of an extravagant joy, which many manifested, not in more strenuous efforts for effecting a landing, but in boisterous and brutal drunkenness; for some, breaking open the store-rooms and driving in the brandy casks, drank to such excess that many were unable to stand, and were actually drowned by falling overboard. The boats were at length launched, and the crew ordered on shore, the captain resolving to remain to the last, although a dislocated shoulder, produced by a fall on the preceding day, might have justified an earlier departure from the ship. Thus the man whose obstinacy, in steering so closely to the shore, had caused the wreck of the Wager, evinced no want of courage amidst the perils to which his deficiency of judgment had conducted the ship. Another illustration this of the vast difference between a *brave* and an *able* officer—the latter quality implying the possession of a head to guide

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the impulses of the heart; but the former, when separated from skill and judgment, has repeatedly led to the most disastrous results in military and naval enterprises.

Captain Cheap and his officers exerted themselves to save every man of the crew; but the drunken state to which many of the miserable men had reduced themselves baffled all their efforts. Thus many who before the discovery of land had been engaged in prayer for deliverance, were now swallowed by the waves in a condition of utter helplessness. Even at the last a body of the crew, headed by the boatswain, refused to leave the ship, though her stoutest timbers were fast breaking up, hoping to enjoy the uninterrupted possession of the ship's brandy, for which they were willing to risk even their lives: the captain and officers were, therefore, compelled to abandon the besotted sailors to their maddening excitement. At length, about a hundred and forty men reached the shore; and now began inquiries respecting food, and shelter from the pitiless tempest; for night was fast approaching, and all were so exhausted by labour, and benumbed with cold, that numbers must expect to perish in a few hours unless some means of support were discovered. After landing, the drenched men retired to a small thicket at a short distance from the beach, where it was hoped some protection might be obtained from the drenching rain. An Indian hut was discovered within this wood, with numerous spears laid up in a manner which attested the occasional presence of the natives on the spot. Whatever joy the hut gave to those who were able to force an entrance for the night within its walls, the discovery alarmed all with the dread of a speedy attack from savages, who might be even then watching the party from some retreat.

During this night three of the party died: one in the hut, and two beneath a tree, the branches of which gave but little shelter against the wind, rain, and cold. The morning revealed these deaths to all, and suggested a like fate for every one unless food were quickly procured. The party had been more than forty hours without a meal, and the most eager inquiries for provisions now commenced. Some distributed themselves along the shore, to search for shell-fish or sea-weed, and others found a small bag of biscuit-dust, which had been brought from the Wager. But this did not amount to more than three pounds' weight, and the foraging party

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brought back only a dead sea-gull, and some weeds resembling wild celery—a poor breakfast for a hundred and forty famishing men. These various substances were put into a pot, a large quantity of water poured over them, and thus a soup was made; not over rich, certainly, nor likely to be acceptable at the Mansion House, London; but which was eagerly devoured by these shipwrecked men.

But even this fare was not destined to recruit their exhausted bodies, for shortly after the scanty breakfast had been concluded the crew exhibited all the symptoms of poisoned men, sickness and fainting affecting nearly all. The first supposition was that the weeds were poisonous, but a short time relieved them from this apprehension, and disclosed the cause of the illness which had still further weakened those upon whom hunger and fatigue had already operated. The biscuit-powder had been carelessly placed in a tobacco-bag, and as some of the tobacco remained at the bottom, it had become mixed with the biscuit, and this being taken by exhausted men, the consequences just narrated ensued. The next day, as the ship yet held together, an attempt was made to induce the drunken men left on board the Wager to come on land; but all to no purpose. A survey was now made of the coast; but little satisfaction resulted from these observations, which convinced all of the desolate and barren nature of the spot.

Steep and wild hills were separated by swamps, in which nothing likely to serve for nourishing food was found; and even the beach seemed abandoned by shell-fish, which so often give sustenance to cast-away sailors on the most barren coasts. The truth is, the crew of the Wager were so convinced that savages were concealed near them, and watching for an opportunity of attack, that they refrained from sufficiently examining the line of coast, upon parts of which food might have been obtained.

An event now occurred, proving the utter recklessness to which some of the crew were fast approaching. The party left in the ship began to fear she was going to pieces, and the rising of a storm made them earnestly desirous of leaving the vessel, to which they had hitherto clung with such determination. They accordingly made signals to those on shore for boats, but the tempestuous sea rendered it a matter of

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doubt whether life should be risked to bring off those who, for the sake of a drunken carousal, had refused to escape when commanded. As the boat did not immediately come, the wretches loaded one of the quarter-deck cannons, and fired a shot at the hut in which so many of their late companions had taken shelter. The ball passed just above this habitation, tearing its way through the surrounding trees, upon which it was judged advisable to get such desperadoes on shore as soon as possible, where they would be more under the control of the officers. This was at last effected with great difficulty, and upon their landing an opportunity occurred for testing the determination and courage of the captain, officers, and the well-disposed part of the crew. The fellows who had been brought on shore came fully armed, and evinced their resolution to act independently of all control. They were therefore surrounded, and deprived of their weapons; and the captain, enraged at the mutinous conduct of the boatswain, who had supported the rest in their revolt, knocked him down with a blow from his stick. It was also discovered that one of their number had been murdered in a dispute on board the Wager, after the departure of the officers and chief part of the crew. Thus in the midst of the most menacing dangers did these brutal men indulge in drunkenness and murder, as if anxious to unite deepness of criminality to greatness of suffering. It was now resolved to construct some place of permanent shelter from the weather, as it might be long before the means of escape were obtained either by the exertions of the shipwrecked crew, or the interposition of others who might approach the same place. The ship's cutter was therefore turned keel upwards, and raised upon props, by which device a tolerable kind of house was formed, which, with the hut, afforded protection for the whole party. The next object was food, and the most persevering attempts were made to procure some of the stores from the hull of the Wager, which still resisted the action of the waves, although the greater part lay under water.

A portion of the stores was at last secured and placed in a guarded tent, from which rations were distributed under the direction of the captain and officers. This supply, however, did not supersede the necessity of unceasing efforts to procure food by journeyings along the shores to collect shell-fish

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and shoot birds, of which many were obtained when the crew extended their examinations to suitable points, and over sufficient distances. Some harrowing scenes were frequently witnessed by these hunting parties, who often came suddenly upon a hillock of sand, which was soon found to have gathered round the decaying body of one of their former comrades. Sometimes a large billow was discerned rolling towards the beach, with a dark object borne on the foaming summit; and in a few moments a lacerated body was flung by the surge on the sands. At other points the carrion crows were observed hovering round and alighting upon a distant mass: few liked to approach the spot, for all well knew the cause which had drawn the birds thither; but hunger forced others to draw near for the sake of getting a shot at the crows whilst feasting on the dead. Had not the store-tent been constantly watched by the officers the crew would have soon neglected other sources of food, and sealed their ruin by plundering the reserved provisions, which formed the hope of all. So thoroughly selfish had the men become that the task of guarding the tent could be entrusted to the officers only, who were compelled to divide themselves into parties for watching the tent both day and night. Upon what land had the Wager been thus wrecked? If the reader will inspect a map of the western coast of South America, between latitude 42° and 43° S., he will perceive the island of Chiloe, off the coast of Chili. A little to the south of Chiloe are numerous smaller islands; and on the reefs surrounding one of these the ship had struck. It was not therefore unlikely that Spanish, or even English vessels might heave in sight; but the uncertainty attending such an event prevented any from relying much on this chance of escape.

The summits of the Andes were visible from the place occupied by the Wager's crew, and it was tantalizing thus to see those distant marks of a populous and fertile land, and to be so effectually isolated from its abundance. The captain's plan was to prepare a store of food and man the boats for a voyage to the north, hoping to seize some Spanish ship, and sail home with the prize. The collection of a good stock of provisions was necessary for the accomplishment of this object, and hence the necessity of vigilance in guarding the food obtained from the wreck of the Wager.

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Often did the captain and officers ascend a hill, called by them, most significantly, "Mount Misery," to survey the sea, and observe the bearings of the coast. Toward the ocean an apparently endless chain of breakers stretched far as the eye could reach, conspicuous by their white foam-crested summits; whilst a wild succession of hills, swamps, and forests covered the island. From such examinations little knowledge of the surrounding sea could be gained; the captain, therefore, gave orders for a party of the most trusty of the crew to return to the wreck, and endeavour to extricate the Wager's long-boat from the ruins of the hull.

Whilst occupied in this work, the first great change in the prospects of the party occurred; they were visited by human beings, and thus their intercourse with humanity being renewed some hope of ultimate escape began to dawn upon the minds of all. Three canoes were suddenly observed rounding a headland to the south, to which the crew of the Wager made the signals deemed most likely to attract the strangers, who at length approached and displayed a friendly feeling, whilst their surprise at the appearance of the Europeans indicated a total ignorance of white men. This rather alarmed the crew of the Wager, as it seemed a proof of their great distance from the ordinary line of navigation. The Indians left for a short time, aud upon their return brought some sheep, which they must have procured from the Spanish settlements—a circumstance suggesting the possibility of entering before long into correspondence with civilized men. The language of the strangers was wholly unintelligible to the English, who were therefore unable to procure information respecting the facilities for reaching other parts of the coast. It was quickly discovered that the natives were desirous of settling near the shipwrecked crew, as a party of more than fifty erected their wigwams in the vicinity of the tent, partly induced by the prospect of obtaining some of those articles so valuable in the eyes of barbarians. Notwithstanding the peaceable conduct of the natives, their presence seemed likely to prove a cause of dangerous dispute between them and the Wager's men, who recklessly endeavoured to seduce the wives of the Indians. The latter, however, prevented further mischief by instantly departing and leaving the insubordinate band to their former loneliness.

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The departed Indians soon spread the news of the wreck amongst their kindred tribes, some of whom spoke a rude dialect of the Spanish, and thus means were put into operation by which all might reasonably hope to reach the mainland, as it was not probable the Spanish would disregard the reports of a wreck on such a coast.

In the meantime the subsistence of so many men on a barren spot called for unceasing vigilance; the wreck afforded no further stores, and the shore could not be expected to feed more than a hundred persons. At length those who by their infamous conduct had driven away the friendly natives saw death from famine enter their body to such an extent that their number rapidly diminished from a hundred and forty-five to a hundred men. In this extremity it was not to be supposed that any animal capable of giving nourishment would be allowed to live. Young Byron had a pet Indian dog, which attracted the attention of the starving crew, a party of whom presented themselves before him, demanding the animal for food, and, all Byron's entreaties for the creature being unavailing, dragged it away. Its former owner saw it killed, and was then glad to receive some of the flesh for his dinner. Three weeks after, the ancestor of him who depicted the shipwreck in the "Juan," was compelled by the gnawings of hunger to search for and eat the decaying paws and part of the skin of this dog.

Some of the men displayed no little ingenuity in their devices to obtain food during this state of famine. One, named Phips, was accustomed to float far out to sea in a puncheon, which, partly sunk in the water and supported by logs of wood, was prevented from entirely sinking or upsetting; and he thus procured many sea-birds, who settled on the floating mass, unconscious of their enemy's presence. The same man also constructed a kind of canoe from an ox-hide and some hoops, in which he carried on his sea-sports with success. But all were not so daring or so successful, and were limited to the neighbourhood of the coast, or the woods in the interior, where birds were sometimes shot resembling geese. The island was not well supplied with the feathered tribes, a few small birds, like large robins, and two or three woodcocks, being the only visitants to its storm-beaten retreats. Some large birds of prey were now and

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then shot; but as all these together would not have stocked a family larder, the supply was wholly insufficient for a hundred men. A dead whale would have provided some dinners; but though one had been seen, the currents drifted the carcass away, much to the regret of many, who naturally thought more of the quantity than the quality of their provisions. Once the Indians brought some dog's flesh which was indeed a dainty to men who frequently fed on rotten sea-fowls; but such luxuries were not often at hand. A weed called "slaugh" was sometimes found and fried in the tallow of a few candles, to which preparation some wild celery was added, and the whole eaten eagerly, even by those who knew the feebleness resulting from such food. But what could be done? Amidst the agonies of hunger, men were ready to devour any substance which could by possibility be swallowed, thinking little of the sufferings to follow.

Some flour remained from the stock procured from the Wager; but this it was resolved to preserve at all hazards for use after departure from the island, and some who attempted to steal from this reserved provision were punished with severity. It was justly argued that, when once at sea, all must depend for existence on the food in the boats; and unless this were preserved the place of their wreck must likewise be the place of their burial. Whilst they remained on land some food might be procured; at sea no such opportunity could be expected. These considerations were the dictates of common prudence and forethought; but numbers had no eye for the future, and would recklessly have consumed the whole reserve of food had they not been deterred by force.

Constant suffering often exercises a hardening influence upon minds not naturally of coarse dispositions; but its effect upon the brutal and reckless is fearful, crushing every remnant of self-government and patience. Thus it happened to the crew of the Wager, pent up between gloomy woods and a stormy sea, whilst famine extinguished every feeling but that of a cruel selfishness. Some began to talk over the accounts of crews who had found support by feeding on the bodies of those killed for the sustenance of the rest. This subject once mentioned was constantly on the tongue, as if thus better to familiarize the mind to the thoughts of that

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horrible event, which many deemed approaching. The thing was constantly alluded to, and insinuated in various forms as opportunity offered, and remonstrance only served to bring out more boldly the secret thoughts, before but half expressed. A stop was put to these horrid speculations by one of the officers discovering some pieces of putrid beef cast on the shore from the wreck, which, being equally distributed, hushed the cannibal insinuations.

But want of food was not the only suffering of this undisciplined crew: mutiny and violence in various forms contributed to increase their privations, and exasperated their feelings. We have seen the commencement of this on the day after the wreck, when the boatswain and his gang refused to retire from the ship; and the same spirit was further developed by the act of firing from the Wager upon those who had landed. The spirit of mutiny next revealed itself by the formation of parties amongst the men, some separating from the rest, and erecting themselves into independent societies, spurning the control of the officers; others made resolutions to abandon their fellows, and seek for themselves a settlement in other islands. A desperate set laid a barrel of gunpowder close to the captain's hut, and were on the very point of blowing up the place, when one of their number, struck by remorse, or dreading the consequences of so infamous a crime, dissuaded them from the deed. These separated from the rest, and constructing a punt, departed, but were never heard of again; finding in all probability a termination to their wretched life in an ocean grave. Secret murders, it was feared, had been committed by these villains, who had taken advantage of the dispersed state of their companions to practise their vile designs without restraint.

This mutinous conduct might have been suppressed by a commander who possessed the respect of his men, but Captain Cheap was without this powerful auxiliary of discipline, and on one occasion so outraged the feelings of all by an act of fool-hardy severity, arising not from the dictates of reason, but from the blindness of passionate impulse, that few except the officers would confide in him. This was the death of midshipman Cozens, who, having one day a warm dispute with the purser, the latter charged him with mutiny, and fired a

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pistol at Cozens, who received no harm, as the ball missed him. The sound of the discharge brought out the captain, who, without asking a question, shot the midshipman through the head. The sight of Cozens, who seems to have been a favourite with the crew, bleeding to death, so exasperated all, that instant sedition was with difficulty prevented, and their feelings were further excited by the captain's refusal to allow Cozens to be removed from the cold and wet ground into a tent; all that was granted for him being the shelter of some canvas thrown over his body. He, having lingered in this state for a few days, died, leaving behind him a dark remembrance of the cause of his death, which kept all in a state most unfavourable for the exercise of that hearty co-operation required by their gloomy circumstances. If mutinous feeling prevailed before, this rash act had not in the least increased the captain's authority. The rudest sailor readily distinguished between the systematized discipline of the able though strict commander, and the headlong exercise of an uncertain and ill-directed control. Thus in a short time the mutineers proceeded to more daring measures, taking possession of a tent for themselves, and holding committees, whose decisions were forwarded with all the airs of authority to the captain, who was often compelled to humour the cabal by a feigned acquiescence in their schemes. Thus the man who had shot down, without a word of examination, one of his helpless midshipmen, was overawed by the combined menaces of tumultuous men. The next step taken by the mutineers put a climax on all their past proceedings, and clearly indicated the utter contempt in which they held the unfortunate captain, who was now imprisoned by his own crew, with the express declaration that they did so in order to bring him to trial in England for the murder of Mr. Cozens. When the long-boat was completed, the mutinous men were about to force the captain on board under a guard of marines; but finding the boat less roomy than anticipated, they were prevailed upon to leave it to his choice whether he would go or remain. He, preferring the latter, was left with Mr. Hamilton and the surgeon, whilst eighty-one men, crowded into the long-boat, cutter, and barge, took their departure. Thus we have the unusual spectacle of a shipwrecked crew setting all

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military laws at defiance—first seizing their captain, then leaving him to the horrors of a desolate island.

When Byron found that the men were about to sail without the captain, he became alarmed, and resolved to effect his escape the first opportunity. The plan adopted by the crew was to sail along the coast during the day, taking refuge in some harbour every night, trusting by these means to secure provisions, and avoid being driven during the night from the land. The party had not proceeded far, when some canvas became necessary for sails, which it was found had been left behind, at their late abode called Cheap's Bay. To obtain these articles the barge was sent back, in which Byron managed to seat himself; and when he had proceeded a short distance succeeded in dissuading all his companions from returning to those whom their country would regard as mutineers. The captain was glad to see so large a body return, over whom he might reasonably hope to exercise all just influence.

The next day Byron was permitted to visit the place where the confederates had been left, to persuade them to return, which journey he was compelled to make across the land to a distant point, though he might have spared both his toils and reasoning, as the mutineers not only refused to return, but threatened to come and take the barge by force.

The captain now began to think of putting his plan of sailing northwards into execution, as the most likely means of meeting with succour; and a message being sent to a body of deserters at a little distance, they readily agreed to the proposal, and soon rejoined their commander. The party now, with the captain, amounted to twenty; and as three barrels of beef were fished up from the wreck there was a sufficiency of food for all.

The barge and the yawl being at length put into as good a state as the worn-out timbers would allow, all became anxious to depart from this miserable place; and on the 15th of December, it being about midsummer in those southern latitudes, the men proposed to beat across the bay. The captain was not desirous of departing just then, as the sea ran very high beyond the bay; but yielding to importunity, the boats were launched and the voyage commenced. The steering of the barge was entrusted to Byron, and that of the

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yawl to Mr. Campbell. The heads of the boats were directed to a cape about seventy or eighty miles distant, and all pushed off with eagerness from a spot where the skeletons of so many of their late companions were crumbling into dust. There was no time and little disposition for sentiment, for ahead was seen the sea running with fury, and heaving the long billows, in a manner by no means pleasant to those whose pathway lay through the swelling waters. The wind too compelled them to change their course and run before it, which drove them toward the land, instead of aiding them in their attempts to weather the distant promontory. The boats were not long able to keep together, and this, added to the storm, made all regret leaving Cheap's Bay in such a sea. They, however, persevered day after day in the attempt to make progress, landing when the weather was most unfavorable. During these struggles Christmas-day passed, though their confusion and danger had caused them to lose all reckoning, so that the exact day was unknown. Had they been more certain of the time, it would have been no feast-day to them, thus driven and beaten by ceaseless tempests which effectually locked them in this desolate bay. One night when the greater part were on the shore, and the barge at anchor with the yawl in company, a storm sunk the latter, and nearly destroyed the former, in charge of which Byron had been left. This forced the party to leave four marines behind, as the barge could not carry all, whom having furnished with arms and ammunition, they left to their fate on a wild rocky shore. Yet amidst these circumstances, the four deserted men took leave of their comrades, with three cheers for the king, who then little imagined in his European home the feelings connected with the utterance of his name in that remote spot.

The boat at last reached the desired headland, round which the sea poured at a rate which bade defiance to the passage of the barge; and after once risking their lives in the useless attempt to force a way through the boiling surge, the attempt was aoandoned, and the men agreed that all must make up their minds to die on the shores of that savage sea. The boat was now turned for their former station, which the unhappy crew regained after a navigation of two months to and fro in the bay—labours which had been utterly useless

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in bringing them one step nearer deliverance. Those who had returned repaired to the huts, and to their surprise found one had been nailed up, as if to secure something deposited within. When opened, a number of pieces of iron, which had evidently been collected from timbers of the wreck, were found carefully laid up in one part, and from other circumstances it was evident that the homes of the Wager's crew had been visited by some Indians, who had carefully hunted for every particle of iron, which they had deposited in the hut, not supposing the late occupants would ever return. A curious illustration of sailors' habits of thought now occurred, showing the existence of feelings akin to the poetic in the rudest hearts.

The reader will remember the shameful rioting, mutiny, and recklessness which disgraced the crew of the Wager; nor will he forget the approach to cannibalism and murder on one occasion. These men had just returned from a tempestuous navigation, in which their hopes of escape have been crushed; and now what thoughts disturbed their rest—what serious consultations were they which engaged the attention of these sea-beaten men? Long before Cheap's Bay had been left the body of a man had been found on the hill named "Mount Misery." He was supposed to have been murdered by some of the first gang who left the island. This body had never been buried, and to such a neglect did the men now ascribe the storms which had lately afflicted them, nor would they rest until the remains of their comrade were placed beneath the earth, when each evidently felt as if some dreadful spell had been removed from his spirit. Few would expect to find many points of resemblance between the Grecian mariners of the heroic ages who navigated the galleys, described by Homer, to Troy, and the sailors of George II; yet here, in these English seamen, was the same feeling regarding the unburied dead which prevailed in ancient times. In a few days an Indian who spoke Spanish arrived at the huts from the Chonos tribe. He was a chief, and bore the silver-headed stick which the Spaniards invest the Indian princes with, and of which sceptres the chiefs were not a little vain; nor, indeed, without reason, as the ornament gives them additional consequence in the eyes of their dependents. This man had collected the iron, and nailed up

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the hut, hoping he had secured for himself a treasure. To this Indian offers were made, not only of the iron but also of the barge and all it contained, on condition that he would conduct the party to one of the Spanish settlements; for all judged it better to become prisoners of war than to wear out life in harrassing attempts to vanquish the billows of this stormy coast. To these terms the chief agreed, and the whole party, thirteen in number, exclusive of the Indian and his servant, quickly embarked, eager to escape from famine, storms, and death. But whilst all might hope ere long to find a home amongst civilized men, their present labours and sufferings were rather increased by the change, for the Indian conducted them up a rapid river, against the current of which their strength was scarcely able to impel the barge. Byron took the oar which one of the crew had dropped in the agonies of death, brought on by fatigue and hunger. Another was at the same time dying in the bottom of the barge, who begged the captain to give him a morsel of some boiled seal —a request which was unheeded, although the captain had in his possession more food than any of the rest. The man soon died, and the crew were relieved from his pitiable supplications, which Byron had partly replied to by putting some dried shell-fish into the mouth of the dying sailor. Upon the evening of this day, marked by such deaths from starvation, the captain disgusted his crew by producing from a secret place a large piece of seal, a small part of which would have relieved from cruel sufferings the poor sailor whose cries still sounded in the ears of his surviving mates.

Amidst all these sufferings, the selfishness which had formerly embittered the lives of the whole crew was actively operating to the destruction of all confidence and co-operation in the few who remained alive. The whole party had proceeded in search of food, and were returning to the barge, when six of the men contrived to get a little in advance, and before their design could be suspected, entered the boat and departed, taking with them the servant of the Indian guide, and leaving their officers and companions on a desolate coast. The Indian guide had left the party a few days previously, to obtain some provision, and upon his return imagined his servant had been murdered, and it was only by degrees that he comprehended the nature of the event which had robbed

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him of his reward—the barge. The servant, however, made his escape in a few days, and returning to the place whence the barge had departed, soon acquainted the chief with the particulars of his seizure. The Indian was still willing to guide the remainder of the crew, now dwindled to five, towards the Spanish settlements, on condition of receiving Byron's fowling-piece, and some trifles belonging to the captain. But how were they to proceed? The chief's canoe would not hold all the party; and it was therefore resolved that Captain Cheap and Byron should accompany him to a place where the aid of other Indians might be procured. To keep the Indian firm to his engagement his wife and children were to remain as hostages with the men, who were thus unavoidably left behind. At length a small settlement, consisting of five or six wigwams, was reached, where the captain found refreshment and shelter through the influence of the chief; but Byron was left to manage for himself, the commander seeming to care but little for the safety of his faithful subordinate. But the young man found gentle and pitying hearts, even in an Indian wigwam. Two women received him into their rude abode, lighted a fire, and went out in the depth of night to procure some fish for his sustenance, after which they covered him with warm blankets and skins whilst he slept. The tenderest mother could not have bestowed more fond attention on a dying son than these women, whom men would call savage, gave to the exhausted English youth, who had come a famishing stranger to their hut. As the savage gloom of the wilderness is sometimes brightened by clusters of sweet flowers blossoming on the dark rock, so the wildness of uncultured humanity is often relieved by gleams of those generous emotions which prevent our nature from becoming wholly ruined.

It was at length agreed that Captain Cheap and Byron should return to their party, and wait for the arrival of the Indians, who promised to come and lead the sailors to a place whence they might reach a European settlement. The small band was therefore compelled to wait the coming of the Indians, and feast in the meantime on sea-eggs, a species of shell-fish with many spines projecting from its surface, which are procured by diving to the bottom of the sea, and picking up the fish from the sands.

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The Indians at length arrived, and the skeleton of the "Wager's" crew departed from those desolate shores where civilized life so rarely battles with the savageness of nature. The hundred and sixty men who had left the English channel were now reduced to seven; and one of these—the surgeon—was in a dying state, when put into a canoe, where, in a few hours, he died from starvation, and was buried in a hole scraped by the hand on the shore. The work now before the survivors must have exhausted the strongest man: its effects upon the famine-stricken band may therefore be imagined; for they were compelled not only to row against rapid currents, but sometimes to carry the canoes over shallows and through swamps infested by myriads of stinging insects.

In the midst of these sufferings, Byron was separated from his companions and left upon a lonely beach without a morsel of food, with no prospect except a stormy sea, and the gigantic Cordilleras, which seemed gazing from their calm elevations on the helpless wanderer. He providentially fell in with another party of Indians, who, after nearly killing him by their savage treatment, conducted him to the party he had lost, from whom he received no welcome, so deeply had the selfishness of suffering seared the hearts of men trained in the midst of civilization. What marvel if the untutored Indians displayed the same indifference to misery, since the little instruction received from the missionaries could not be supposed more influential upon them than the religious education of their clergy upon white men. When Byron and his companions had been toiling all day at the oar, the Indians made no offer of their seal's flesh to the famished white men, who were compelled to land and wander for miles along the shore in search of shell-fish, which they had no sooner returned with than rowing recommenced, and was continued through the night. These incessant toils were more endurable than the miseries arising from the insects which fastened in swarms upon the emaciated bodies of the Europeans, and from which they were unable to free themselves, except by beating the ragged remnants of their garments with large stones. Thus the grandfather of our celebrated poet was frequently employed at the close of a day's rowing.

The miserable captain was now in the worst condition of all; so that Byron likens his body to an ant-hill, having thou-

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sands of insects crawling over it, which were probably attracted by the smell of the stinking seal's flesh always kept in a bag under his bead at night. This plan was adopted to prevent any of his starving crew stealing some of the flesh during his sleep. He was now fast sinking into a state resembling idiotcy, having become insensible to surrounding objects, and unable even to recollect the names of his small surviving crew. It did not seem probable that he could long exist, for a species of elephantiasis had so affected his legs, that, to use Byron's language, "they were as big as mill-posts," and the rest of his body had the appearance of a skeleton.

Whilst these miserable men were thus working their way along the shores of Chiloe, they heard from some Indians that a "ship with a red flag" had been on the coast, which was supposed to have been the Anna, one of Anson's squadron. This news was, however, productive of little comfort, as it only served to shew how near effectual relief had come, and how surely they had missed those who would have hailed them as friends risen from ocean graves.

Another of the small party, named Hamilton, was now separated from the remainder, in consequence of the canoe in which he was placed proceeding no further in the same direction with the other boats. Chiloe was at last reached, and the hope of safety became more clearly defined; for, in a short time, the party approached at midnight an Indian village, where the chief, who had been their guide from the scene of the wreck, induced the natives to make a fire, and furnish beds for the wearied sailors; in addition to which a sheep was roasted, and cakes of barley-meal prepared. The reader must imagine the joy with which the English beheld these hospitable preparations, and then the luxury of resting in peace on dry skins near a large fire, which infused the life-sustaining warmth into limbs distorted by cramp. A messenger was now despatched to Castro, the capital of Chiloe, to inform the Spanish governor of the arrival amongst the Indians of Europeans; and orders soon came for the natives to conduct the strangers to that place.

The scene which met the eyes of the wrecked and helpless sailors on their arrival near Castro might have excited laughter from any one who had suffered less, and so

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narrowly escaped death in the Indian deserts. It might have been supposed that a desperate band of armed buccaneers was approaching to storm the castle of Castro, so formidable was the display of troops, with their swords drawn: and all this array to receive three tottering men! By this escort the three were escorted to an open shed, on a hill-top, where a careful guard was kept over them. In a few days they were removed into Castro itself; and, being introduced to the governor, were seated at a table covered with ham and fowls, which, says Byron, "We three only sat down to, and in a short time despatched more than ten men with common appetites would have done." This good meal might well make all forget the ridiculous display of military pomp at their arrival, for all were much more inclined to eat than to ridicule. Indeed, Byron evidently wondered that no disease followed this sudden, unrestrained indulgence of their appetites. "It is," said the midshipman, "amazing, that our eating to that excess had not killed us: we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities, for some months after, of filling our pockets when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves. Captain Cheap used to declare that he was quite ashamed of himself." The captain of a British royal ship could not certainly feel himself much elevated by these pocketings of stray morsels.

The party were now conducted to the Jesuits' College in Castro, and placed for security in one of the rooms, where they received some clean though ragged shirts, which, next to the supper "of ham and fowls," was the greatest luxury. They had, therefore, no reason to complain of the Spaniards' want of attention. In a short time the Jesuits, finding they were not Roman Catholics, began to attempt to convert the captain and his companions. This proceeding was natural enough on the part of the Spaniards, especially as the governor of Castro had himself ordered the Jesuits to convert the captive sailors. The governor's commands, and the arguments of the theologians had little effect upon the remnant of the Wager's crew. Nor could this have been very surprising to the Jesuits themselves, as Latin was the only language common to the two parties, and neither Captain Cheap nor his

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two companions can be presumed to have been very ready even at this.

After a tolerably comfortable abode of eight days in this college, their feelings were somewhat ruffled by the entrance of a young coxcombical officer, son of the governor of Chiloe, who informed the sailors that he was sent to bring them to Chaco. As this place was ninety miles distant, the news was not very welcome ; but each hoped this move might bring them one step nearer home, and therefore prepared for their journey, on which they found no less than thirty mounted troopers were to escort them—just ten to each prisoner!

The whole party reached Chaco in three days, having had a really pleasant journey, and were treated upon their arrival with all the hospitality which could be expected by men in their circumstances, having nothing to complain of except the numerous fast-days of the governor, upon which their usual fare was, of course, less ample : a slight ground of complaint, the reader will admit, for men who had seen such numbers of their comrades perish in the agonies of famine. Byron, however, managed to escape even the fast-day reductions of food, by making friends with the cook of the governor, and thus providing himself always with a store beforehand. When it is considered that Anson's squadron had alarmed the whole coast, intercepted the annual ship from Lima, and produced other losses to the Spaniards, we must admit their conduct towards the crew of the Wager was honourable to them as men and Christians. Mr. Hamilton, from whom the rest had parted when in the Indian canoes, rejoined his companions at Chaco, having been discovered in a miserable plight by a party despatched in search of him by the governor.

Something like a romantic adventure now befell Byron during a short stay in Castro, to which the prisoners had returned, when the governor went his annual tour through the districts of Chiloe. The niece of a rich priest became so attached to the young Englishman, that she prevailed upon her uncle to give his consent to her marriage with Byron, provided the latter would agree to become a Roman Catholic. Byron says, "she was reckoned one of the most accomplished young ladies of Chiloe. Her person was good, though

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she could not be called a regular beauty." The mode in which the old uncle proposed his niece to Byron had in it much of that effective logic which appeals at once to the senses and reaches the dullest heart. Taking the young man aside into a private room, he opened several boxes: the first containing much rich apparel belonging to his niece; another, the treasures of his own wardrobe; and then pressed these riches, with the young lady herself, upon the acceptance of Byron. What our lady-readers will think of the young gentleman we cannot well divine; but he preserved his heart untouched by the niece's charms and the uncle's wealth; remembering, perhaps, some fair lady in England. This last supposition will doubtless be agreeable to all, though Byron himself gives no authority for the guess.

The captives were soon cheered with the prospect of reaching Chili in the ship which traded yearly between the island of Chiloe and the coast of the American continent. This vessel arrived at Chaco about the middle of December, 1742; and in the ensuing January all who remained of the Wager's crew embarked for Valparaiso, which port they reached in six days. Here a fresh display of the Spanish military prowess awaited the four sailors, who were received by a line of soldiers, having their bayonets fixed, and conducted to the governor, who spoke of nothing except the strength of the garrison and power of the batteries. Such children were these Spanish governors that vaunting seemed necessary to their existence.

The captives were placed in a loathsome prison, swarming with vermin, and watched by a sentry with his bayonet fixed, who gained a large sum of money by showing his prisoners to the curious population of Valparaiso. Captain Cheap and Mr. Hamilton were soon able to escape these annoyances, as their commissions having been preserved, they were known to be officers, and therefore allowed to depart to St. Jago, the capital of Chili; whilst Byron and his friend, Mr. Campbell, were to remain in prison at Valparaiso. Upon this occasion Captain Cheap exhibited the greatest concern for his two companions, whom he regretted to leave behind, and gave the most positive assurances that he would use his influence to effect their liberation from Valparaiso. No sooner had the captain departed than Byron and his companion

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began to experience cruel treatment from the mercenary governor, who refused to allow a sufficient sum of money to purchase provisions for the two prisoners. This evil, however, worked its own cure; for no sooner did the people of Valparaiso become acquainted with these facts than they furnished the two Englishmen with everything necessary; so that even wine and fruit were amongst their daily provisions. A churlish speech of the governor had elicited these proofs of generosity from the Spaniards. The soldier who guarded the Englishmen had represented to the commandant the inadequacy of the supplies granted to the prisoners; upon which the uncourteous Spaniard replied that they might starve, for no further allowance would be granted. When this speech was reported through Valparaiso, the respectable inhabitants immediately denounced such barbarous conduct, and many supplied the two Englishmen with both luxuries and necessaries. The generosity of the poor soldier who guarded them was still more worthy of remark; for he gave for their relief half his daily pay, though a wife and six children must have taxed his earnings to the last mite.

Byron was not, however, doomed to remain long at Valparaiso. Captain Cheap had not forgotten his fellows; and by his influence an order came for the removal of Byron and Mr. Campbell to St. Jago. But the governor contented himself with issuing orders to a mule-driver to take the two prisoners to their destination, refusing to give the man any compensation. Byron endeavoured to make the muleteer amends by attending to the animals which strayed from the road; and by this means so won the heart of the driver, that he recommended the young man to commence the business of a carrier, assuring him that his skill would soon render him a prosperous man, and enlarging much on the folly and wickedness of a life spent in great cities. Byron, however, was not destined to live and die a mule-driver on the Andes; and therefere could but thank his honest friend, and promise to adopt his recommendation should he find the world unkind. He was now delivered over to the commander of the guard, and conducted to Captain Cheap and Mr. Hamilton, who were comfortably lodged in the mansion of a Scotch doctor, named Don Patricio Gedd: a much better sounding appellation, it must be confessed, than plain Patrick Gedd.

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It was owing to this benevolent individual that these four of the Wager's crew received such kind treatment in St. Jago. He had persuaded the governor to allow them to reside in his house, a request which was at once granted; and thus all lived as happily as they could have done in any country at a distance from their native land. Times there were when thoughts of their companions, now buried in the ocean waves, or on the wild sea-shore, would cross like spectral forms their memories, and the captain especially could not forget the ruin brought upon his once noble crew. Such remembrances were not suffered to interfere with the present pleasures, which the hospitality of all was well fitted to impart. A Spanish officer, Don Manuel de Guivor, finding the English deficient in money, and unable to appear in decent clothing, made a generous offer of two thousand dollars, and this without the least reference to repayment. Such a noble instance of generosity in one whose country was then at war with England could not fail of deeply affecting those who had experienced the bitterness of human selfishness. The friendly proposal was in part accepted, six hundred dollars being received; for which Captain Cheap insisted upon giving a draft on the British consul at Lisbon, not being willing to take advantage of such a rare liberality.

The English passed their time most pleasantly amid these social people, being allowed to go wherever they pleased, either in the city or over the beautiful environs of the suburbs, where groves of oranges, olives, and vineyards contributed to their delight, and recalled, by the force of contrast, their late privations. These luxuries effected for one of the party what all the arguments of the Jesuits had failed to accomplish in the prison at Castro: Mr. Campbell now changed his faith, becoming a Roman Catholic. He was therefore left behind amongst the Spaniards when Captain Cheap departed for England. This event happened after a two-years' abode at St. Jago, when a French ship, bound for Spain, touched at Valparaiso; and thus presented an opportunity for their return to Europe, which was not neglected. In December, 1744, Captain Cheap and his two companions embarked in this ship—a frigate of sixteen guns—in which they departed for those regions endeared to them by absence and many perils.

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But it seemed the fate of the party to be for ever exposed to tempests, as the French vessel narrowly escaped shipwreck, and was driven back to Valparaiso, whence she was unable to depart before the following March. Nor was the voyage even then such as sailors love: a deficiency of water forced the frigate to set sail for Martinico; but the currents swept the vessel so far from her course, that it is amazing she escaped a total wreck, being carried through a group of islands during the night without the knowledge of the crew. However, this was the last peril which threatened the returning party; and a safe passage was made to Brest, under the protection of a French squadron of five ships. Captain Cheap and his friends, therefore, beheld themselves safe in the harbour on November 1st. This agreeable termination of their sea adventures was nevertheless qualified by the discomforts connected with their condition as prisoners of war; for, in a few days after the arrival at Brest, they were taken about twelve miles up the river to Landernaw, at which all were allowed their parole during the three months of their abode in the place. At the end of that period, the Spanish government gave permission for their return to England; upon which they departed in a Dutch vessel from Marlaix, and were met off the French coast by an English man-of-war, the Squirrel, commanded by Captain Masterson, who instantly despatched his cutter to land them at Dover; whence the eager party departed for Canterbury. There Captain Cheap was compelled to remain by extreme weakness, whilst Byron and Mr. Hamilton set off in a postchaise for London. Difficulties, though of a minor kind it must be confessed, yet harassed these returning officers. They had escaped from death by wreck and famine, and here they were again, upon English ground; but money had disappeared, not leaving even a sufficiency to pay for the turnpikes. Through these they were therefore forced to dash, regardless of the shouts of the enraged gate-keepers, and at last reached London without being caught by any of the road-trustees and taken before some justice of the peace.

Byron had now to find his friends, for hunger began to remind him of his past sufferings in Chiloe, he having eaten nothing during his rapid journey. Taking a coach, he ordered the man to drive to Marlborough Street, where his

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friends had resided when he left England in the ill-fated Wager; but the house was deserted, and he scarcely knew for whom to inquire, though something must speedily be done, as he had no money to pay the coachman, who began to look with suspicion on a young man who seemed to know nobody. Byron at last recollected a draper's shop from which his family had been accustomed to procure goods; and driving thither, not only obtained the coachman's fare, but received the direction to his sister's residence, who had been married to Lord Carlisle, and lived in Soho Square. To that place the young man walked, and knocked at the door with that trembling sensation felt by those who return as from the grave to those who have long numbered them with the dead. Either the tremulous knock or his strange figure, "half Spanish, half French," as he describes it, displeased his sister's porter, who, glancing at the young visitor's muddy boots, seemed disposed to shut the door in his face, as against some daring impostor. Byron was not, however, to be defeated at the termination of his adventures by a crusty porter, and persevered till admission was secured; when he was quickly introduced to that sister who had never expected to see him again. The joy produced throughout the house by such an event, from Lady Carlisle down to the surly porter, who made ample amends for his tardiness in admitting by the vehemence of his rejoicing, must be left to the imaginations of those who have experienced the delight of similar meetings.

Thus, of one hundred and sixty men, composing the Wager's crew at her departure, only three returned to England after an absence of more than five years. The squadron in which they had sailed had suffered much, all Anson's ships, except the Centurion, being destroyed; but with this vessel he had watched for the Spanish Galleon; and, in 1749, the admiral made his fortune by the capture of this treasure-ship, worth nearly 400,000*l*., and returned to England in June, 1744, having sailed round the globe in three years aud nine months.

The captured wealth was paraded through the streets of London, amidst the shouts of a multitude, who little thought of the sorrows which had passed over one ship of Anson's fleet, and the loss of life attending this celebrated expedition.

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But when did an unthinking multitude set life above gold? The latter had been secured, and the bold Anson could truly declare that he had taken from the Spaniards property to the amount of a million sterling. But in these triumphs, the crew of the Wager had no share: death in the sea or on famine-stricken shores had become their portion; and the few who returned home met no reward except the honour ever bestowed on brave endurance of calamity.

Young Byron's subsequent career was distinguished by stirring events. In 1759, the midshipman of the Wager commanded as a captain in the fleet of the bold Boscawen, in the action against the French off Cape Lagos. The government also appointed him commander of the expedition for discovery in the South Sea, which sailed round the globe between June 1764, and May 1766. He subsequently rose to the rank of an admiral, was a great favorite amongst the sailors, and at last died full of honours in 1798, unconscious of the literary splendour which, in a few years, would be connected with the name of Byron, by one who, at the admiral's death, was but a boy ten years old.

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XII.

THE SAILOR STRUCK BY LIGHTNING;

OR,

THE SUDDEN DESTRUCTION OF THE RESISTANCE FRIGATE, IN 1798.

THE thunder-storms which expend their fury in the ocean, strike a solitary ship, and leave her a wreck upon the waters. Such accidents are not so numerous as we might expect, after reading those descriptions of sea-tempests which appear in our naval publications; for whilst thunder-storms at sea are amongst the grandest, and perhaps the most fearful of natural phenomena, a ship may move through the waters, lashed by the electric shocks, without drawing the fiery bolts upon herself; or the lightning may even run along her decks, circle the masts, and flash amidst her rigging, without producing any serious injury, as the fluid passes off by numerous conductors into the sea. The total destruction of a ship by lightning is therefore an event so singular, and its consequences of so fearful a character, that one such occurrence seems necessary in a series of adventures by sea. The vessel to which the reader's attention is now directed was a British frigate of forty-four guns, named the Resistance, commanded by Captain Edward Pakenham, and cruising during the summer of 1798 in the Indian ocean.

No other ship was in sight when the calamity about to be described happened; and England might have long remained ignorant of her frigate's fate, wondering, year after year, and

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at last forgetting her name, as we do in the case of the unfortunate President, had not some rumours of the event spread from isle to isle, until they reached Malacca. A trading ship heard the story, and carried it to Major Taylor, the commander of some troops in that island. The story was to the effect, that a British frigate of war had been blown up in the straits of Banca, and that a small part of her crew had fallen into the hands of the ferocious Malay pirates, by whom they were kept as slaves in the island of Lingan. Major Taylor did not listen with a lazy official ear to these reports, but immediately despatched a vessel to Lingan to make inquiries into the rumoured event, and to procure the restoration of the survivors, whilst, to prevent all mistakes, a Sepoy, well acquainted with the Malayan tongue, accompanied the party. A letter was also despatched to the chief of the island, requesting his influence in the promotion of the object. When the major's messengers arrived at Lingan, they soon ascertained the truth of the sad reports, but to their amazement found only one man of the whole crew of the Resistance. Him they brought to Malacca, in December, 1798. This was a young sailor named Thomas Scott, aged twenty-two, whose account soon confirmed, in every particular, the startling rumours which had excited the attention of the British officer.

The following was the substance of Scott's narrative. It appears that the Resistance was employed in watching the Malay pirates, who then swarmed in the seas around Malacca, Sumatra, and Java, and afflicted, by their horrid cruelties, the peaceful merchants both of Europe and Asia. Whilst engaged in exercising this police-duty, the Resistance entered the straits of Banca, on her route to Malacca, in the month of July.

The sun set on the 26th of that month over a sea upon which nothing like danger seemed to impend; and as the ship anchored, no one would have supposed that anchor which stayed the brave frigate against the quiet rippling of the sea, should never be moved from its deep rest by human hands. So warm was the night, relieved by summer thunder, that some of the crew slept on deck when their watch was over, instead of going below. Amongst them was Thomas Scott, who lay down between two guns, and was almost hushed to sleep by the deep sound of the sea. Some-

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times he slept, and then woke for an instant, dozing on and off for some time, while he enjoyed the grandeur of the scene around him.

He at length awoke in a fright; a sudden blaze flashed round him; his hair was burned, his clothes scorched, and before his confused thoughts could recover, a deafening explosion, accompanied by a horrible feeling, as if lifted towards the sky, deprived him of all sensation. Consciousness soon returned, and the astonished sailor found himself in the sea. The ship was gone; he saw nought save the sky, and felt himself sinking, upon which the strong instinct of self-preservation led him to struggle for life; and, grasping some large substance which floated near, he kept himself above water.

What had happened?—was he in some strange dream?—or had he fallen overboard? were questions which the startled sailor ran through without giving them anything like a distinct shape. A few minutes revealed the dreadful truth—the Resistance had been blown up by a sudden flash of lightning, whilst resting at anchor, and her sleeping crew had passed, without even waking, from this life to the mysteries of the next.

The lightning had been observed by Scott to dart from the heavens upon the ship, and go down the fore-hatchway like a bolt shot direct from the sky. Scarcely could the astonished man exclaim "Lord have mercy on us!" when all was over; and the ship, splitting into fragments, went down in a moment. No shriek mingled with the deep reverberation of the explosion, for death came in the stillness of slumber; and if the roar were heard by the startled sleepers, few could have understood its meaning. When Scott recovered, he was not alone; a few stupified men were clinging to pieces of the ship, and he soon discovered that thirteen only had escaped of all the crew. After clearing his eyes from the powder, by which he was almost blinded, Scott saw part of the ship floating near, and swimming towards it, clung to the timber until dawn enabled him to survey more clearly his melancholy position.

Of the thirteen who had escaped immediate death, some were terribly scorched, so that it was with the utmost difficulty they held on to the floating timbers of their lost ship. Some time elapsed before the survivors could understand their

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condition; nor will this surprise those who know the effect of sudden catastrophes upon even strong minds. Nothing had prepared the sufferers for the blow; and the intimations of impending ruin, which generally precede destructive calamities, were here all wanting—the living being taken from life in an instant.

When the New Horn blew up, the stroke was expected; the crew had been long watching the progress of the flames, and all saw their end approaching; but here there was no preparation; a flash and a report—these were the only manifestations that the end had come.

The morning found the living resolved still to struggle for life, and a raft was prepared from the scattered pieces of the ship, upon which it was hoped they might in a short time reach land. The few whose burns permitted them to join in the work completed a rude raft by the middle of the next day; and raising something like a sail, endeavoured to direct their course towards Sumatra. Time was indeed precious, as no water was in their possession, and the whole supply of food consisted of a pumpkin, which could not last long amongst thirteen men. Evening approached without bringing any sight of land; and still more to dispirit them, the sun set amid storm-clouds, flinging his last rays over a swelling sea, the force of which threatened to tear the rude raft asunder. The evil which had been feared soon happened. A large part of their vessel was washed away, the sail torn down, and the wounded began to yield to the slow but fatal action of hunger and storm. One soon died, whose departure seemed but the forerunner of the fate now reserved for all. A sad resolve was now taken; the four men who were least injured determined to abandon the raft, and swim towards an anchor-stock, which had been torn from it, and yet floated at some distance. Thus these twelve isolated men were compelled still further to increase their loneliness by a separation to which nothing but the desperate nature of their circumstances could have driven the remnant of the frigate's crew.

Sailors are not daunted by trifles, nor easily subdued by danger; but the moment in which the only four able men swam to the anchor-stock seemed like the beginning of death to the wounded and exhausted eight left on the raft. Each

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bade farewell to his companions with the impression that neither on sea nor land would the two parties ever meet again. Thomas Scott first swam off, and the three, whose names were Joseph Scott, Hutton, and M'Carthy, followed. They soon afterwards lost sight of the raft, and never again saw any of the eight. The four were soon caught by a current, which drifted them in sight of land; and in a few hours they were thrown violently by the surf on a strange beach, and thus delivered from the fear of drowning, though ignorant of the danger which might menace them from the inhabitants of this unknown land. These shores were the haunts of Malay pirates, upon whose compassion no European would ever venture to rely, and from whom the four fugitives could expect to receive nothing but death. Yet all were eager for the sight of human beings, as they had now been without food for three nights and days, and their fate lay between famine and pirates. Whilst wandering along the shore, a discovery was made which at once decided their course. A Malay vessel was observed at anchor in a recess on the coast, not more than five hundred yards distant from the spot where the four men stood. They now agreed to send Thomas Scott forward, as he was the only person acquainted with the Malay language; and each resolved not to make any resistance to the pirates, as opposition could not produce any good result. Scott accordingly advanced, leaving his companions concealed behind a point of land, and was soon perceived by the Malays, who, setting up a wild yell, rushed upon him with drawn swords. Scott now showed that cool presence of mind which so often serves a man better than arms. He stood quietly till the ferocious men approached, when he implored their protection for a starving and shipwrecked man. The appeal was at first disregarded, and one raised his heavy sword to cut off the sailor's head. A chief, however, was present, who prohibited the band from injuring Scott, until some knowledge could be gained respecting his country, and the circumstances which had brought him to that coast. Scott at once told them he was an Englishman, upon which they manifested a more friendly disposition towards him, as it seems they had supposed he was a Dutchman, in which case, they assured him, that nothing could have saved him from massacre; rather unpleasant intelligence for one who had formerly been in the

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service of the Dutch, as was the case with Scott. The cause of this murderous hatred towards the Hollanders must be sought in the long system of shameful misrule by which that people had afflicted the natives of Java, and other islands in those seas. Their grasping spirit of monopoly, treacherous cruelty towards Europeans, and tyrannical rule exercised upon the natives, have made their name detested to this hour in the Archipelago of the spice islands. The confusion attending their misgovernment in Java is, in modern times, a striking exemplification of the miseries produced by politicians whose *only* principle is the extraction of profit from those over whom they rule. The Dutch have paid the penalties attached to such violations of social laws, and having neglected the true interests, and disregarded the civilization of their Eastern subjects, now meet with hatred and contempt, where they might have secured confidence and respect. Thus it is in the nineteenth century, and so it was at the time when the Malay pirates assured Thomas Scott that "had he been a Dutchman, they would have killed him on the spot."

The remaining men were now brought from their hiding-place by the Malays, and seated with Scott in the midst of the pirates, until a long string of inquiries respecting themselves and their ship had been duly answered. The chief being at length convinced that the party were English, promised to protect them, and convey all to Malacca. The pirate was probably rendered more favourable towards them by discovering that his prisoners had actually made war upon the Dutch, whom he and all his race singled out from the whole European family as objects of special vengeance. Not that these people were favourable to *any* Europeans—all of whom they hated—but this general dislike was heightened into intense detestation towards the lords of Java.

The four seamen had now passed the critical point, and might deem themselves safe from deliberate murder at least, though not by any means secure from the sudden ebullition of rage so frequent amongst a half savage and ferocious race like the Malays.

Food was soon given to the prisoners, who indulged upon an ample meal of rice and fish; after which the pirates set off to search for such fragments of the frigate as might be afloat: little was however found, save a few chests which had

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belonged to the seamen. Some of the dead bodies were at times washed on shore; but these were few when compared with the numbers which had sunk. Many never rose from the mass of the wreck, beneath which they are doubtless resting to this day, fixed in their first grave by the accumulations of sea-drift and sand, around the sunken hull. The Malays into whose hands Scott and his party had fallen were part of a numerous pirate fleet, amounting to eighteen vessels, which kept the Chinese seas in a state of perpetual alarm by their robberies and horrible cruelties. Such an organised system of piracy, existing so recently, may startle those who are unacquainted with the history of the Eastern sea robbers, and are accustomed to refer all such atrocities to the period when Europe allowed the flag of Algiers to insult the Mediterranean. But along the coasts of Malabar and in the Indian seas, pirate states, possessing regularly organized fleets, existed in the latter part of the eighteenth century; and some of those desperate villains still haunt the Chinese seas. The pirate Angria had a state on the coast of Malabar, consisting of a tract nearly two hundred miles long, defended by strong fortifications, and provided with a complete chain of watch-towers and batteries. A powerful fleet was at the command of this pirate chief, not only sufficiently strong to destroy or capture the strongest merchantmen, but even ships of war, as the Dutch experienced in 1734, when three frigates, one mounting fifty guns, were destroyed by the pirates. In 1755, the destruction of this nest of monsters occupied a British fleet under the command of Admiral Watson, who, after a tremendous cannonade from his ships, anchored within a hundred yards of the forts, succeeded in blowing up the works, and for ever crushing those homes of murderers.

Such an instance may illustrate the daring lengths to which these confederations of thieves sometimes proceeded. Nor is the evil yet extinct, as the exploits lately performed by the crew of the Dido against the pirates of Borneo fully prove.

Scott was not therefore surprised when, in the year 1798, he found himself in a fleet of Malay robbers, who found ready markets for their prizes in the ports of those seas.

To one of these places, Penobang, in the island of Lingan, the pirates carried their captives, and there a separation took place in the small band of sailors—Thomas Scott being left

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as a slave with the rajah at Penobang, whilst Joseph Scott was sent in a prize-ship to another part, to which M'Carthy and Hutton finally came. Scott was thus alone amongst the most treacherous and cruel race on the face of the earth, and whose natural ferocity might at any moment be excited by their Mussulman hatred to all bearing the Christian name. In a few days he was brought to Lingan, and there sold at one of those cockfights, for which the Malay races manifest an enthusiasm greater than that of the Spaniard for his bull-fights. Scott now received the joyful intimation that he had been purchased by the Sultan of Lingan, who being friendly to the English, had been requested by Major Taylor to effect the liberation of all belonging to the Resistance who might fall into the hands of chiefs under his influence.

The other sailors had been purchased with a like object by this generous sultan, and were journeying to Penang, so that the only four who represented the crew of the unfortunate frigate were in the road to liberty. Scott was at last claimed by the messengers of Major Taylor, and departed for Malacca, where he reached the head quarters of the English troops on the 5th day of December, 1798, having passed in a short space of time through adventures which few long lives ever experience.

This young sailor departed from Malacca as soon as possible for Portsmouth, at which place he arrived safely, and was immediately summoned before the admiralty to give evidence respecting the loss of the frigate. His account of her destruction was by some deemed incredible; but the various confirmations which the narrative received soon convinced the incredulous of its truth, and placed before the naval world the terrible and singular fate of the Resistance.

Scott continued to serve his country; and though no more such accidents befel him, took his share of the hard casualties of war, by which he was at length fitted for an asylum in Greenwich Hospital, where, after the close of the war, he was found as a pensioner. Sometimes he would join the "yarns" of his messmates, and give again and again his account of the adventures detailed in these pages, which his auditors—all men who knew danger in a thousand forms—admitted to have few parallels in naval history.

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XIII.

THE SAILOR WRECKED ON HIS NATIVE COAST:

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "HALEWELL," EAST INDIAMAN, IN THE YEAR 1786.

To say that one wreck is more terrible than another may seem common-place enough, and does but amount to the assertion that some calamities are surrounded with circumstances of a more gloomy character than the general class of evils which affect man. But he who is conversant with maritime adventures will be able at once to select cases of shipwreck which stand out in most fearful prominency from the average perils of the sea, fixing the attention on the dark scene, to the exclusion, for a time, of other events. To be wrecked close to one's native shores, and that at the very commencement of an important voyage, is certainly a case of this nature, presenting a crowding succession of sorrowful scenes, and exemplifying the sudden destruction of bright hopes at the very moment when fancy colours the future with those glowing tints which so often cast their glories on the *beginnings* of human works. Those who have witnessed the departure of a ship to some distant colony may be acquainted with the different feelings then so visibly depicted on every countenance. A certain expectancy brightens each eye, overcoming the regrets which crowd around the last "good night" to our native land. Hopefulness is the presiding feeling of the time; for some are leaving the long known and bitterly felt struggles of crowded civilization for regions where wide fields are open to enterprize and labour; and does not imagination discourse

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sweetly of the happy future and a quiet old age in distant lands? Others have honour, with all the pomp and circumstance of successful ambition, spread out, glittering in the distance: and these have few regrets, for the future, with its long-sounding tale of good fortune, lies before them. Such are the feelings which predominate in many—perhaps in the majority—of those who leave their native land for distant climes; all of which are so rudely blighted and destroyed by a wreck at the outset, ere the vigour of fresh-budded hopes has yielded before the agency of time and the disagreeables of the voyage. The loss of the "Halsewell," an East India ship, on the coast of Dorsetshire, in the year 1786, has suggested the above remarks; and the facts of this long-remembered and most melancholy wreck shall now be briefly placed before the reader.

This ship left the Downs on Sunday, January 1st, in 1786, with two hundred and forty persons on board, many being ladies of great beauty and accomplishments, who, having finished their education in England, were going out to their relatives in India. Many gentlemen destined for the services then so tempting to the ambitious and energetic, when the East was regarded as a field for securing both fame and wealth, were amongst the passengers. The British power was then on the point of commencing that magnificent march which has led the soldiers of England to the capital of Lahore. The French strength had been broken, the power of Hyder Ali checked, and the fame of Clive still shone like a bright star over the troubled land of India, promising future Plasseys to those who sought them. All saw that the work had but begun in India: the rage of Tippoo Saib was the spirit of the tempest which must soon break over the Mysore country. To India, therefore, did the adventurous spirits of the time press; and amongst the passengers on board the Halsewell were many who hoped to return to England with wealth sufficient to place them on a level with princes. Something must, however, be suffered ere such glittering prizes are gained; and it seemed as if their hardships were about to commence with the hour of their departure from England.

A snow-storm came on before the vessel could clear the channel, the sea rose furiously, and that tempest began which

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hundreds and thousands had bitter reason for remembering during their lives. Frost and snow were joined with thunder and lightning ; and all these elements were aided in their destructive operation by a hurricane continually shifting to all points of the compass. The Halsewell might have braved the gale had she been fairly out at sea ; but the storm caught her with the coast on the lee, and she was therefore compelled to watch not only against the perils of the sea, but those of the land. To increase the danger, a leak was discovered on Tuesday night, but not before five feet of water stood in the hold ; and on the next day, the main and mizen masts were cut away in order to save the ship from destruction, as she had by this time become nearly unmanageable. All thoughts of pursuing the voyage were now given up, and the captain set the ship for Portsmouth ; but the wind blowing upon the land, brought the vessel too near the coast, and it was feared that she would not be able to weather the rocky points to leeward. It was, therefore, resolved to beat up for Studland Bay, with the hope of anchoring there till the storm ceased ; but to reach this harbour it was necessary to pass St. Alban's Head—a rocky and dangerous promontory, to weather which every effort was now made. All was in vain, the ship being driven more upon the coast instead of keeping her course off the land ; and about eleven on Thursday night, the dreaded mass of St. Alban's Head loomed through the darkness. To pass the headland was impossible, as it was not much more than a mile from the vessel, and the wind blew directly upon the rocky coast. The sails were instantly taken in, and one of the anchors let go, which, it was hoped, would arrest their progress towards the shore. For about an hour the ship kept her place, during which period each swell of the sea had been watched with that breathless awe which the near presence of death creates ; for all felt that the crisis had come, and knew full well that upon a piece of straining rope and the anchor's firm grip the lives of the whole company depended. At length a fatal movement was perceived in the ship : she had drifted from her anchorage, and was hurrying on the rocks. But all resources were not yet exhausted : the sheet anchor was now let go, and the Halsewell was again stayed in her course to destruction. At this critical moment, when every man was summoned, by the terrible

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emergency, to the exercise of the highest coolness and courage, the sailors shewed themselves utterly unworthy of being ranked with British seamen. The dastards slunk below, and refused even to man the pump, which the officers and soldiers were compelled to work. It is to be feared that the vessel had been provided with an inefficient crew—a pack of "skulks," willing enough to enjoy the advantages of sunshine and the benefits of liberal pay, but shrinking from duty at the very moment most fitted to call forth the true sailor's best energies. The time was, however, approaching when these cowards would be forced to take their chance with the rest on the storm-beaten decks; for the sheet-anchor, after holding for about two hours, gave way, and the ship again drifted towards the precipitous rocks of St. Alban's head, which, frowning through the storm, quietly waited to shiver upon its foam-beaten ramparts the doomed vessel. It was now two o'clock in the morning: the Halsewell was surging forwards; the dark rocks every instant becoming more distinct; and the thunder of the sea breaking against the perpendicular cliffs seemed like the boomings of distant minute guns. Lights were displayed from all parts of the ship to alarm the coast, and guns fired at intervals with the like object: but what purpose could be answered, even if the whole country should be roused, since no boat could put off from such a shore with the least chance of braving the tempest? The captain and his officers saw the coming crash, which must in a few minutes end the agony of their suspense; and also felt that no human power could prevent the blow. The feelings of the captain were not those of dread: pity for the young and beautiful around filled his soul; and the fearful crisis was for him deepened in its agony by the presence on board the Halsewell of his two daughters, whose personal sufferings were forgotten in fear for their father's safety. The ladies, though exhausted by the anxieties of their situation, remained quiet; not distracting the officers by useless outcries or unavailing terror. One only yielded, probably through physical weakness, to the surrounding horrors, and fell on the floor in violent convulsions. The captain had just kissed his daughters, and endeavoured to compose the ladies by holding out some prospect of escape, when he saw that the hour of ruin had come; for, looking towards the shore,

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all beheld, close upon them, the black rampart walls of rock, their steep sides yawning over the approaching ship, which, with long plungings, surged onwards to her doom, groaning in her struggles, as if gifted with a knowledge of her coming fate.

A few more heaves of the labouring vessel, and then was heard and felt the shock of her whole side striking with the heavy, dead force of a battering-ram full upon the rock. For a moment she recoiled, and fell back into the foaming sea; then again struck with greater violence, all her timbers, from stem to stern, trembling with the crash. The side was beaten in by the shock; and, rolling towards the land, she fell with her whole broadside upon the splintering cliff.

The rending of the timbers drove the sailors on deck, where human labour was now of little use. Some rushed to the battered side of the Halsewell, hoping to leap from the decks upon the rock; but the face of the cliff being nearly perpendicular, like the wall of a house, prevented the boldest from seeking a footing during the night upon such a steep; whilst the vast height of the rock seemed to prohibit all attempts at escape. Neither the captain nor officers could understand one peculiar and frightful appearance of this rock, which actually overhung the ship, as with a black canopy of stone. The ship, in fact, seemed wedged into the entrance of some yawning cavern, into which the waves beat with a deafening roar. The ladies were all grouped together in that part of the ship called the round-house, in which about fifty were crowded, whom the officers encouraged to hope for deliverance in the morning, when the country must take the alarm. That the ship would hold together was now the only hope which could be entertained, no other means of escape being for an instant expected; and upon the probability of this the officers dilated to the passengers, as wave after wave swept with thundering fury over the hull. The mate was, however, doubtful respecting this chance of deliverance, as he felt the decks creak and groan with the shock of the billows. He, however, had given the ladies every reason to hope that the morning light would find the ship whole. What, then, was the agony with which he saw that the sides of the Halsewell were falling in, and the deck splitting up!

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sure signs that she would soon go to pieces. In a short time he looked again, and found that the ship was nearly split in two by the shocks she was every moment receiving. To remain longer in her was to choose death; and all turned their hopes to the steep cliffs, as offering now the only refuge. Long pieces of timber were pushed from the ship towards the rock with the hope that the opposite ends would rest for a short time on the rough projections of the precipice, and thus form a bridge by which a few, at least, might reach a landing-place. Some did effect their escape in this manner, and then discovered that the ship lay completely across the mouth of a cavern worn in the solid rock by the incessant beatings of the sea. This explained the circumstance of the cliff overhanging the ship; for she was driven a little way within the chasm, her head jammed against one extremity, and her stern at the other. In about twenty minutes after some of the crew had thus escaped, the sea broke into the ship, tore up the round-house, and burst in upon the ladies, whose involuntary shrieks now startled those who had taken refuge in the cave. All who were able had escaped from the Halsewell by the methods just described, and stood clinging to the rock, watching the vessel, and expecting every moment to hear the last cry from the multitude on board. Whilst those on the rock were expressing their apprehensions for the fate of the Halsewell, they were startled by a fearful shriek rising from the ship, and sounding dismally amid the roar of a vast wave which rolled over the vessel, and surged with a noise like thunder into the cavern. The screams of the ladies were for an instant heard above the horrid din, and then all was silent save the moan of the tempest. Anxiously did those in the cave listen for some sound of life in the place where the Halsewell had lain; but all was over there, and the beating hearts of the young, beautiful, and hopeful were buried beneath those waves. Never had that sea-beaten cavern been filled with such a combination of miseries; never since has it witnessed so terrible a scene.

Not one on board when the vessel split had escaped the fury of the sea; and at daybreak not a fragment of the noble ship could be seen: every plank had been sucked into the sea, or borne off by the tide, as if with maelstrom

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force. Thus, within a few yards of their native shore, perished nearly two hundred persons, who a few days before had departed for India with bright hopes of the future. Whilst those on the rock looked round, by the aid of the earliest dawn, for some remnant of the ship, and looked in vain, they discovered the perilous nature of the place where they had found a refuge. The rocks overhung the cavern to such a degree as to conceal its miserable inmates from the view of all on shore; and the total sinking of the Halsewell had destroyed all tokens of a shipwreck having happened during the night. Nor could any aid be expected from above, even if the wreck should become known, as no rope, let down from the edge, could be brought within reach of those who clung to the sides of the cavern. Thus it seemed that the cave had been hewn by the sea for the burial of the miserable sailors, many of whom had already fallen from its oozy and steep sides into the waves; and the rest were fearful of moving even an inch, lest their benumbed hands and feet should lose their present hold of the rock. It was at length discovered that a small ledge of the cliff ran round one end of the cavern, and along the face of the precipice beyond; but this was not wider than a man's hand, and few could hope, exhausted and benumbed as all were, to support themselves on such a slippery shelf, from which a fall would be death. Unless, however, some one could scale the steep, all must perish, as no relief was to be expected whilst they lay concealed in the hollow of the cliff. Hundreds of men might be on the summit without detecting the party in the recess, where none would imagine to find a band of shipwrecked men. Some means of giving an alarm must therefore be discovered, or the fate of those who had gone down in the Halsewell awaited all upon the rock.

The attempt to balance himself in the narrow projection was first made by the quarter-master, Mr. Thompson: he proceeded cautiously along the slippery rim, anxiously watched by his companions until a turn of the rock concealed him from their view. After some time, the cook resolved to follow, and both reached the summit of the cliff, a hundred feet high, in safety. They instantly began to search for a house, and soon arrived at the residence of Mr. Garland, the manager of the

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Purbeck quarry works, who heard with amazement the sad news of the shipwreck which had happened so near his house.

The quarry-men were instantly summoned to the assistance of the sailors, and hastened to the cavern provided with long ropes and iron bars. Many had attempted to scale the cliffs before the quarrymen arrived: some lost their hold, and, falling into the sea, perished; whilst a large body, amounting to about forty, were stopped in their progress, midway, by the steep, and compelled to remain till the arrival of succour. The most difficult part of the rescue consisted in letting down the ropes to those who remained in the cave. Some quarrymen were first placed on the edge of the cliff, with a rope tied round their bodies, and the other end secured to an iron-bar wedged firmly into the earth behind. From these, two others went a stage lower, fastened to a rope; then two more advanced beyond, to a lower part of the rock; and so a chain of men was formed along the face of the cliff, extending from its top to the projection over the cavern. The last two men were thus placed directly over the hollow: and from these, ropes were lowered into the opening, and being driven by the wind into the cave, were grasped by the sailors, who, fastening the looped end round their bodies, were slung up one by one. Eighteen were thus drawn from the chasm, but so exhausted by the sufferings of the past night, and the bruises received from the sea hurling them against the rocks, that four died soon after they had reached the summit of the cliffs.

Some distressing casualties occurred to many whilst being drawn up. One gentleman, named Brimer, seized the lowered end of the rope, but his frozen fingers prevented him from fastening the end securely round his body; and whilst the miners were raising him to the top, the rope slipped, and he, so nearly saved, fell from the dizzy heights upon the broken rocks beneath, upon which he was dashed to pieces; thus undergoing a more terrible fate than those who perished with the ship. This was not the only case of such a destruction when safety appeared at hand. Numbers fell from the ropes, and were killed on the rocks, or swallowed up by the waves into which they fell. So numerous, indeed, were those who perished by slipping from the steep cliffs during the dark

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night, or in the attempt to escape by climbing on the following day, that fifty persons were supposed to have thus lost their lives, after escaping from the ship.

The whole number saved amounted to seventy-four, out of more than two hundred and forty. The rest were scattered far and wide by the waves, some being thrown by the sea on the neighbouring rocks, amidst the broken fragments of chests, boxes, furniture, and parts of the ship. Others were drifted twenty miles from the fatal spot; and amongst these was the captain himself, whose body was found at Christchurch. As for the ship herself, she was shivered to atoms, as if pounded by huge rocks; and her splintered fragments were flung, by the subsequent tides, upon many a beach, and into the clifts of the rocky shore.

Thus perished the Halsewell East Indiaman, with her passengers and crew, within a few feet of the land which they had left with such high hopes and ardent aspirations; and whilst their friends were calculating the leagues they had proceeded towards India, they were meeting death amid the roar of the tempest on the rocky coast of Dorsetshire. So sudden a prostration of human hopes is rarely witnessed, or the volume of life would indeed be full of lamentation and woe; but enough of such examples can be found to fill the records of the sea with scenes of the deepest suffering, and traditions of the acutest woe. The following lines of Mrs. Hemans will form a suitable close to this account of a wreck in which so many of the sad details are united in those melancholy, yet beautiful verses:—

All night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep;
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A barque for India's coral strand
Before the raging blast
Had vail'd her topsails to the sand,
And bow'd her noble mast.

The qveenly ship! Brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her.
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.

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We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
  A star once o'er the seas;
Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn;
  And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
  The rocks with pearls were sown;
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
  Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
  Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes: but oh! that shore
  Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low—
  A crushed reed, thrown aside;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
  Not without strife he died.
And near him, on the sea-weed, lay—
  Till then we had not wept;
But well our gushing hearts might say
  That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
  With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
  Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
  To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers hung,
  All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
  Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
  In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
  With half-shut, violet eye:
He had known little of her dread,
  Nought of her agony.

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart,
  Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
  Its passionate adieu!
Surely thou hast another lot;
  There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, rememb'ring not
  The moaning of the sea!

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XIV.

THE SAILOR LOST IN PORT;

OR,

THE SINKING OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE," IN 1782.

WHEN a ship is lost *at sea*, no great surprise mingles with our regret: we feel that only the common fate, to which all vessels are exposed, has befallen her, and soon forget the catastrophe. The destruction of a proud citadel of the sea by the hurricane of battle, when, like L'Orient, she explodes with a roar which deadens the tumult of the surrounding fight, or sinks sullenly beneath the battery's fire, with all the colours flying, is also an event which fails to astonish, as such an end was to be expected for some of the numerous ships built in the dockyards of Europe. But when a vessel, resting quietly in her harbour, and surrounded by all the emblems of peace, meets destruction, and goes down with scarcely a moment's notice, we are affected with a surprise somewhat similar to that which would seize upon him who, gazing from a quiet eminence, sees a large city engulphed by an earthquake at his feet.

The sinking of the "Royal George" off Spithead, in the year 1782, is an incident of this impressive character, which excited at the period the sympathies of a whole nation, and lives to the present hour in the mournful traditions of the seaman.

Let the reader pass, in imagination, to Portsmouth, in the autumn of 1782, and picture to himself the spectacle visible in the naval rendezvous called Spithead. A fleet of nearly thirty

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sail of the line, commanded by Lord Howe, lay in the narrow sea, preparing to aid the garrison of Gibraltar, where the lion-hearted Elliot held the keys of that rocky fortress. The fleet was preparing to relieve the fort from the Duke of Crillon's floating batteries, large fleet, and force of 100,000 men; and all were expecting fresh glories for their admiral, who had this year been created a viscount. Near this fleet, in close company with these noble three-deckers—the Victory, Barfleur, Ocean, and others—floated the Royal George, of 100 guns, on the morning of August 29th. All was merriment on board the ship; for her crew, consisting of eight hundred and sixty-five men, had just been paid; and, with all a sailor's light-heartedness, were eager to spend the hard-earned toils of war. From the shores, boats were putting off with most ill-looking Jew-dealers and other "land-sharks," all ready to cheat and victimize Jack. Little thought those trading swarms of the fate to which they hastened: thoughts of gain and fraud occupied the minds of many, and prevented them from admiring the noble prospect in Spithead roadstead, or feeling a patriot's honest pride at the sight of that grand array of maritime power. It was about nine in the morning; breakfast was over, and the crew prepared to take on board a supply of rum, which a lighter had just brought alongside.

A piece of work was now in progress which is worthy of note, as from it resulted the ruin of the Royal George. The first thing that would have surprised a spectator was the position of the ship, which seemed to have heeled so much to the larboard or left side, that one could hardly stand upon the deck. This would soon be explained, however, by the nature of the operation. A pipe, which conveyed the water required for washing the decks and such-like purposes from the bottom of the ship, had got out of order; and, to repair it, the ship's bottom had been raised out of the water on that side where the pipe was inserted. As this opening was about three feet under water-mark, it was necessary to depress the opposite side of the ship by that space, so that the left side of the vessel would be three feet deeper than usual in the water, and the starboard, or right side, three feet higher. This elevation brought the entrance of the pipe above the sea, and thus enabled the workmen to repair the

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damage without taking the ship into dock. No danger could reasonably be expected from such a proceeding if conducted with proper attention; and the Royal George was therefore hove over before breakfast, so as to bring her starboard side about three feet out of the water. This result was accomplished in the following manner. All the guns on the left side of the ship were unfastened and run out through the port-holes to their full length. This, of course, weighed the ship down considerably on that side, but not sufficiently to raise the pipe-opening above the sea. The guns on the opposite side were therefore drawn back towards the middle of the decks, which brought the vessel still more down on the larboard side, so low that water dashed in through the port-holes.

All the weight of the guns being now towards one side, the opposite part was kept permanently above the sea; and the carpenters began their work on the starboard, whilst the crew were unloading the rum-lighter on the larboard side. Matters went on easily for some time—Jews chaffering with sailors, seamen settling their "accounts" with the Jews and one another. More than three hundred women, too, were soon on board, and the whole ship bore the aspect of a fair; though a part of the crew was, of course, kept to the work of the vessel. It was noticed by a few on board that the ship had settled somewhat lower down since the first heeling over in the morning; but this was attributed to the casks of rum placed on the larboard side; besides which, the greater part of the crew were collected there, and contributed, of course, to sink the port-holes still lower in the water. Another cause soon combined to heave the ship further over; for the wind, rising a little, increased the roll of the waves, and thus brought a large volume of water upon the lower deck, which, accumulating like a pool on the larboard side, sunk the vessel much deeper than had been originally contemplated. At this period, whole colonies of mice, driven from their holes by the unusual quantity of water poured upon their retreats, were running about the decks, hunted by the delighted sailors.

There was one man, however, who did not like the state of things, and kept anxiously watching the position of the ship as she lay with half her side on the sea. This was the car-

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penter. A few of the more steady sailors also felt uneasy; but the management of the ship was not their province: that was left to the care of the lieutenant in charge. The carpenter at length observed that the vessel was settling more and more in the water; and plucking up his courage, resolved to remind the lieutenant of the dangerous state of affairs. He, accordingly, went on deck, and requested the officer to permit the ship to be hove over a little towards the other side, so that no more water might enter her port-holes. The lieutenant, however, paid little attention to the carpenter's statement, who was therefore compelled to retire, hoping for the best, but dreading the result. The careful man did not long remain below. He saw clearly that unless the ship were soon righted, all would go down, and therefore resolved again to call the lieutenant's attention to the perilous condition of the vessel. He, accordingly, went to that officer, and assured him that the ship was endangered by her position, and entreated him to give orders to right the vessel. The conceited superior inquired, with an oath, whether the carpenter thought he could command the ship himself. This settled the question, and the man retired. But a strange feeling of uneasiness began to affect the older sailors, who, to say the truth, had little confidence in the lieutenant, and did not like the state of their noble ship. The Royal George was, at this moment, in a most crowded state, there being more than twelve hundred souls on board, of whom above three hundred were women.

A few minutes before the final alarm arose, the admiral's barber came out of the cabin, where he had been shaving Kempenfelt, then seated quietly in his room, and little expecting the summons to eternity which he, an old man of seventy, and so many of his crew, were about to hear. The lieutenant, who had so rudely repulsed the warning of the carpenter, took fright in a few minutes after the man departed, and ordered the drummer to beat to quarters, that the guns might be righted. The crew did not wait for the roll of the drum, for all saw the danger, and crowded down the hatchways as fast as possible, each eager to right his own gun, and thus lessen the weight on the vessel's sunken side.

But the alarm, unfortunately, came too late; for as the crew rushed down, the ship gave a heavy lurch and began to

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sink; upon which, Captain Waghorn ran to the admiral, crying out that the ship was going down, and endeavoured to wrench open the cabin-door. This he was unable to effect, in consequence of the inclined position of the ship having strained the wood-work, and so jammed the door against the flooring. The crew, at this critical moment, tried to right the ponderous guns; but the decks were too much inclined, and it was like trying to push the pieces up a hill. Not a gun could, therefore, be righted; and the sea came pouring in like a cataract upon the men, as the ship almost settled down upon her larboard broadside.

In an instant the approaching ruin became evident to all; and the reader may imagine the horror of the moment, when more than a thousand human beings rushed with desperation towards the open ports on the starboard side, hoping to leap out into the sea. When the ship took her last terrific lurch, and fell completely upon her side, hundreds of heads were struggling, all crowded together, in the port-holes, from which few escaped, as most fell back into the sinking vessel. No sooner did the terror-stricken multitude fall back into the ship than a blast of air issued from between decks, produced by the water filling up the cavities and expelling the air from every part. The hull of the Royal George at last disappeared, with all on board, who were drawn down in the vortex created by the sinking of so huge a body; and even those who had escaped from the port-holes, or jumped from the decks, were unable to resist the strong suction.

When the ship sunk, she righted, and came to the bottom in an upright position—a result partly caused by the masts and yards of the sinking Royal George striking the rum-sloop, the resistance of which tended to restore the ship to her equilibrium. Her top-masts and upper-rigging remained, therefore, above water, to mark, as it were, her burial-place. When the keel touched the bottom, the moment which gave a chance of escape to any of her crew arrived. Then the downward whirl of the water ceased, and it began to bubble upwards; thus assisting the efforts of each swimmer who was unentangled by the rigging or unimprisoned between decks. Many, therefore, rose to the surface, and, clinging to the rigging and spars, waited the arrival of boats from the surrounding ships.

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The crews of these had seen with horror the Royal George quietly heave over her mighty mass, and sink like a rock from their view. Instantly the shores of Spithead heard the guns firing signals of distress; and boats advanced from all points to the rescue of the sufferers, some of whom were dragged, in a senseless state, from the water, and others rescued from the upper works of the sunken ship. It was, indeed, providential that some portion of the masts appeared above the sea; for, had the vessel anchored in deeper water, few would have been saved. The water was only about eighty-feet deep, and the vessel unusually tall; so that all the top-masts remained visible, and even the flag floated above the sea which had ridden so fearfully over the brave ship, whelming seamen, Jew-dealers, and three hundred women beneath the waves.

As to the number who were drowned; first, there was the admiral himself, who perished in his own cabin, locked in by the tightened door, and prevented from making even an attempt to escape. It is not, however, probable that he could have been saved had the door been opened, as a man seventy years old could have made but a feeble resistance against the tide which dashed in upon the sinking ship. His portrait was formerly preserved, with a model of the vessel which became his tomb, in the small "Blue drawing room" of the celebrated "Lady Place," at Hurley, Berks, which belonged to his brother, Captain Kempenfelt. The portrait was a full-length one, and the admiral was represented leaning upon a stick, and apparently contemplating, with his peculiarly thoughtful countenance, the model at his feet. All who entered those ancient rooms were arrested by the quiet eye of the ancient admiral, whose melancholy fate was so forcibly recalled by the miniature Royal George, carefully protected by its glass covering. Whilst Lady Place was standing, many visitors came for the sole purpose of seeing the beautiful model; which was supposed to represent faithfully every detail of hull, masts, and rigging of the ill-fated vessel.

Of the three hundred women, only one escaped; she was dragged through a porthole by a sailor, as the ship was sinking, and afterwards picked up whilst floating on the sea, by a frigate's boat. This great loss amongst the women was, of course, owing to their inability to struggle with the rush of

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waters, or to dive through the openings and intricacies of the ship.

Of the seamen it is reckoned that not more than seventy or eighty were saved. Nor is this remarkable when it is considered that the greater part were forced to run down to the guns when the ship began to sink, and were thus unable to extricate themselves from the lumber and machinery of the decks. Few things are more fitted to impress the mind than the appearance of those doomed seamen descending into the lower parts of the vessel when she began to sink. At that moment, all would naturally have desired to remain on the upper decks; but the stern and clear voice of duty sent them below to the places which became their graves. A greater number of the marines, and of the visitors, who were on the upper decks, escaped; though, after all, it is most likely that between eight or nine hundred perished in that fatal spot.

The lieutenant who neglected the warning, and the carpenter who gave it, were both lost; for though the body of the carpenter was soon picked up and taken on board the Victory, he was dead. The captain who had so vainly striven to open his admiral's door was saved by the generous efforts of a sailor, who bore him up till help arrived. One case of preservation is recorded which is at least singular, and exemplifies the simple agencies which often work out deliverances from peril. A child, who was on board when the ship went down, clung, in his terror, to the woolly back of a sheep, to which he kept hold till picked up. Both his parents perished in the ship; and as the little fellow knew no name except "Jack," he was always called "John Lamb."

Many who escaped by swimming had some dark remembrances of unavoidable acts of desperate selfishness, upon which none could look with satisfaction, however great the necessity for the deeds. Some, whilst striking out for their lives, were clutched by their drowning comrades, whom they were compelled to kick off and leave to perish. In fact, the great danger encountered by those who rose towards the surface, and could swim, came from the death-grips of the hundreds round them. One man, whilst rising, felt the heel of his shoe clenched by some agonized swimmer, whose fatal hold he eluded by striking off his shoe. Such desperate clingings, no doubt, led to the death of numbers who might have risen

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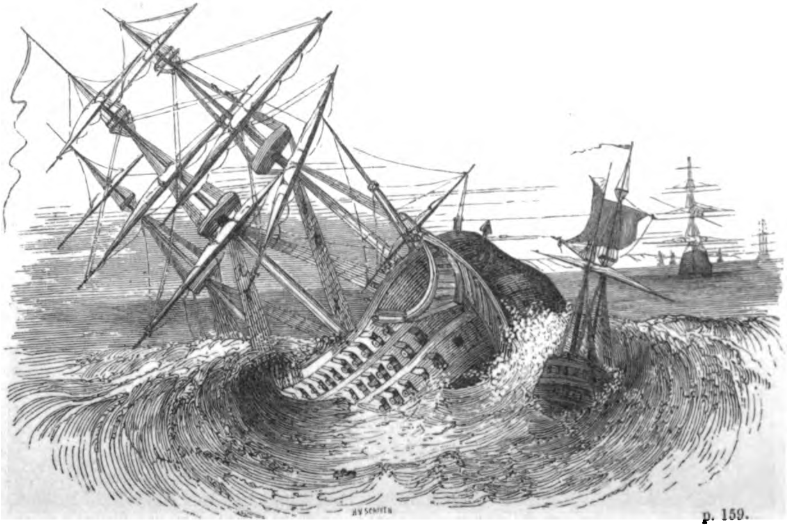

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to the surface had they not been grasped by the convulsive clutch of the dying around them. This fact was clearly shewn when, some days after, crowds of bodies suddenly darted up to the surface, firmly held together.

But many never rose, remaining where they died, in the lower parts of the ship; and though no church-bell sounded for their burial, seldom have sailors had a more solemn funeral knell than that which echoed over England for the dead in the Royal George. The tolling bell announces the passing away of a soul from this, its first estate, and excites in the hearts of all hearers a solemn thoughtfulness; and loud was the announcement which rumour knelled over the land on that eventful 29th of August, and deep the sympathy excited by the strange tale, as it ran through busy cities, hushing the bustle of commerce, and stirring the heart in many a lone hamlet.

The following lines, written by Cowper when the report of the event reached him, will fitly close this account of so disastrous a wreck.

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

"Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

"A land-beeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

"Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone:
His last sea-fight is fought—
His work of glory done!

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

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"His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

"Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

"Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

"But Kempenfelt is gone—
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more."

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ADVENTURES

BY

LAND.

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Adventures by Land.

I.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART,

AND HIS

WANDERINGS AFTER HIS DEFEAT AT CULLODEN.

LET us imagine ourselves seated in an old English manor-house in some of the northern counties, about the year 1745; the proprietor is a friend of the exiled Stuart family; George the Second is not a king to him; the sovereign of his heart is in another land, and the squire hopes soon to see the son of James the Third* marching through the English counties to London. He toasts "the king," meaning him whom some call the "Pretender;" hates Hanover, and raves at the mention of William III. There is the jacobite of 1745,—a generous-hearted man, full of a certain chivalrous devotion for a family whose faults were punished in the persons of their gallant adherents. What a strife did this term "jacobite" stir up in Old England during the latter part of the seventeenth and great part of the eighteenth century! First came the furious

* The son of James II. was acknowledged by Louis XIV. of France, as James III. of England.

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struggle immediately following the vote which declared that James II. had "abdicated" the throne. The battle of the Boyne did not crush the hopes of the Jacobites; William was not immortal; some change might be expected after his death; and during the reign of Anne there was much to encourage those who hoped for the return of the direct Stuart line.

But a change came over the Jacobites upon the accession of George I. The tide of partizanship could no longer be restrained, and the rising of 1715 alarmed the admirers of the "Glorious Revolution." George I. heard that the standard of another dynasty had been raised in Scotland, and James III. proclaimed king. This effort of the Jacobites was at length crushed, the "older Pretender" retired to France, and some of his most devoted adherents perished on the scaffold. For thirty years the Jacobites smothered their indignation in silence or in the retreats of their homes. A new race had then grown up; the sons had imbibed from their fathers the same devotion for the exiled princes which had led, in 1715, many gallant men to death in the field, or on the scaffold. This enthusiasm could not expend itself in toasts and words; work must be found, and work was found. The "old Pretender," who had raised the storm in 1715, was, in 1745, aged and feeble; the task of heading an invasion into England was therefore committed to his son, Prince Charles Edward. From the summer of 1745 to April 1746, the land was distracted by all the wild feelings excited by civil war. The prince raised his standard in Scotland, in August, and by daring marches advanced into England as far as Derby by December 4th; thence he retreated towards Scotland, the Duke of Cumberland following with the royal army, and the prince was at last compelled to turn upon his pursuers, and fight the battle of Culloden, April the 16th, 1746.

There, in thirty minutes, perished for ever all the hopes of the Jacobites—there the Stuart banner was beaten to the dust. At this point the adventures of the prince commence; he escaped from the fatal field, accompanied by a few gentlemen, and was compelled to enter upon that course of romantic peril which ultimately led to his escape.

When all hope of restoring the battle was over, the prince retreated to the banks of the river Nairn, and thence, with

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ten gentlemen, hastened to the seat of Lord Lovat, who was so soon to die a traitor's death.*

The moment when the prince and his ruined party galloped up the glen towards the abode of Lovat, must have been one of the most agonizing in the long life of that unprincipled politician. Lovat had at one time supported the old Pretender, but afterwards favoured the house of Brunswick; and again, in 1745, his rage for plotting induced him to co-operate with the insurgents, and hazard all in this world upon the chance of success. The die had been cast—the game was lost at Culloden, and ruin was hastening towards Lovat. He, however, concealed his feelings, listened to the prince's expressions of ultimate triumph, and parted from the young adventurer at ten o'clock that night. The prince dared not make a longer stay with Lovat, as the royal army was hourly expected. The tumult of a camp and the hopes of triumph were now exchanged for the silence and desolation of Loch Ness. Along these rugged shores the hunted Stuart urged his wearied horse, and after a ride of forty-five miles reached the seat of a partizan at Invergarry, a short distance beyond Fort Augustus, at five o'clock the next morning.

No crowd received them at the gates, no shouts greeted the exhausted Jacobites; all was desolate; the inhabitants had fled, and even the furniture was removed. One domestic remained to watch the course of events, but he was unable to offer the prince aught save the bare floor for a resting-place. The agony, hurry, and exertions of the last few hours had completely exhausted the wanderers. They required food, but the abandoned house afforded no provision for such a party. It was feared that the prince would be compelled to continue his harassing flight without any refreshment except a little water from a lake. A man, however, contrived to make the lake yield some food for the fugitives; two salmon were caught, and they made a dinner of fish before recommencing their flight.

The prince now took his melancholy leave of all his adherents except three, who were named Sullivan, O'Neil, and Edward Burke. The last was servant to one of the Stuart

* He was executed on Tower-hill, London, April, 1746, then aged eighty.

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partizans, and chosen as guide on account of his acquaintance with the difficult mountain passes. If the change from Culloden to a lonely hill was startling, it was but a prelude to another change now rendered necessary by numerous dangers. The prince exchanged clothes with Burke, and thus hoped to deceive the vigilance of his pursuers should he fall in with any of the numerous bands intent upon his capture.

The eagerness of his enemies was not left to the excitement of political hate, but stimulated to the highest pitch by an offer of £30,000 to any who should effect the prince's seizure. Such a sum would have made the fortune of the captor, and the pursuit was urged with a desperate energy, which seemed to promise little hope of escape for the prince. For five nights he was unable to procure undisturbed rest, and continued pressing into the western wilds. At last his horse was of no further service, the rugged mountain-passes being inaccessible to horsemen. It was Sunday when the prince found himself crossing the wildest district of Aresaig, where he rested for four days at the village of Glenborisdale, and here news from some of his influential adherents reached him. They besought him to remain in the country, and wait in the recesses of the hills till fresh forces could be collected. This was doubtless the advice of desperate men, whose ruin was certain should the prince fail. These petitions were not granted; the dangers pressing upon the fugitive induced him to push his course still farther into the west, with the hope of gaining a temporary residence in the Hebrides. An old man, named Donald Macleod, arrived from Skye to guide the prince to the Western Isles. An eight-oared boat was procured, in which four pecks of oatmeal and a pot to boil their food were stored, with which provisions they sailed at night for the Hebrides. A tempest soon arose, and it was feared lest the boat might be driven on the shores of Skye, where crowds of watchful troops were on the look-out, instigated by the prospect of winning the £30,000. Skye was, notwithstanding, safely passed, and the storm-beaten men driven on the shore of Benbecula, a small island between North and South Uist. The tempest had probably saved the prince from capture by driving into port all the look-out vessels, and thus enabling him to land without detection. A ruined cow-shed was all the shelter afforded, and this being without a

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door, the storm swept into every part. Here, in the most sheltered corner, the descendant of kings helped to make a fire, and in a short time the iron pot with oatmeal was placed on the lighted sticks: a cow was purchased from a herdsman, and thus the wanderers procured something like a meal. As the storm continued to rage, the little party were confined to the cowhouse, and used this interval of rest in devising plans for their subsequent proceedings. It was resolved to pass themselves off for shipwrecked Orkney-men, desirous of purchasing a ship to return home. Could a vessel be procured, they could then easily escape to France. In pursuance of this plan, the boat was steered for Stornaway, on the eastern shore of the isle of Lewis; but this place was not reached without peril and suffering.

It was on the 29th of April when they departed for Stornaway, a distance of about seventy miles. Ordinary navigators would, at such a time, have hauled their boat high on some sheltered beach, when masses of storm-riven clouds hurried across the troubled sky, and flung their boding shadows on the heaving sea. But this was of little account when contrasted with a dungeon in the Tower of London, the insults of victorious soldiers, and the scaffold in the distance. The word was accordingly given, and the boat launched into the boiling surf. Not more than thirty miles could be made; the fury of the gale forced the cutter on the shore of Scalpa, which belonged to a partizan of the Royalists. The assumed character of shipwrecked seamen enabled the party to land without exciting suspicion; and some persons, friendly to the Stuarts, were soon found willing to incur the animosity of the laird, by aiding the escape of the man whose capture on the coast of Scalpa might have raised its owner to wealth and honours in England. By such means the prince at length arrived within a short distance of Stornaway, whither one of his attendants proceeded to prepare a vessel for the conveyance of the party to France. This same attendant had previously engaged a ship at Stornaway, and felt assured that the prince's dangers were now drawing to a close. He had, he hoped, excited no suspicion in the town, and was therefore surprised and alarmed on his return to find the whole place in a commotion—men rushing to arms, and the wildest reports in circulation. Some declared the prince was at hand, with five hundred men;

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others that he was marching to burn the town and seize a ship to convey him to France. This excitement soon subsided, and the messenger found that the inhabitants bore no ill will to the prince, though, at the same time, they refused to furnish him with either a pilot or a ship. This doubtless arose from fear of the government, for the people of Stornaway do not seem to have meditated any active measures against the prince, notwithstanding the vast reward offered for his seizure. Their object was to get him out of their locality, fearing otherwise peril to themselves or to him. Some few were perhaps anxious to effect his capture, but these were restrained by a sense of the infamy which would follow such an attempt. Attachment to the Stuarts was the romantic passion of the Highlands, and his betrayer would not have been allowed to dwell long in these mountain homes.

This stir at Stornaway cut off all hopes of procuring a ship, nor could the prince now depart from the island, for the boatmen having been seized with a panic, had departed with the cutter. Whilst Charles perceived himself thus rejected and deserted, he must have recalled the days when the first of the Highland chiefs earnestly begged of him ducal titles and military appointments. Nor was his desperate condition relieved by those hopes of brighter days which support the energies of baffled heroes. Upon his retreat from England, he had passed the famous field of Bannockburn. Perhaps then he might have hoped to become, like Bruce, victorious over present disappointment, but such anticipations could scarcely cheer his spirit now. The next morning brought the boatmen back, fright, not treachery, having caused their temporary desertion ; and they were still willing to risk their lives in aiding the escape of him whom they had been taught to regard as their king. On the 6th of May they left the coast of Lewis ; the utmost watchfulness was necessary, as the king's cruisers were by this time swarming in these narrow seas, the government having received information that the prince was in the Hebrides. Twice the English ships came in sight, and twice was the party preserved, being compelled on each occasion to run the boat among dangerous rocks. During these attempts to elude their watchful pursuers, they were forced to feed on a mixture of oatmeal and salt water, a sad exchange for the wines with which the Jacobites had so often drunk "Confusion

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to the white horse,* and success to James the 8th." A landing was at last effected in safety, and some crabs found on the shore afforded a dinner to the famished prince. He now despatched Donald, his most trusted attendant, with messages to some Highland chiefs, requesting a remittance of money, and intelligence relating to the state of the country, and especially the fate of those brave men who had so deeply perilled themselves in his cause. The chief of Clanronald, in the meantime, discovered the abode of the young Stuart, and hastened to supply him with clothes and food. This relief was in truth needed, as the appearance of the prince was far more abject than that of the most wretched beggar. Perpetual alarms, combined with want of food and rest, had so worn his body that his most intimate friends could scarcely recognise in that haggard countenance the gallant Charles Edward Stuart. His linen is said by one who shared his dangers to have become "dingy as a dish-clout," and the rest of his apparel accorded with his melancholy condition. Such was *his* state who, a few months previously, had levied a contribution on the capital of Scotland for the equipment of his army, and in whose honour banners had been wrought, and cockades distributed by lords and ladies. His energies were not, however, depressed; like others of the Stuart race, he showed himself capable of that brave endurance which commands respect, though united to great errors and numerous weaknesses. The prince was now for three weeks sheltered in an almost inaccessible part of South Uist, where twelve of the chief's trusty clansmen watched day and night near his retreat. The messenger despatched to his friends in the Highlands for money and intelligence returned without any of the former, but more of the latter than was agreeable. The chiefs were involved in too wide a ruin to exert themselves in raising money for a fugitive prince. Some were irritated against him—first for risking the success of their enterprise on one desperate cast at Culloden; and secondly for not maintaining the struggle after that blow. Lovat declared that "none but a mad fool would have fought that day;" and before the

* A common toast amongst the Jacobites; the phrase referred to the arms of the house of Hanover.

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battle he had warned the chiefs to keep the young prince from an engagement. This wily lord and many others believed that the prince might have made a stand after his defeat at Culloden, as a large part of the routed army had rallied a few days after the flight, and a plan was formed to raise three thousand men from the different clans; 35,000 Louis d'ors had come from France, whence large forces were also expected. Desperate men, with such prospects for their only hopes, must have received the prince's order "to save themselves" as a summons to the scaffold. Money, however, could not be procured, though news came in abundance. Hundreds of once happy Highland homes were scenes of desolation; the ruins of many a mansion attested the marching of the unsparing conquerors. The chiefs most devoted to the prince had fallen into the hands of the government, and were on their road to London; others were proclaimed in the public streets and threatened with attainder, unless they should submit themselves to the mercy of the crown on or before the 12th of July. But there were tidings also of a nature to affect the prince and all his company. He heard of the near approach of the government emissaries; troops were landing iu every part of the Hebrides, and a complete circle of cruisers blockaded the whole range of the Western Isles. In a few days soldiers would sweep South Uist from one extremity to the other. To remain longer in the island was but to await his captors; yet, on the other hand, escape seemed impossible. Various attempts were made, but the activity of the pursuers was more than a match for the vigilance of the pursued. We now approach one of those romantic incidents which ever attract the admiration of mankind. The name of Flora Macdonald will be remembered with delight as long as generous sentiments find a home in the human heart. This lady was the daughter-in-law, not of some chivalric Highland chief devoted to the Stuarts, but of a militia officer, who commanded one of the divisions then searching for the prince in South Uist. The father-in-law does not, however, seem to have been much opposed to the prince, and the young lady was related to Clanronald, who had already given shelter to the royal fugitive, and suggested to Flora the following plan for extricating the prince from his dangerous position. It was

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agreed that Flora should make a voyage from South Uist to Skye, under pretence of visiting her mother—that the prince should disguise himself in woman's apparel, and attend her as an Irish maid-servant. Flora consented to this arrangement, and procured a transport for herself, a man-servant, and her maid, Betty Burke, under which name the prince was to pass. Little did the officer, who quietly filled up the passport, suspect the real character of this said Betty Burke, and little could he imagine that the *Irish maid* had recently been surrounded by guards in "blue turned up with red;" nor did he dream that round that humble-looking person thousands in arms had pressed, all wearing the white cockade and yew branch.* The wife of Clanronald and Flora now procured a suitable disguise for Charles, which, though it differed from the usual garb of royal persons, was certainly fitted to conceal the appearance of aught resembling majesty.

This disguise had not long been conveyed to the prince, when a party of soldiers reached Clanronald's house in pursuit of him. He was then secreted in a hut not far from the mansion thus rudely invaded, awaiting the approach of Flora. Whatever confidence he may have possessed in the completeness of his disguise, the appearance of four armed cutters sailing along the very shore whence he was about to depart was not fitted to produce much quietude of mind, especially to Flora, whose family would be ruined were she discovered. At length this strange party entered their boat on the evening of June 28th.

The danger of the undertaking, and the difficulty of guiding the boat over the stormy sea at night, alarmed the boatmen. The prince marked their fears, and endeavoured to inspire them with confidence by singing a succession of merry songs, and repeating amusing stories. It has been said that Dibdin's sea-songs led many a frigate's crew to victory during the late war: those songs of the prince were as effective for his liberation as those of Dibdin for national glory. Under their influence the boatmen acted with sustained energy, and at length the hills of Skye appeared. No intimation of danger

* These cockades and yew branches were the badges used in the Jacobite army. All who wore either were considered enemies to King George.

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appearing, the boat was steered for the shore, and they approached within musket-shot before perceiving that the beach was covered with soldiers. The boat was instantly turned, and the oars plied with the utmost vigour ; but this suspicious movement had been observed by the sentinels, and the rowers were ordered to approach the shore. Disregarding the command, a fire of musketry was opened upon the crew, and the balls flew thickly around the party. The prince entreated Flora to lie down in the bottom of the boat. She refused, declaring she undertook the task of saving his life, not her own. He, however, placed himself in the bottom of the cutter, upon which she followed his example. The rowers quickly placed the whole party beyond the reach of King George's bullets ; and all soon afterwards landed near Magestad, in Skye. The day on which the prince escaped from South Uist was a perilous one for the whole body of his late adherents. On June 28th, his secretary, Mr. John Murray, of Broughton, fell into the hands of the royal dragoons. This event perilled the safety of hundreds, and of the prince himself, as Murray was in possession of the secrets of the Jacobite leaders, their plans, names, and abodes. The government by this means obtained a clue to facilitate the measures of its agents engaged in pursuit of Charles and his partizans. Murray, to save his own life, made a confession of all he knew relating to the rebellion, and those who had taken the least share therein, and of these disclosures the government took instant advantage. In addition to this special source of information, the state-lawyers were in possession of important papers taken on the persons, or from the houses of the most influential Jacobites. Thus when the celebrated Lovat was captured, and taken on board the Furnace, a sloop of war, on June the 7th, his strong box was opened and all his private papers examined : such a searching was but one case among hundreds.

This accumulation of private papers enabled the officers of government to furnish the various military parties with the names of all those with whom it was likely the prince would seek shelter. Flora had now taken the prince in his disguise to Skye, where many lairds, favourable to the government, dwelt, and from whom Charles could not hope for favour.

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Some of these had, at the beginning, promised to support his cause; and their subsequent withdrawal exasperated the whole Jacobite party to such a pitch that, had the prince been successful, they would certainly have lost their lives. The deserters, on the other hand, were infuriated by the charges brought against their loyalty, which imperilled them with the crown, and some would have omitted no opportunity of ingratiating themselves with the conquerors. Many of these, however, shrunk from a betrayal of the prince; any opportunity was desired rather than that, and to this chivalric feeling the prince owed his safety. His position was rendered more critical by the fact that Flora was compelled to take him within a short distance of the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then with the Duke of Cumberland. His wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald,* was at home, and to her Flora hastened to commit her secret, and request help in her attempt to serve him whom she deemed her prince. When Flora reached the house, she saw enough to daunt any, save an unconquerable heart. The mansion was full of English officers, all on the alert for news of the prince, whose capture might raise the lowest of their number to the highest honour. To increase her alarm, she was strictly questioned by one of these officers, Lieutenant Macleod, respecting the object of her visit, and what place she had just left. Flora managed to conceal the alarm she now felt for Charles, and watched an opportunity for a word with the lady of the house. She heard Flora's startling tale, and resolved not to betray her. Thus, with royal troops crowding the mansion, did these two ladies arrange a plan for sheltering Charles. It was agreed that he should be taken to the house of a steward named Kingsburgh, in whom they could confide. This gentleman was now necessarily taken into the secret, and entered upon his task as an office of the highest honour, though he must have known that his own life, and that of all engaged, were perilled by the deed. He soon found the prince, and became his guide to the house. On the road they were passed by many of the peasantry returning from church, who were proud of the opportunity for a chat with the lord's steward, and quickly

* She was the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Eglintoun.

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entered upon much talk respecting their farm, stock, &c., until Kingsburgh, alarmed for the prince, got rid of the farmers by saying that the Lord's day was not the time to discuss worldly business; upon which they took the hint, perhaps wondering at the enthusiasm of the steward's religious feelings; they could not, however, avoid noticing the *Irish maid-servant*, wondering, with true rustic curiosity, what Kingsburgh's wife could want with so strange a lass. Some were evidently struck by the appearance of Charles, who was exceedingly awkward in his maid's attire, and rendered still more so by the nervousness arising from a feeling of the numerous dangers pressing upon him. One saucy girl, an attendant of Flora herself, took especial notice of his height and manners, exclaiming, "I never saw such a tall, impudent jade in my life; see what long strides she takes; I dare say she's an Irish woman, or else she's *a man in woman's clothes.*"

Poor Charles Edward! this pert girl's careless remark must have caused more alarm than all the bullets of Culloden. The three, Charles, Flora, and the steward, reached the house of the latter at eleven o'clock in the night, when Kingsburgh requested his wife to get up, and prepare supper for some friends.

She rose to execute this wish, but in the meantime curiosity had been busy in this Highland family. In such troublesome times many arrivals and departures occurred, and all were anxious to know for whom a supper was to be prepared at such an hour. It could not be simply for Miss Flora Macdonald; she was no fugitive; nor for Kingsburgh himself, who, good man, could have taken supper without such a hubbub; but curiosity could see nothing to satisfy its longings. A little daughter of the steward had, however, observed, with a child's quickness, that the "tall jade of a servant" had been taken into the best room, and treated with a strange deference. Up ran the little prattler to her mother, crying out that her father "had brought a very muckle ill-shaken-up wife as ever she had seen; aye, and had ta'en her into the hall too." Kingsburgh's wife now felt assured that some person of consequence had arrived. The prince meanwhile was pacing up and down the long room with agitated steps, when the same little girl, being sent by her mother to procure the

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store-room keys from the hall, observed his gestures, and ran frightened to her mother, declaring 'she could not fetch the keys, because the muckle woman was walking up and down, and she was afraid.'' Well was it for Charles that the eyes of no Skye militia-man were upon him instead of the child's gaze. The mother then entered the hall, and welcomed her strange visitor, whom she felt assured was some fugitive gentleman. She put two questions to her husband, inquiring first after the name of her guest, and next whether he brought any news of the prince. Her husband answered both questions at once by boldly saying, "It is the prince himself, my dear." The alarmed wife exclaimed in terror, "The prince! then we are ruined; we will a' be hanged noo." Her natural fears were at last subdued, and a supper of eggs and cheese prepared, of which Charles partook with a most excellent appetite, having Flora on his right and his anxious hostess on his left hand. The dangers in which the prince was placed could not restrain his natural gaiety. After supper he filled a favourite tobacco-pipe, and alternately smoking and sipping punch, sat for several hours talking with Kingsburgh and laughing. This may seem like levity in one for whom hundreds of brave men were suffering in prison; but the excitement and hardships through which he had recently passed, and the anticipation of those yet before him, required some strong diversion of the mind for a few hours at least from serious business and anxious thought.

After ten hours' rest, he rose and prepared for further flight, as no safety could be expected until the circle of troops closing round him had been passed. The Isle of Raasay was the place he now determined to reach, and a boat being procured, Charles laid aside his female dress, assuming in its place "a short coat and waistcoat, a philibeg and short hose, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet." The dress was not put on in Kingsburgh's house, lest suspicion should be excited; the change was therefore made in a wood between the house and the sea. The prince then prepared to take leave of his brave protectors. To his hostess he gave a lock of his hair, and received her snuff-box as a memorial. To the generous Flora he also gave a lock of hair and his miniature, which he begged she would ever keep — a request not likely to be neglected. Kingsburgh had already appropriated a

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singular keepsake, consisting of the torn shoes in which the prince reached his house; these he tied together, saying, that when Charles was settled on the throne, he would come and shake these shoes at him for a token of past services. Those shoes were certainly never so shaken at St. James's; but had the prince gained the British throne, they ought to have earned their possessor a noble estate, to be held by the tenure of yearly shaking those shoes before the king. What an annual lesson this ceremony would have been to monarchy—what a strange tenure for antiquarian and legal disputes in after ages! The wife of Kingsburgh retained another memorial of the prince in the sheets which he had used; one of these she laid aside for her winding-sheet, and gave the other to Flora Macdonald for a like purpose.

Before proceeding with this narrative of the adventures of the prince, a pause must be made to narrate the subsequent histories of his courageous preservers. The government soon obtained intelligence of the deeds of Flora, with whose name the Highlands were ringing; and she was traced by Captain Ferguson, commander of a king's ship on the coast, to Kingsburgh's house. The captain asked Kingsburgh "where Flora and the *tall woman* had slept." The steward answered with Highland hauteur, that he did not take any account of *servants'* sleeping-rooms; upon which he was arrested, and sent first to Fort Augustus and thence to Edinburgh. He was, however, liberated by the Act of Grace, in 1747. Flora herself was quickly arrested, and taken on board Captain Ferguson's ship, in which she remained for two months, whilst the vessel was lying in Leith roads. Many ladies visited her, from whom she obtained materials for needle-work, besides a bible and prayer-book. Her deportment was always grave, though cheerful—a manner suitable to one who had performed noble deeds, and was prepared for all the consequences. Flora left Leith in November, for London, where she remained a prisoner in a *private* house till 1747, when the Act of Grace procured her release. She was then visited by such numbers of the nobility and gentry that the street in which she resided was frequently almost impassable by crowds of carriages. Even the most determined enemies of Prince Charles were ready to applaud the woman who had risked her life to save him. Flora returned to Scotland in 1750,

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where a singular fortune attended her, as she became the mistress of the very house in which Kingsburgh had secreted the prince. This happened through her marriage with Kingsburgh's son, a Mr. Alexander Macdonald. Her husband subsequently went to North Carolina, where he purchased an estate, on which he and Flora with their family resided till the breaking out of the American war. The husband of Flora took part with the crown, and became an officer in the royal militia of the province. Thus Flora saw her husband risk his life for the king, whose grandfather's throne had been assailed by the prince she had saved.

After these events, Flora returned to Britain. The vessel in which Flora embarked was attacked by a French ship: she refused to leave the deck on which her husband had a post; and during the fight was accidentally knocked down, and her arm broken. Thus both in America and at sea did Flora suffer in the defence of the House of Hanover; as if Providence had arranged such events to compensate for her former opposition to the rule of Brunswick. This heroic woman passed the remainder of her life in Skye, where she died at the age of seventy, on March 5th, 1790, and was buried in the sheet given her by Lady Kingsburgh. Her grave may be seen in the Kingsburgh burying-place, in the parish church of Kilmuir; but the tombstone was suffered to become dilapidated, and has been carried off by pilfering tourists. Her husband died a few years after, having attained the rank of an officer in the British army.

Whatever may have been the early prejudices of Flora Macdonald in favour of Prince Charles (and they partook more of womanly sympathy with misfortune than political prepossession), not one of her five sons held Jacobite principles. They all served the king, either in the army or navy; the last being Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, of Exeter. A portrait of Flora may be seen in the Bodleian Gallery, and suggests the notion of an animated, courageous woman, whose picture might be passed many times without giving the impression of any peculiar loftiness of character.

It may be remarked, that Dr. Johnson visited Flora in 1773, and gratified his imagination by sleeping in the very bed formerly used by the prince. Here this account of Flora

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Macdonald must end, the fame of her exploit justifying this brief digression from the direct course of the narrative.

When Kingsburgh was scornfully reminded by Sir Everard Fawkener, secretary to tho Duke of Cumberland, of the vast fortune he had thrown away in failing to arrest the prince, his reply was noble: pointing to the mountains around Fort Augustus, he exclaimed, "Had I gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." Notwithstanding this bold bearing, he was released, and lived to see George III. firmly established on the throne, as he survived till the year 1772, when he died aged eighty-four.

Let us now follow his adventures for whom such heroic deeds were performed. Charles reached the isle of Raasay in safety on July 1st—the day after that on which the House of Lords had presented an address to the king for the preparation of a place in Westminster Hall, to try his devoted followers the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Cromartie. He feared to remain in Raasay more than two days, dreading the approach of every stranger, lest such should prove a foe or a spy. The prince therefore took the apparently desperate resolve of returning to Skye, whence he had lately with such peril escaped.

The dangerous shore was reached at a point called Nicholson's great rock, about midnight, when he parted with his two companions, young Raasay and his brother Murdock, retaining only one, named Malcolm. To Murdock he gave a case containing his silver-spoon, knife, and fork; which gifts had a curious subsequent history. They came into the hands of Sir Walter Scott, who presented this table-service of a Stuart prince to George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822. The prince parted from them on a lonely sea-beach, when hunted by the troops of the House of Brunswick: they were given to George IV. in the midst of a gorgeous pageantry and royal magnificence. Such are the revolutions in politics! Charles, being left with his one attendant, arranged a plan for securing their safety. He told Malcolm that he should pass for a servant; that both must journey to the estate of the laird of Mackinnon. The prince then

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took off his own vest of scarlet tartan and gold, and put them on Malcolm: he removed also his wig and the buckles from his shoes; and to disguise himself still more, bound a dirty napkin round his head, and tore off the rich work from his shirt. He then took Malcolm's bag, and slinging it over his own shoulder, began a long march of thirty miles over wild hills and morasses. The object of the journey was to reach the house of Malcolm's sister, whose husband had been an officer in the army of the prince. Upon their arrival, Malcolm told his sister he had brought his servant Louis Caw, who had been taken ill on the march. The prince supported his assumed character so well, touching his cap whenever Malcolm addressed him, that no suspicion was excited. One or two little scenes, however, occurred. In the evening, water was brought by an old woman to wash the guest's feet. She readily performed this service for Malcolm, but fired when ordered to attend him whom she thought Malcolm's waiting man, and though persuaded to perform the task, grumbled most heartily. In the morning, the prince was caressing one of the infant sons of Mrs. Mackinnon, and rather thoughtlessly exclaimed, "Who knows but this boy may hereafter be a captain in my service?" The testy woman heard the remark (which, to her, must have sounded strangely), and cried out in a passion—"Or you, rather, an old serjeant in his company."

The husband of the hostess now returned, and was delighted to see the prince under his roof. This follower, in the excess of his joy, revealed all to his laird, whom he found disposed to aid Charles. He placed the prince in a cave, supplied him with provisions, and prepared a boat to take him to the mainland. Accordingly, Mackinnon and his chief agreed to attend the prince, leaving Malcolm behind, to mislead his pursuers should they appear.

The leave-taking of the prince and his faithful attendant was peculiar. Charles first smoked a pipe with him, which he gave to his follower, with a silver buckle, for memorials, and added ten guineas for his expenses. This pipe, like other relics of the prince, was carefully preserved, and was recently in the possession of Dr. Burton, of York.

At this time, Charles bore the name of James Thompson,

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under which signature he addressed a letter to one of his friends, and gave it to Malcolm. This epistle, so curious in the history of royal letters, ran thus:—

"SIR,—I have parted (thank God) as intended. Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at. I am, sir, your humble servant,

"Ellighwiel, July 4th, 1746. JAMES THOMPSON."

The ambiguous and apparently insignificant sentiments of this letter were rendered necessary by the danger which might attend the transmission of a more full communication. He now departed for the mainland, and reached, on the 5th of July, after sailing thirty miles, the western coast of Inverness-shire, near Loch Nevish. Thus, after incessant wanderings Charles found himself again in that shire which had proved so fatal to his hopes. To this wild region of mountain, glen, and lake, many of his adherents had fled after the battle of Culloden, in the hope that its almost inaccessible recesses would shelter them from the royal troops. The attempt was vain: step by step the fugitives were followed till they fell, one by one, into the hands of the soldiers. Charles therefore could scarcely hope to elude his fierce pursuers. He expected but a temporary respite, during which some plan might be formed for his escape from the country. But in this he was disappointed: the royal troops had, by some means, discovered his locality; and every effort was now made for his capture. The king's officers girdled the whole region with soldiers, blocking up even the wildest mountain ways, by which they hoped to prevent him from escaping into the open parts of the country. The next step was to gradually contract this military circle, sweeping every hill, glen, and wood, as they advanced. These arrangements were as skilfully executed as wisely planned. Strong picquets were posted along the whole range of country; thus cutting off the prince from the interior districts; between these picquets sentinels were continually moving in sight of each other. At night, fires were lighted at each post, and the intervening spaces constantly crossed by watchful sentries. To break through such a circle seemed impossible on the landside, and the sea was now covered with cruisers whose officers were fired with the hope of capturing the

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prince. Thus he appeared to be ensnared in a vast mountain trap. At first he sought an asylum in the mansions of some friends; but on approaching found nothing save the blackened ruins of their habitations. Each movement seemed to bring him nearer to his pursuers. Turn which way he would, they were close upon him. At last, after various doublings, he found himself hemmed in between a fleet and an army; and now the crisis had arrived, he must break through these circumvallations or perish.

The perseverance of the government in pursuit of the prince will not appear surprising to those who know the preparations made by his adherents to uproot the existing institutions of the country. Embassies had been sent to Cardinal Fleury, the French minister, to solicit France to invade England, and send troops into Scotland. A plan was actually arranged for landing ten or twelve thousand men near London; whilst other forces were to invade Scotland, and unite with the Highland clans. The kings of France and Spain were both favourable to the prince's claims, and ready to take instant advantage of his successes by a vigorous support of the Stuart cause. The French government had sent money and a park of artillery to Scotland; and these various combinations would, it was hoped, confound the government, and derange all their military plans. Such perils were not to be risked twice; and the advisers of George II. strained every nerve to secure all possible advantages from the victory of Culloden. The leaders of the revolt had already been apprehended; and it was confidently expected that the prince would fall into the hands of some of the numerous parties detached in pursuit of him. To effect this object, a system of searching was organized, by which every part of the western isles and a long tract of the mainland were examined.

Into one of these military traps the prince was now on the point of being driven. Whilst observing the country from the top of a hill, news was brought that a hundred militiamen had reached its foot, and were preparing to examine every part. This intelligence forced the prince to depart before the arrival of his guide, Donald Cameron; whom, however, he met near midnight in a desolate pass. At four in the morning another mountain summit was reached; but the

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rising sun brought to their view that which left little time for admiring the grandeur of the scenery. About a mile from the fugitives a camp of the royal forces was perceived. To move further at present was as dangerous as to remain; accordingly, here the wanderers rested for a day, listening to the warlike sounds from the enemy's lines. At night, Charles again began the wearying flight to a secluded district at the head of Lake Naigh, whence, it was hoped, they might be able to break through, and escape their pursuers. Here they were again brought to a stand by an encampment of the king's troops; and whilst sheltering themselves from observation, one of the attendants discovered that a large body of soldiers were searching the opposite side of the very hill on which the prince stood. At night Charles escaped from this dangerous position to another height, from which he beheld, to his amazement, the watch-fires of two camps. To add to the perplexity, the only road to safety lay between those camps. Not to pass them was therefore a prelude to captivity. It was soon discovered that the space between the two camps was closely watched by sentinels, who were continually crossing and recrossing at every point. In examining the ground, two important circumstances were noticed, which cheered the prince with the hope of success in his desperate attempt to escape. It was observed that at one point there was a hollow, down which the wintry flood found a passage to the lower grounds. Along this ravine the party hoped to steal unobserved by the sentinels. It was also remarked that the sentinels, in passing the point, had, for a time, their faces turned from the hollow—a circumstance extremely favourable to men whose course lay up the water-track. This torrent-bed ought to have been watched by a body of men, which would have prevented the possibility of any fugitives eluding the observations of the moving sentries. This oversight of the royal troops left one gate open to Charles, through which he found life and liberty, though joined to a life-exile. The prince and his followers thus effected their escape:

Having carefully marked the direction of the ravine and the line of the sentinels, all kept silent till two hours past midnight, when each stepped into the ditch, and moved along as quietly as possible on hands and knees till they were close

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upon the sentries, whose calm and lazy tread sounded most unpleasantly. Awaiting the moment when the soldiers had crossed the point, the whole party moved noiselessly through the hollow, crouching low to avoid detection. It was an anxious minute whilst passing through the royalist lines. Striking the foot against a stone, or the startling of a mountain bird from its roosting-place, would have alarmed the sentinels; but the clouds moved not more silently than those men for whose seizure the whole camp so near would have turned out at a moment's warning. At last they heard the sentinel's tramp *behind:* the prince had really escaped from the military circle which had been so closely drawn around him! A little incident at this critical moment well illustrates the natural gaiety of the prince. Before proceeding up the ravine, his guide, Donald Cameron, a firm believer in omens, observed that his nose was itching; which circumstance he regarded as a sure sign of approaching danger. No sooner were they beyond the beat of the sentries than Charles began to quiz the highlander, asking how his nose felt. Cameron took all in good part, assuring the prince that the nose was certainly better, though by no means at ease as yet.

They now hastened forward for two miles, when the recent excitement and fatigue induced all to stop for breakfast. The repast was beyond doubt frugal, consisting of a slice of cheese with oatmeal spread over it; this last being a substitute for bread. The place of coffee or tea was supplied by pure spring water. As this food did not contribute much to increase their strength, a halt was made for the day in a retired spot at the head of a lake. Whilst quietly resting in this silent region, the prince little imagined himself within gunshot of two camps; which, upon re-commencing his march at midnight, he found to have been the case. The next day Charles met with a highlander whose father had been killed by the soldiers on the preceding day, and who was himself glad to escape with his life. The man had served in the prince's army, had marched to the sound of many a highland tune, and had seen the white cockades in thousands around the fugitive whom he now met in a lonely glen. The sight of his ruined follower recalled to the prince the fate of thousands who had the previous year left their happy highland valleys. The man's fidelity was not of that kind which flourishes only in

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the brightness of summer: evil days had fallen on him, and thirty thousand pounds, with a permanent home, might be obtained by giving up the prince to some of the military parties in the vicinity. This man was, however, firm in his attachment, and gave the prince some information which prevented him from risking his safety by hurrying to the sea-coast in expectation of meeting with some French vessels. His late follower assured him that the only French ship which had appeared was gone, and that it would be impossible to procure a guide to the coast. The new comer was now taken as guide in place of the faithful Donald Cameron, who bade the prince and his party farewell. Another of those providential incidents now occurred, which so often saved the prince from unknown dangers. Glenaladale, one of the companions of this hurried flight, discovered that he had dropped the money, belonging to the whole party, upon the road; and notwithstanding the danger, resolved to return in search of the purse. Charles and his companions secreted themselves in a secluded nook, to await the return of Glenaladale. They had remained but a short time, when an officer and two soldiers passed, whom the prince's party must have met had they proceeded onwards. Glenaladale also escaped the observation of the soldiers, as he returned to the prince with the recovered treasure by another road. Such deliverances inspired Charles with a conviction that he was destined to escape from all his dangers. That he interpreted them as omens of future triumph, and deemed himself preserved for empire, is also highly probable from his sanguine temper.

On the following day, whilst journeying along the side of a hill, the sharp reports of musketry startled the whole party; and it was soon discovered that a body of ferocious soldiers had surprised the wretched peasants who had fled with their cattle for refuge to these wild hill-tops. The fate of these poor people, hunted and shot like beasts upon the mountains, afflicted the prince with far more anguish than his own perils. He was at this time famished, and exhausted by incessant hurryings to and fro across a wild and rocky district; the rain was falling in torrents; and his spirits were harassed by constant alarms. In the night all were compelled to rest on the top of a hill, the only shelter being a small cave, in which it was impossible to lie down, and where not even the comfort

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of a fire could be procured. Charles wished to reach the district inhabited by the Mackenzie clan in Ross-shire, where he hoped to be at a distance from the royal troops. In the meantime it was absolutely necessary to obtain food; and Glenaladale offered to go in search of some friendly mansion. Entering the house of one Christopher Macraw, he requested shelter for himself and his friends, who were in danger of death from hunger. The highlander was suspicious, and fearful of endangering himself by sheltering fugitives: he therefore demanded the names of Glenaladale's friends. He represented them as young Clanronald and one of his own kinsmen; upon which Macraw agreed to furnish necessaries; for which, however, he demanded a most exorbitant sum. Glenaladale had now good reason to rejoice in the recovery of the money which had been so nearly lost. Without this resource, one of the Stuart princes might have found a grave in some lonely cavern on the Scottish mountains. The prince soon arrived at Macraw's house, where, in a few hours, he recovered from his exhaustion. He was not destined to pass even these few hours in tranquillity: he found his host a furious adherent of the government, and heard him denounce the Jacobites as madmen and fools. Macraw was especially wroth with those who were engaged in sheltering the prince, and declared that the welfare of Scotland required all to aid in seizing him who had brought such calamities upon the highlands. Well was it for Charles that danger had given him the power of concealing his emotions, as there was little doubt that Macraw would have eagerly seized the opportunity of enriching himself by giving up his guest.

That very night a highlander arrived at the house, who knew the prince; but this man had been in the Jacobite army, and had no disposition to give up his late commander, but instantly gave Glenaladale strict caution to keep the rank of his companion a secret in that neighbourhood. Glenaladale committed the plan of the intended route to this man, who earnestly dissuaded him from attempting to reach the Mackenzie's country, as the king's bands were there. He also informed Glenaladale that a safe retreat might be found for a time in a lonely spot inhabited by some outlaws, whose hatred to the government would ensure their protection for the prince, in whose cause, he added, several of their number

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had fought. It appeared, in the course of conversation, that these men were actually robbers, who lived by plundering-forays into the surrounding districts; but there was little time for deliberation, and the prince could not but feel that such a course had been partly forced on these men, from the miseries and losses they had suffered in his cause. He therefore resolved to entrust himself to their keeping.

The retreat was reached after an exhausting journey of two days, and found to be a cave in the side of a steep mountain, whence nought but a desolate rocky region was visible. Glenaladale and the highlanders who had informed him of the place went forward, thinking it best to leave the prince and two others in the rear until he had seen the men to whom such a charge was to be intrusted. The first view was not unpleasing to a hungry and weary man. Six men were seated round a roasted sheep, which had been stolen that very day. Seeing Glenaladale approach with one of their friends, they invited him to partake of their fare. He replied that he had a companion, whom he wished to share in their hospitality, and gave them to understand that it was young Clanronald. They instantly desired Glenaladale to bring him, promising both food and protection. In a few minutes the prince appeared. Those who had served in his army immediately recognized him, notwithstanding his wretched and haggard appearance. No sooner was the discovery made than the whole band fell on their knees before him with as deep respect as the courtiers of the most powerful and magnificent despot could have evinced. This was, doubtless, the true loyalty of the heart; and when we consider the ruined condition in which Charles appeared before these men, and the fortune they might have made by giving him up to the government, their conduct saves them from the degradation in which their wretched mode of life would otherwise tend to sink them. The prince came before these proscribed highlanders in a beggar's garb, and one of them in after times thus described his appearance:—

"He had a bonnet on his head, and a wretched yellow wig, a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse, dark-coloured cloth; a Stirling-tartan waistcoat, much worn; a tolerably good belted plaid, tartan hose, and highland brogues, tied with thongs, so much worn that they

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would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt—and he had no other—was of the colour of saffron."

Such were not the insignia of royalty!—the clouted handkerchief, old yellow wig, and brogues ready to fall off, had no virtue to secure for the unfortunate wearer the homage of the vulgar. Loyalty, though we may term it perverted, was a noble principle in these rude highland hearts, when it enabled them to recognize the symbol of majesty behind the aspect of misery and ruin. They were seven in number, known as "the seven men of Glenmoriston," their names being Patrick Grant, John Macdonel, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander Chisholm, Donald Chisholm, Hugh Chisholm, Gregory Macgregor.

To give the prince confidence in their fidelity, they took the following oath; which, though the language may sound harshly, was suited to express the vehemency of their feelings. They imprecated "that their backs might be to God, and their faces to the devil; that all the curses the scripture pronounced might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the prince in the greatest dangers; and if they should discover to any person—man, woman, or child—that the prince was in their keeping, till his person should be out of danger."

This oath was faithfully kept; and when, upon one occasion, they thought Charles doubted concerning his safety amongst them, they dissuaded him from entrusting himself to other hands, remarking that "no reward could be any temptation to them; for if they betrayed the prince they must leave the country, as nobody would speak to them except to curse them; whereas thirty thousand pounds was a great temptation to a poor gentleman, who could go to Edinburgh or London with his money, where he would find people to live with him, and eat his meat and drink his wine." This philosophical reasoning hushed Charles's suspicion, if, indeed, he had entertained any, which does not clearly appear. The prince's wardrobe was soon replenished by his mountain friends, in a manner to which he had probably little objection, as it was effected by the spoiling of his enemies.

The seven men laid an ambuscade near the route of some of the royal troops; and when the armed men had passed,

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fell upon a few in the rear, who had charge of the officer's baggage. This was hastily plundered, and sufficient clothes for the prince and others of the party obtained. Charles remained with these staunch adherents for more than three weeks, during which they often brought him news from the villagers near Fort Augustus, and once or twice procured a newspaper for his perusal, from which he learned much of the bitter exasperation of his foes, and the sad fate of his numerous partizans. A melancholy solace this in his retreat, though preferable to the employments of many of his late friends, whose thoughts were engaged in studying crown indictments, and preparing hopeless defences. The pursuit of the prince had by this time somewhat relaxed, not from deficiency of zeal in his foes, but because many believed him dead. This belief originated from the enthusiastic act of a devoted adherent which, though the moralist may condemn, men are ever ready to applaud. It happened that a Jacobite named Roderick Mackenzie, being pursued by the soldiers, had fled to the hills, where, however, he was so completely surrounded that escape was impossible. The moment he perceived his desperate position, a heroic resolve seized him: determining not to be taken alive, he hoped to serve the prince by his death. Advancing, therefore, on his pursuers, he proclaimed himself the prince; upon which they fired, and killed him on the spot; then, cutting off the head, took it to Fort Augustus, where it was declared to be that of the prince. It was accordingly carried to London, where, however, some doubts were expressed respecting the alleged death of the prince; but the decomposed state of the head prevented anything like a close scrutiny. It was proposed to show it to Mr. Morrison, the former valet-de-chambre of Charles; but he, being ill with a fever, was not afflicted with the spectacle. Such was one of the many heroic episodes distinguishing this celebrated struggle.

The event just recorded had no doubt a great influence in checking the pursuit of the prince for a short space at least; and when the tale of his death became discredited, his escape from the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus had been effected. On August the 21st, Charles parted from all his mountain friends except two, who accompanied him. It must be recorded to the prince's honour, that he sought, during

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his sojourn in the cave, to improve the character of his companions, and especially to correct their habits of rude swearing, in which he, to a great extent, succeeded. Neither was example wanting to win them to a better tone of manners, as Charles was invariably regular in his devotions; and never, probably, were his prayers more sincere than when offered in that wild mountain cave, which had thus become the oratory of a Stuart prince. Often, amidst the high pomp and solemn grandeur of cathedrals must he, in subsequent days, have reverted to his prayers in the Scottish cave. We must here remark that the oath taken by his late protectors was kept for more than a year after his departure from them; nor was his residence in their retreat mentioned until they received intelligence of his escape to France; when, with a laudable pride, they shrunk not from detailing an event deemed by them most honourable to their names. After the prince's departure, he sought to escape into the district of Badenoch, where he hoped to meet with his friends, and through them reach the coast. The ferries were so closely watched as to prevent this; and whilst waiting for an opportunity, he fell in with some of his armed adherents. The meeting with these friends nearly led to a catastrophe. As the party approached, Charles and his adherents, taking them for a detachment of militia, were preparing to fire from behind some rocks, when the well-known countenances of some trusty supporters were discerned. It had been a sad doom for those who came to seek Charles, had any of their number, already proscribed for attachment to his person, fallen by his bullets. The troops had by this time been roused into renewed activity in the pursuit of Charles. The rumour of his death soon received a contradiction; and it was also reported that he had gathered a band of thirty men, with whom he was traversing the country. It was therefore deemed advisable for him to remain quietly in a hill retreat, whilst some of the party dispersed in different directions to ascertain the state of the country, and inquire after the arrival of any French ship on the coast. But he was not to rest: a short time after his companions had left the hill, Charles was awoke early one morning by a child crying out that "the red coats had come." He well-knew the import of those words; and looking into a hollow, saw the soldiers

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destroying a cottage. To escape instantly, or perish, were the only alternatives. Here the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent befriended him, as on the night when the circle of sentries had been broken through. Up one of these deep hollows the prince and his party now rushed; and being concealed from the view of the troops by the sides of the channel, escaped to a rocky and steep mountain peak, where all lay concealed through the day, without food.

In the evening a son of Clunes Cameron brought the intelligence that his father had procured food, and was waiting for the prince in a desolate place amongst the hills. To this point the party directed their steps; but the route leading over masses of sharp rock, and through tangled and tough forest-wood, so exhausted the prince that two men were forced to support him across the more difficult tracts. At last they reached the place, where it was found that Clunes had dressed part of a cow, of which the worn-out men partook.

Charles now heard that his devoted friend Lochiel was not far off; but, unable to leave his hiding-place from a lameness, the result of wounds received at the battle of Culloden. To him he therefore resolved to hasten. After passing through the glen, Charles approached the place where Lochiel, with four adherents, had secreted himself. At this moment the prince was in danger of perishing by the hands of the very men who had lost all by their devoted struggles in his cause. Lochiel was not acquainted with the prince's approach, and mistook Charles and his party for a body of militia sent to arrest him. The chief was unable to escape, and resolved not to be taken. He therefore ordered his four friends to prepare their arms, and wait for the signal to fire upon the advancing party. Had such a command been uttered, the prince would probably have been shot on these wild hills by his brave partizans; for Lochiel had the means of pouring in a destructive volley, twelve loaded muskets being kept in readiness to repel the attacks of the Royalists. But whilst Lochiel's party were taking aim, the faces of well-known friends were recognized, and Lochiel beheld amongst them the prince whom he had a few months previously hoped to see holding his court in St. James's. At this moment Lochiel dashed away the images of ruin and gloom from his

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view, brightening his hopes by reflecting that the wonderful and repeated preservations experienced by the prince were prophetic of final triumph. When Lochiel approached Charles, he was about to express his chivalrous homage by kneeling to the prince, who eagerly restrained him, crying out, "No, no, my dear Lochiel! we know not who may be looking upon us from yonder hills; and should they see any such motions, they will conclude that I am here."

The prince's faculties had become sharpened by the constant presence of danger; he suspected hills and woods, in which the foe might lurk. The prince was still in the fatal shire of Inverness, as Badenoch is a part of that county—a wild district of rock and lake, presenting a thousand hiding-places for hunted and outlawed men. He was now happy for a time. The poverty of Lochiel's dwelling was luxury to one who had wandered over desolate mountains, exposed to death by starvation. The retreat was well-supplied with provisions: abundance of sausages, butter, and cheese, with some whiskey, enabled these victims of political disquietude to support, in some measure, their hardships. The prince was forced to use a saucepan for a plate, which was also their whole cooking apparatus. One luxury was still retained: Charles ate from the saucepan with a silver spoon. In two or three days, the prince removed to a still more secluded and mountain refuge, which his friends had prepared for him. It was hidden from observation by a thicket; and being on the side of a grey-coloured mountain, the smoke of their fire could not be distinguished at a distance from the face of the rock. This was of great importance, as no sign was better fitted to draw the attention of watchful troops than the appearance of smoke in such a place. The following description of this retreat is taken from the narrative of Clunie, one of the attached adherents of Charles, who had himself arranged the various conveniences of the prince's hiding-place. "It was situated within a small thick bush of wood facing a very rough high and rocky mountain called Letternilich, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. There were, first, some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the

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lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth or gravel. There were between the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made with heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the cage; it being of a round, or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with moss. This entire fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the cage; and by chance there happened to be two small stones at a little distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The cage was only large enough to contain six or seven persons. In this substitute for a palace, Charles resided for twelve days, waiting for some intelligence by which to regulate his future movements. On the twelfth day, news reached the prince that some French vessels dispatched to aid his escape had anchored on the coast; upon which he instantly departed from his mountain retreat for the sea-shore. These vessels were L'Heureux, and La Princesse de Conti, and had been fitted out by a Jacobite named Colonel Warren, who, though unable to place Charles Edward on a throne, was permitted to furnish the means of escape from a dungeon. As the prince was compelled to travel during the night, in order to avoid detection, his party were a week in reaching Moidart; where, upon his arrival, he found a large body of his partizans, who had hastily collected from the surrounding country to seize the means now offered for escape to France. On September the 20th, Charles embarked at Borodale, on the western shores of Inverness-shire, where he had landed more than a year before, full of high hopes and daring projects, with triumphs and a throne before him. He had now completed the circle of his adventures: the tumult of victory, and the ruin of defeat had been his since that fatal landing at Borodale; now he saw a broken band of brave friends without a country, and almost

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without hope. More than a hundred of these accompanied the prince on board, and bade farewell for ever to the mountains of that land, where once they lived, the chiefs of powerful clans, now scattered and utterly wasted.

After a voyage of nine days round the western coast of Ireland (which track was chosen for safety), the prince landed in France, and hastened to Paris, where little awaited him save to be made the tool of Bourbon policy. At Paris he was soon doomed to hear the fate of those high-minded chiefs whose heads, once so active in his cause, were exposed in the capital and cities of England, as awful memorials of political vengeance. Thus closed the celebrated struggle of 1745, a contest which ended in the annihilation of the feudal powers of the great Highland chiefs, and prostrated the hopes of the Stuart princes. As the reader may wish to know something of the subsequent history of him whose adventures have now been described, the following statements will form a suitable conclusion to the preceding narrative. The escape of the prince from Scotland did not insure immunity from the distresses which always fall thickly on the heads of discrowned monarchs. The Bourbons, having used the Stuarts as tools to promote their own designs against England, were willing to abandon them when no longer serviceable in the great political combinations of Europe. Accordingly, the French government ordered the prince in the year 1748 to remove from Paris, and upon his refusal imprisoned him for a time in Vincennes. This was done to gratify the English government, with which, in connexion with Austria and Prussia, France then concluded the celebrated treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and sacrificed the cause of those Jacobites whom France had so recently employed for the subversion of the English power.

The imprisonment of Charles Edward was of short duration, as its main object was to convince him that he must no longer look to France for support. The prince seems to have understood this logic of the French statesmen, and retired first to Avignon, then a part of the Romish states, where he hoped to remain unmolested under the patronage of Benedict XIV.; and afterwards to Liege, where he lived several years under the name of the Baron de Montgomerie. His father, called "the old Pretender," and "the

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old Chevalier," died in 1766, upon which the title of "king of England" was assumed by the prince.

The events of 1746 had not taught him the hopelessness of all attempts to dislodge the House of Brunswick from the British throne, and he is reported to have contemplated another invasion in the year 1770; but either the remembrance of the past or the difficulties of the present deterred him from an attempt which could but have led to a useless expenditure of brave men's lives, and perhaps his own destruction. Long before this period the prince is said to have twice visited London in disguise: the first time in 1750, as a Mr. Smith: the second visit is placed about three years later. It seems incredible that he should have exposed himself to such peril in that country where the gibbeted bones of his late adherents were yet whitening in the winds. The visits are, nevertheless, recorded by several writers, without hesitation. Whatever may have been the prince's objects in these dangerous visits, he saw enough to deter him from making any immediate attempt to regain the English crown, as no such plan seems to have been devised until the year 1770. After this date he retired to Florence as Count d'Albano; and, after two years, married the princess Louisa of Stolberg-Gadern.

Little more remains to be told of Charles Edward Stuart, except that he died at Rome in the year 1788, on January the 30th, the same day of the same month on which his ancestor Charles I. perished on a scaffold—the victim of rebellion. The prince was first buried in the cathedral of Frescati—an ancient city, about twelve miles from Rome; but the body was afterwards removed to St. Peter's, where the genius of Canova has been employed in raising a monument to the last of the Stuarts. The following inscription, jarring oddly with the historical creed of Englishmen, records the prime article of the Jacobite faith, which owned no discrowning of kings, whilst it implies the failure of all objects round which the believers in such a creed might gather. The court of St. James, the College of Heralds, the peers and commons of England were all ignorant of such kingly titles as James III., Charles III., and Henry IX.; but the Jacobins were not given to change: the royal line of ancient times was a royal line yet to them. We read on

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this monument—"James III., Charles III., Henry IX.,* Kings of England."

Such are the words of honour uttered from the marble memorial, but the voice falls upon heedless ears: the antiquary may pause at the words, and bow his head in acknowledgment of these assumed titles of an extinct royal house; but the multitude hears not at all. Men pass from James II. to William III., and on to Victoria I. regardless of that monument's proud proclamation. The strife has now passed; the politics of the Jacobites are, in their original form, extinct; and the writer has therefore recorded the adventures of Prince Charles Edward without diverging into questions which once had power to agitate into violent heavings the passions of British and European statesmen.

* This Henry was the last of the Stuarts, and second son of the "Old Pretender." In 1788 he caused a medal to be struck, bearing on one side "Henricus Nonus, Angliæ Rex" (Henry IX., King of England); on the other, "Dei Gratia sed non voluntate hominum (By the Grace of God, but not by the will of man). The French Revolution reduced him to great poverty; and George III. gave him a pension of 4000*l.* yearly. He died 1807, leaving to the Prince of Wales the crown jewels which James II. had carried off.

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II.

INDIAN DUNGEONS;

OR,

SUFFERINGS OF CAPTAIN WILSON, A BRITISH OFFICER, IN INDIA, FROM 1781 TO 1783.

IN the early history of our Indian empire are many remarkable examples of daring courage and heroic endurance. To the combination of such high qualities in our soldiers and civilians must be ascribed those dazzling successes by which a factory in the poor village of Govindpour* has been expanded into a government more powerful than that of the Moguls in its greatest magnificence. During such an advance from the Ganges to the Sutlej, some singular perils, hair-breadth escapes, and cruel sufferings must have been endured by many of the agents in this work of developing factories into empires. History does not record their names: she has her gorgeous stories of Plassey and Assaye, and will in after ages record the desperate gallantry which has made the Sutlej a stream of note. The Clives, Wellesleys, and Hardinges are not likely to be forgotten when fame fills up with golden characters the columns in the long record of the past. But where are the memories of those who have braved and suffered more perils than ever gathered round these gallant leaders? preserved only in cherished family remembrances, in some simple biography,—

* The original name of the place from which Calcutta has risen to its present magnificence.

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or, as in the case of the black-hole, by some plain obelisk bearing the victims' names?*

One of these firm-hearted Britons was a captain named Wilson, who experienced the fury of the tempest which burst upon our Indian settlements in the times of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. These adventures, though known to many, may be new to the readers of this volume, and are therefore presented in these pages as exhibiting some of the sufferings which many of our countrymen underwent during those fearful struggles.

It is proper to inform the reader that these Indian wars arose from the fierce rivalry between the French and English, who, having settlements in India, were engaged in a constant succession of hostilities, even when the two crowns were supposed to be at peace. The great contest commenced by the manœuvres of the French political agent, M. Duplieux, to excite the native princes against the English, who resolved to submit to no such interference. The genius of Clive† gave a preponderance to the British influence; and the French gradually lost their power in India. They were, nevertheless, able to excite the jealousy of the Indian princes; and thus originated those wars which issued in the triumph of the British in Hindostan. First came the attack on Calcutta by Suraja Dowlah, nabob of Bengal, with its attendant horrors of the Black-hole. He was, in the end, utterly defeated and dethroned; but a bloody war soon ensued with his successor, Meer Cosseim, whom the British had raised to the sovereignty in the place of Meer Jaffier.

The war against Meer Cosseim ended in his ruin, and brought Bengal under the British power. From this strife

* The Black-hole is now used for a warehouse; near which an obelisk is raised, to preserve the memories of those who perished in that prison.

† This man of energy was born in Shropshire, 1725, and went to Madras as a writer at the age of nineteen. The struggle between the French and English was then commencing in India, and Clive exchanged his civil for a military appointment. He soon gained important commands, and, striking blow upon blow, he prostrated French power, laid the foundation of our Indian empire, and raised himself to the peerage, being created Baron of Plassey. Lord Chatham described him as a "Heaven-born general, who, without experience, surpassed all the officers of his time." His end was gloomy, as he committed suicide in 1774.

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another contest arose. Meer Cosseim had fled to the nabob of Oude Suja Dowlah, who warmly supported his cause. Defeat followed the confederate chiefs; and the wild courage of Asia yielded to the stern endurance and energy of Europe. The next opponent was Hyder Ali; who, enraged at the success of the British, endeavoured to detach some of the princes from the English interest, and organize a resistance to their power throughout Hindostan. He rushed upon the Carnatic* with a deluge of cavalry amounting to 90,000 horsemen, and vowed to drive every Englishman from the land of the sacred Ganges. Though defeated in five desperate battles, his vast forces enabled him to keep the field, and leave to his son-in-law, Tippoo Saib, in 1782, the work of ravaging India. The war ended by the capture of Tippoo's capital, Seringapatam, and the death of its ferocious monarch, who perished by the bayonets of the storming party, May the 4th, 1799.

Beyond this point, the reader's attention need not be called, as the Mahratta† war which followed, and the brilliant victories of Delhi and Assaye have no immediate connexions with the subsequent narrative, which is limited to the reigns of Hyder and Tippoo. Throughout these struggles the French gave every possible aid to Hyder and his son; and by their agency Captain Wilson was first brought into the inhuman Indian nabob's power. As the captain had shown in the service of the East India Company much courage and prudence, he was employed by the Indian authorities in conveying military stores to the British garrisons, fleets, and armies—tasks which he executed in circumstances of the most imminent peril, and once within sight of the French fleet. During one of these trips, whilst carrying stores to the British admiral, Sir Edward Hughes, he was

* This name is given to the south-east extremity of India, a region extending for nearly six hundred miles, from Cape Comorin along the eastern coast. It possesses many fortresses, and is a populous and wealthy territory. It was formerly governed by the nabob of Arcot; but in 1789, the Indian government took full possession of the sovereignty.

† These were divided into the eastern and western Mahrattas; their sway extended over the centre and south of India—a country a thousand miles long, and seven hundred miles wide. They were named from Mahrot, an ancient district in the Deccan.

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captured by the French, and carried into Cuddalore, a part of the Coromandel coast, about eighty miles south of Madras.

Had this been the end of Wilson's calamity, little attention would have been drawn to his adventures, which would only have resembled those of thousands upon whom war pours its vials of wrath. But the ferocity of Hyder Ali drew such commiseration around the objects of his cruelty, that fame was naturally acquired where so much was suffered. Desiring to get all the English prisoners taken by the French into his power, in order to extract evidence from them to guide him in his military operations, or to gratify his vengeful spirit by their tortures, he procured the transfer from the French authorities of all the English in Cuddalore to himself, by giving to Suffrein, the French admiral, a bribe of 300,000 rupees; and the latter basely yielded to this dishonourable proposal, the disgrace of which the medal† presented to him by his countrymen could not efface. This transaction soon became known to the captives, who were aware that no feelings of generosity could be looked for in Hyder Ali. It was now that Captain Wilson resolved to attempt an escape from his prison, choosing to risk all dangers rather than fall into the hands of such a human tiger as the Indian prince. Often had the captain paced the ramparts of his prison, and contemplated the possibility of springing from the walls into the river which almost washed their base. The time had now come for reducing this thought into speedy action, in which he persuaded a brother officer and his Hindoo servant to join. The night following the day on which the news of their transfer to Hyder reached the prisoners was fixed upon for the attempt: the hour selected being a short time after sunset, when the darkness would facilitate escape, and the night give time for reaching a distant point before his absence could be detected.

As the hour approached, Captain Wilson ascertained that the officer who had promised to join him declined to en-

* This medal bore on it the following rather vaunting inscription:—"Le cap protégé; Trinquemale pris; Goudelour delivré; L'Inde defendue; six combats glorieux. Les états de Provence ont decerne cetti medaille. 1784."

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counter the perils attending such an attempt. The reader must bear in mind that Wilson's object was to escape from Cuddalore to the Danish settlement of Tranquebar, a distance of about fifty miles, through a country swarming with Hyder's cavalry, and intersected by numerous and deep rivers.* Thus it was not surprising that his friend should refuse to concur in what he believed a useless attempt. He had, however, resolved upon escape; and he set off with the boy towards the ramparts about an hour after sunset. Silently they moved upwards towards that point of the wall whence Wilson intended to make his critical leap. The roll of a pebble or the step of a foot might have betrayed them; but the rampart was gained without discovery; and the sullen rush of the river, heard from a distance of forty feet beneath, was the only sound breaking the stillness of the night. There was no time to be lost: the hour approached when the guard would be relieved; and Wilson, committing himself to God, leaped from the ramparts into the gulf below. He did not fall direct into the stream; but descended on a dry bank of the river with such force, that his body was doubled up, and his knees driven with violence against his face. The rebound of this shock flung Wilson headlong and stunned into the rapid river. He preserved his presence of mind, and having swam to the bank, listened anxiously for the least sound indicating that the sentinels had heard his plunge into the water. All was silent; and re-assured by this, he crept to the highest heap of sand under the ramparts, and caught the boy in his descent. Both were now outside the prison; but the girdle of water yet hemmed them in; and whilst the captain was preparing to cross, he found, to his horror, that the boy was unable to swim. This did not for the present hinder their escape, as the captain bore his servant across on his back. But upon attempting to cross a deep and rushing river at Porto Nova, fourteen miles from Cuddalore, he found it impossible to swim encumbered with the boy. In vain the youth was urged to hold on by his hands only, and

* A glance at the map will show how completely this part of India is intersected by rivers, most of which are branches and outlets of the Cawvery river, which washed Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysorean chief.

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strike out with his feet; by which means the captain might have beaten his way through the boiling surf. No sooner was he in the midst of the waters than the affrighted boy clung with his legs to the captain's body, who thus with great difficulty escaped a grave in the river.

To take the servant across was therefore impossible; and Wilson was compelled to leave him with directions by which, being a native, he might reach a place of safety under the protection of Dr. Meir, for whom he was directed to search. Thus they parted on the banks of the stream, and saw each other for the last time. The poor boy was never heard of again.

The captain now endeavoured to cross the river; but no sooner did he plunge into the stream than the current hurried him away, and flung him back upon the bank. At last he found the passage was not to be accomplished, and gave up the attempt with a sad heart. Beyond that impregnable barrier of water was Tranquebar; on this side nothing but danger: and it seemed strange that he who had forced the ramparts of Cuddalore should now be stayed by a line of running water. In despair the captain gazed upon the opposite bank; when the moon, emerging from some clouds, flung her welcome light on the turbid waters, bringing into clear view the various objects along the river. The wanderer's eye suddenly rested on a dark object: he approached, and to his delight found a canoe drawn up on the shore. Whilst engaged in dragging it to the water, the sound of feet was heard; and turning, he beheld two natives rushing upon him. To push off the canoe was impossible, as they seized the paddles before it could be floated, and demanded his business in that place. He stated that most urgent affairs required his presence at Tranquebar, the road to which he had lost; and besought them to row him over. The men were not desirous of harming Wilson, and, persuaded by his entreaties, paddled the canoe to the opposite bank, receiving as their only payment the grateful acknowledgments of the captain.

The moon now shone out with the brilliancy so often seen in those climates, and afforded to the fugitive the means of keeping the direct route to Tranquebar. He proceeded with such speed that he saw the gorgeous colouring of the tropical

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morning twilight reflected in the waters of the broad and deep Coleroon, a river half-way between Cuddalore and Tranquebar. Could he once place this noble stream behind his path, it was probable that the place of refuge might be reached in safety, and Hyder defied from behind the walls and guns of Tranquebar. But to cross such a river was the difficulty, no conveyance being in sight: no floating piece of timber, on which he might have found support, at hand, nor any means for constructing a raft. Neither was there time for contrivances of this nature, as the daylight was rapidly advancing, and with it the chances of detection. He therefore, remembering his escape from the ramparts of Cuddalore, resolved again to dare peril, trusting by daring to conquer danger, and with these feelings plunged into the current. The reader must bear in mind that one of the principal dangers now braved by Wilson did not arise from the breadth of the river, nor from the rapidity of its stream, but from the alligators with which that river swarmed to such a degree that "to dip the hand in the Coleroon" was almost a proverb for expressing the height of courage amongst the natives. These animals would be on the look-out for prey at the commencement of the day; and thus Wilson was crossing the Coleroon at the most dangerous of all times. The nature of the peril, too, was fitted to unnerve a swimmer, as it was one of which he could not see the approach, nor seeing, could hope to escape. Every sweep of his arms, each motion of his foot, was likely to attract some monster from his slimy bed, which might approach from any side bearing off the swimmer without the least means of resistance. Thus when Wilson made his plunge into the Coleroon, he knew that the dungeons of Hyder might have been escaped but to give an alligator a breakfast. The difficulty of crossing such rapid streams, too, may be estimated from the fact that even with a punt the natives of a country are often an hour and a half crossing a river half a mile wide.

He, however, ploughed through the waters with a fearless though an anxious heart. When still far from the shore, a singular faintness came over him, arising from bodily exhaustion, produced by his long and harassing journey, which rendered him unable to support the shock of immersion, and swimming at daybreak across a river like the Coleroon.

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Wilson strove vigorously to resist this weakness, keeping his eye on the opposite bank; but a species of insensibility gradually stole over him, and the Coleroon was now, he thought, to provide him with a grave. Still his arms and feet mechanically moved, though he felt as if unable to think, and consciousness seemed in a strange state of ebb and flow. He was suddenly driven against a tree floating in the water; and clutching the timber with a convulsive force, clung to this raft, so providentially furnished. The only strong impression was that of seeing the wide expanse of water close to his eyes, and that he was floating in some elastic fluid which rose and fell like the appearance of the sea to a person on shipboard. There can be no doubt that Wilson was fast becoming insensible, and that all things appeared in that whirl which precedes delirium.

However, by some wonderful combination of physical and mental circumstances, he at last touched the shore. How he crossed, Wilson could never recollect: his impression was, that he had fallen asleep whilst clinging to the tree, and continued mechanically to move his feet during that state. He was clearly on the verge of fainting; but retained sufficient strength to support himself above the water, in which he calculated he must have remained for half an hour at least. The sun had risen when he reached the bank, and all around was as beautifully still as if war had never uttered its thunders in the Carnatic. Whilst Wilson rested for a moment amidst the deep stillness, he could not help contrasting the calm of nature abiding in that spot, with the havoc and wild desolation which at that moment were ravaging the region around.

The contrast of "Peace and War" in Landseer's paintings of last year, has impressed every one of the thousands who paused to gaze upon those beautiful symbolizations. The cannon disused so long that a rich coating of moss has grown upon the rusty iron, is in startling opposition to the corse-strewn plain, the dead guardsmen, and the savage wreck of the battle-field. But this is not more impressive than a comparison between the quietude of the morning on the sunny banks of the Coleroon, and the murders, burnings, and horrors then blackening the face of the Carnatic.

Wilson was compelled to leave the peaceful solitude of

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nature, which the cavalry of Hyder might at any moment invade. He therefore struck into a jungle near the sea, hoping thus to avoid any marauding parties of the enemy. At length he reached the end of the jungle, and seeing a small hill at some distance, ascended to survey the country, and observe whether the coast was quite clear.

Whilst carefully scrutinizing, he observed a party of cavalry galloping towards the hill. At first Wilson hoped they had not seen him; but soon found by their outcries that his exposure on the hill had attracted their observation. They were upon him in a few moments; and as escape or resistance was alike impossible, Wilson was again a prisoner, and in the power of Hyder's soldiers; thus meeting the very fate he had scaled the ramparts of Cuddalore and swam the Coleroon to avoid. His captors took him to their camp; and, being examined by their commander, Wilson detailed his escape and the perils he had encountered. The instant the passage of the Coleroon was mentioned, the native officer exclaimed "*Jute bat!*" (that is a lie:) alleging that no human being could swim across that river, and escape the alligators. He was at length convinced by various details that Wilson's account was true, and regarded him as a man under the immediate protection of God.

The bitterest part of the captain's lot was now approaching: he was sent back to Cuddalore, whence, with such perils and sufferings, he had escaped. Thus all his labours seemed to have been a useless expenditure of energy, and a contradiction to the usual notion, that success waits upon the brave. The notion is true enough; but Wilson was destined to furnish one of the excepted cases. We may imagine something of the feeling with which he again entered his prison-house, and gazed upon that river and those walls which he had hoped were seen for the last time on the night of his escape. He was now cut off from the society of his fellow-officers, and confined in one of those wretched dungeons which the prisons of barbarous countries can always supply for the victim of a tyrant's hate or fear. He was not, however, left to indulge the luxury of rest, even in a dungeon, being ironed the morning after his return, and marched towards Seringapatam—a distance of five hundred miles. This march, the burning sun, the barbarity of the cowardly

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Mysore guards, the horrid, Black-hole-like dungeons in which each of the chained prisoners was placed, and the short allowance of food; all these sufferings Wilson endured in common with others of his countrymen who had fallen into the power of Hyder. But to these miseries were added, in his case, the exhaustion produced by the exertions attending his attempt to escape, and the mental torture arising from the terrible disappointment consequent upon their failure. More even than this was to be endured from the arts and cruelties by which Hyder sought to induce the prisoners to turn Mahommedans and enter his service. Whilst Wilson and his companions were on their painful march to Seringapatam, Hyder appeared, and made the most tempting offers to all who would renounce their country and deny their Saviour. A few of the prisoners were degraded enough to accept the rewards, and win the contempt of the prince by becoming traitors and blasphemers. Such is the common result of suffering on the coward heart: the brave who fear not death preserve the true dignity of life by a noble resistance to mean and dishonourable suggestions. Upon their refusal to accept the terms proposed by Hyder, fresh severities followed, in the hope of crushing their spirit, and compelling a surrender of their loyalty and faith.

Before Wilson reached the end of this journey, the irons had cut through his flesh, and caused almost insupportable torture. Nor did his arrival at Seringapatam produce any alleviation, but rather increased the severity of his tortures. Fetters, thirty-two pounds in weight, were fixed on his emaciated body, as a punishment—he was told—for the attempt to escape. He was kept fettered to a common soldier, one of his countrymen; and so deficient was food, that he and his fellow-captives—one hundred and fifty-three in number—eagerly caught the white ants in the dungeon, and fried them for sustenance. There were no beds in the place; and the roof of their prison being open in places, they were exposed to the alternations of burning heat in the day and piercing winds at night. Under these circumstances, disease quickly broke out amongst the prisoners, and death soon removed the majority from the power and malice of Hyder. Wilson's condition was often that of companion to the dead; for the soldier to whom he was fettered frequently died, and

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he was forced to remain linked to the body till the guard severed the fetters which bound together the living and the dead. This happened several times during the twenty-two months of horror passed in this charnel-house. Disease also attacked him, and his limbs became fearfully and strangely distended. His fetters, too, were becoming too small for the swollen limbs, and mortification of the parts was apprehended, when the guards, thinking him at the point of death, loosened him from the irons and left him to die. He was released from his cruel disease by what men call an accident. Some grain had been boiled by one of the captives, who commiserated Wilson's sufferings; he having eaten the food, drank also the water in which it had been boiled; and, to his surprise, all the effects of the most powerful medicines followed: the swollen body regained its form, and he was soon out of danger from disease; his irons were refixed, but improved health enabled him to bear up under calamities which had crushed so many of his fellow-creatures.

In twenty-two months, one hundred and twenty-two out of a hundred and thirty-four had yielded to misery and disease; and Wilson's preservation was deemed most extraordinary by all who could judge of the effects produced by such suffering on the human frame. At the end of that period, the tormentor of the prisoners, Hyder Ali, was no more: death, though busy in the dungeons of the Mysorean king, had not forgotten him, and the scourge of the Carnatic followed those whom he had tortured out of life. His son-in-law, Tippoo Saib, was, if possible, more of the tiger than Hyder; but being compelled to make a short peace, released his prisoners from Seringapatam, who were received at that place by the Company's officer, Mr. Law, son of Bishop Law.

Now came the end of Wilson's adventures: the last two years of his life had brought him into close fellowship with those sufferings of which so many happily know but the reports, or see from a distance in the exhibitions of the drama or the impassioned scenes of poets. Tippoo was compelled to release all who were known to be in his power; but a few unfortunate men were detained by this perfidious prince, some of whom were never more heard of, and others remained subject to his brutality till the storming of his capital

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and his own destruction delivered them from Asiatic oppression. Captain Wilson was not, however, amongst those victims : he was released, but so worn and enfeebled that the first satisfying meal threw him into a violent fever. This was partly the result of his own imprudence in failing to regulate the amount of food taken after his liberation. A large piece of beef was given him ; and so morbid was his appetite, that after making a meal from one portion, he placed the other close to his pillow, that he might eat the moment he awoke. This seems like gluttony ; but we must remember the agonies which Wilson had felt from want of food ; and perhaps, in the morning, such cravings had been acutely experienced : thus the object in thus hoarding his food might be to prevent a recurrence of these agonies. The illness kept him for many days at the point of death ; but upon his recovery he set out for Madras, where his haggard and wild appearance, added to his tattered and strangely mottled dress, gave him something the appearance of a madman ; and the soldiers on guard actually refused for some time to let him pass. He, however, obtained admission, and passed along the crowded ways to the house of a friend named Ellis, whom he knew would gladly receive an exhausted countryman. He knocked at the door, which was opened by pompous-looking servants, to whom he gave his message for their master. These, disliking his wild look, were endeavouring to close the door against such a visitor ; but he rushed by them, and flung himself on a sofa, where he soon fell into a deep sleep. The servants deemed him mad, and therefore made no attempt to remove one whom their superstition taught them to regard as a favourite of heaven. In the mean time his friend returned home, and came to the side of the worn-out captain, who still slept on, undisturbed by the gathering numbers who flocked around him. His friends refrained from disturbing a sleep which might be of more use than any nourishment ; and it was not till evening that Wilson awoke, amid the glare of chandeliers and the warm congratulations of numerous friends, whose kindness soon enabled him to regain lost strength, and prepare himself for future service.

He was subsequently engaged in the East Indian trade, and realized a large fortune, with which he came to England, and settled at Horndean, Hampshire. He had thus, at the

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age of thirty-six, passed through sufferings and escaped perils under which hundreds had sunk, and amassed an independence which he might reasonably hope would enable him to pass many years in the midst of peace, abundance, and happiness.

Wilson did not, however, thus spend his remaining years. He offered to conduct the missionary ship named the Duff, to the isles of the Pacific; in the course of which voyage he discovered and named the Coral Islands, called Gambier's Group. These are fully mapped in the first volume of "Captain Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific," p. 181.

After this, he returned to England, married, and lived upon his fortune; which, though reduced by heavy losses from loans to friends, enabled him to live secure from the dangers of sea or land, until the age of fifty-four, when he died, leaving a wife, son, and four daughters.

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III.

THE SNOW-BURIED;

OR,

THE SUFFERINGS OF A FAMILY UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

THE deep solitudes of Alpine regions are often broken by strange convulsions. In summer the thunder is heard, and the lightnings seen below the peasant's hut, which, sheltered in some nook of the high mountain-range, dreads not the tempest's wrath.

In midnight, it may be, these alarums of the elements are echoed from hill to hill with a sustained reverberation, which never reaches the ears of those who dwell in low countries. In winter, other sublime scenes fill the mind with awe and wonder—the former produced by the vast magnificence, the latter by the mysteriousness of nature. Mountains, rivers, lakes, and forests are then changed into icy halls and temples of the frost king. In the morning light the peasant sees the rainbow tints crowning with sunny glory the dazzling peaks of a mountain chain, or marks, under the bright and cold moonbeams, the far extended sea of ice.

In spring, fresh developments of power startle the tourist, and alarm the native. Then the snows of winter glide from their rest on the steep mountain, and descend with destructive fury on the vales below.

The village which some autumnal party of travellers sketched, with all its picturesque homes, for their portfolio's ornament, is buried in snow, and its grave formed in a moment by the avalanche. In the brightness of the merry days of spring, when wild flowers peep from their rocky nooks, and mountain-streams sparkle again, uttering a gladsome song, as

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rippling over gnarled roots and granite beds, they hasten down their steep paths; in such times the avalanche falls. The frost-hardened snow binds all fast during winter; but the warmth of spring melts the snowy mass, at the bottom of which many hollows form, causing the whole foundation to slip, and the mass to fall from its high position upon the lower lands, where the busy life in villages, mills, and forests is in a moment hushed. There are cases, however, of persons being extricated from under these accumulations of snow, and such an event will form the substance of the present narrative.

This occurrence happened in Bergoletto, a secluded village of Piedmont, in the year 1756, after a winter distinguished by heavy falls of snow, which had not only blocked up the mountain-passes, and filled the vales with enormous wave-like drifts, but threatened to crush the villagers' homes by its accumulation on the house-roofs.

When the sun of March began to warm the wintry heaps, the rustics resolved to clear their huts from the snow pressure, and were thus employed on the 19th of March, when an event diverted the labours of the hamlet from roof-clearing to a more anxious task. On this morning the village clergyman was on his way to the church, and observed several of his parishioners busily engaged upon their houses. Nothing called his attention to one group of workers in particular, and he was proceeding, when a well-known sight arrested his gaze. He had directed his eye to the Alpine summits around, all bright in their snow-coverings, when the vast fields of snow suddenly moved downwards with a sound like the echoes of distant thunder. Beneath were the busy workers; all heard the alarm from the heights, and the shout of the vicar announcing the danger. The clergyman rushed towards his house, and all fled as the impulse of the moment dictated. We must not stay to describe the fate of the village, in which thirty houses were destroyed, and the rector, with twenty-two of his people, perished, but follow the adventures of one family. The father, Joseph Roccia, was on his housetop with a son when the dreaded sounds were heard, and springing off, they both sought to reach the church. Whilst rushing with the speed of terror, Roccia heard a crushing sound behind, and turning, beheld his son knocked down by the

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descending masses. He rushed back to extricate the boy, and glanced towards his home; but that home no longer met his gaze; in its place was a snow chaos, heap piled on heap, burying all under its huge mass. Beneath were his wife, daughter, little son, and a sister; there lay besides all his worldly wealth. The shock overcame Roccia, who was carried in a senseless state to one of the preserved houses, where he remained almost helpless for five days.

The first alarm being over, all the surviving peasants thronged to the scene of ruin, hoping to extricate some at least of their friends from their icy prison. Three hundred men collected round the avalanche, and found that the mass of snow measured nearly three hundred feet long, sixty wide, and, worst of all, nearly fifty in depth. The peasants did not, however, abandon all hope; they well knew that animals and human beings had often existed for many days beneath huge masses of snow, and hoped to detect the position of the buried houses, and clear away the snow from each cottage. To work they accordingly went. Iron rods were plunged deep in the snow, in order to search for the exact position of each house before commencing the excavation. But the snow now fell so thickly that every opening was quickly filled up by the descending showers; added to which the great depth of the heap seemed to preclude all hope of extricating the buried population, until increased warmth should thaw the mass.

At length the warm breezes and sun of April began to act upon the snow, and again the villagers commenced on the 18th of this month their work of sorrow; for hope could not animate their labours, as one month had elapsed since the fall of the avalanche, and none could expect to find their relatives alive. To extricate the bodies of friends for Christian burial, was now the only object in excavating, and Roccia was amongst the most active labourers. The desire of beholding his wife and children animated his efforts. Though not hoping to see them alive, he resolved to gain for them a burying place, where daily their simple graves might recall the memories of the dead. On April 24 he proceeded so far as to touch with a pole the roof of his house; but the object of his labour was not attained, six feet of hard snow being yet above the roof. This very night, when the exhausted Roccia was seeking strength in hasty slumbers for the morrow's work,

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his brother, who dwelt in a neighbouring hamlet, dreamed that his sister, Roccia's wife, was still alive, and that he heard her supplicating voice praying for help.

Deeply affected by this occurrence, the brother hastened to the scene of ruin, and imparted his dream to Roccia. Men may profess to despise dreams, but there are some of them which assume so much the character of prophetic intimations from superior beings, that the most sceptical man is insensibly swayed by their influence. Roccia was in no mood for disputation; and such a dream called up bright hopes in his heart, and accelerated the labours of the excavating party. The house was at last reached, an entrance effected, and, with a palpitating heart, Roccia searched the rooms. To his astonishment, nothing was visible—neither form of the living nor of the dead met his view.

This was mysterious; but the strangeness of the circumstance suggested hope, and the excited peasants were prepared for some unusual interposition of Providence. It was now surmised that the whole family might have escaped to some cattle sheds in the vicinity of the house, and an excavation was instantly commenced in that direction. At last, when it was thought they were close to the outhouses, a boring rod was thrust into the snow, that if living persons were near their attention might be attracted, and their cries reach the digging party. When the rod was drawn back, all listened, and plainly heard a faint voice utter the words "Help, dear husband!" The sound was feeble, but it proved that life still lingered beneath the snow, and in a moment every arm was employed in tearing away the remaining obstacles.

An opening was at last made into the place where it was supposed Roccia's family were confined, and his brother sprung into the chasm. There all was total darkness; he begged the inmates to speak. Roccia's wife replied: now her husband and friends entered, and in a few moments Roccia embraced his wife, daughter, and sister. This was a bright day for all; but the happiest events are not without some alloy, and thus it happened in the present case. Roccia inquired for his little son; the poor little fellow had died, and his body lay in a corner of the shed, which had thus sheltered the living and dead under one roof.

The state of the three survivors was most distressing; not

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one was capable of moving, and their emaciated appearance proved that death must soon have fallen upon all, had relief been much longer delayed. All eventually recovered from their debility; but the eyes of Roccia's wife were injured for the rest of her life, on account of their long seclusion from light and abrupt transition to the open day, which had produced a paralysis of the optic nerve.

But how was this party so long preserved under such fearful circumstances? The means by which this was effected were told by Roccia's wife to her husband, and consisted of a series of providential combinations.

In the first place, the reader must remember that the nature of snow permits a volume of air sufficient for respiration to reach men or animals who may be buried therein. Thus one common cause, of death in the usual cases of burial beneath masses of matter, is to a great extent removed when snow is the superincumbent material.

Let us now note the causes which combined to preserve this engulfed family. When the avalanche fell, they were not in the house, but in a stable at some distance; a circumstance which proved the chief cause of their deliverance. Had all been in the house at the moment of the crash, they must have perished from starvation, as no provisions could have been procured sufficient to support life during their long entombment. In the stable the means of subsistence were at hand; six goats, some fowls, and an ass being in the place, and one of the goats was at the time giving milk, which we shall soon find became of the utmost use. When the first crush of the avalanche was heard, a part of the ceiling gave way, upon which the affrighted family rushed to the manger for shelter. This was formed under the strongest part of the building, which resisted the enormous weight bearing upon it, and thus preserved the family from instant death. But they were now in total darkness, confined to the narrow manger, with no prospect, save a lingering death from hunger. A terrible contrast this with the quiet preparations for church, which a few minutes previously had occupied the attention of the villagers. In a short time the majority would have been raising the hymn of holy worship in that Alpine church; but no bell sent its quiet sound that day over the valleys of this Piedmontese district.

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The first thought of this snow-shrouded family respected their means of subsistence till the avalanche could be removed. They knew that every arm in their own and the surrounding hamlets would be employed day and night for their deliverance, which it was hoped a few days' labour would accomplish. These expectations were not realized, on account of the vast depth of the snow debris; but this hindrance could not be known to those so suddenly overwhelmed. They therefore began to prepare the means of subsistence for a few days. It happened that the daughter of Roccia had about a dozen chestnuts with her, which were distributed amongst her relatives; but this resource was soon exhausted, and it was resolved to use all means for preserving the milk-giving goat in health, with the hopes of deriving sufficient nourishment from her daily supplies. To procure food for the goat was not difficult, as over the manger was a hole leading to the hayloft, from which the animal dragged its food, being raised to the opening on the shoulders of the women. In the midst of these contrivances, it was remembered that a number of loaves of bread were deposited in a shed not far from the stables; could these be reached, abundance of food was certain. The attempt was made, but the wall of hard snow resisted the persevering efforts of the women to reach the spot. They were now forced to rely upon the goat's milk, and water pressed from the snow. But such food was not sufficient for the little boy, who was seized with acute pains in the bowels after they had been in this state for a week. It is difficult to imagine the agonies of the mother, in such a place; a dying child writhing in her arms; no means of assuaging its bitter pains at hand; while the total darkness prevented her from seeing the condition of the poor boy, and the fearful stillness around and above suggested the feeling that here all must find a grave. The absence of sound was to them the most terrible circumstance, as it clearly told the vast depth of their burial-place, and the remoteness of all help. The only sounds were within the cavity in which they rested, and proceeded from their own voices, and the movements of the animals imprisoned with them. The ass and four of the goats were buried in the snow, and their struggles broke for a time the monotony; but at last this ceased, telling that death had already entered the place; and at the end of a fortnight the

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boy died, when the living and the dead had one common home.

Shortly after this the fowls in the stable died, which deprived the prisoners of their only time-keepers, for as yet the crowing of the birds at the usual morning hour afforded the family some notion of time.

When nearly a month had passed, the condition of the three survivors became such that few imaginations can depict its terrible nature. The exhalations from the dead body of the child and the animals were of themselves sufficient to render the state of the living most terrible; and the horrors of such a charnel-vault nearly brought the sufferers to the verge of madness. Then the intense cold of the trickling snow-water benumbed every limb, though it probably prevented some of the worst effects of the terrible effluvia from being felt. They also began to suffer from some vermin which had been generated in the dead bodies, and from this dreadful pestilence there was no shelter. Yet amidst these horrors, some bright circumstances mingled, preventing loss of life or of reason. The goat, which had supplied them so long with her milk, died; but to their surprise and delight, the other brought forth a kid. This gave a farther supply of milk, to secure which they were forced, with great trouble from their weakness, and with much sorrow, to kill the kid. At last they were gladdened by the dull sounds which seemed to come from one side of their prison-house. This almost overpowered their excited brains, and in their wild joy all burst into weeping.

Whilst the direction of the noises occasioned much astonishment, they expected rescue to come from *above the mass*, and that their friends would dig downwards. This the reader is aware had been done in the first instance, and it was only when the house was found empty that the excavation was commenced in a lateral direction. The suffering women were, however, soon assured from the peculiarity of the sounds that the long-delayed aid was approaching, and raised at intervals their faint voices for the guidance of the excavators. Such feeble sounds were of no avail for this purpose, and it was not till the rod had made an opening that the hollow voices of the sufferers reached the ears of their friends.

The deliverance has been already narrated; and most per-

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sons must acknowledge that few escapes from peril are more remarkable than that now recorded, and few attended by sufferings of so terrible a character.

This account does not contain instances of *active* courage, nor a long-sustained series of heroic efforts—for such the nature of the peril did not call. But we see what simple endurance will oftentimes accomplish; for surely it was surprising that these women retained reason amidst such various horrors, and that their relatives did not find them maniacs or idiots. Such a happy termination must have resulted from the patience with which these peasant women bore their sudden calamity, the hopes of deliverance, which never wholly left them, and that religious spirit which so often brings great results from feeble agencies.

The preceding narrative refers to a Swiss avalanche. Perhaps some readers may not deem it needless to be told that the avalanches in that region are neither the largest nor the most destructive of snow-slips. In the mountains of Asia the most tremendous falls occur, which being accompanied by furious hurricanes, and extending for miles over the lowlands, create by their descent an epoch in the annals of the natives. Rivers are stopped, vast lakes formed, and the most destructive inundations add to the wildness of the havoc, in which vast forests, the growth of ages, and masses of split rocks, are hurled in one death-sweeping ruin on the homes of men. The least disturbance in the atmosphere will sometimes produce an avalanche; nor is this surprising when it is remembered that the slip of a pepble may remove the peg, as it were, against which the edge of a snowy mass has long been resting. This first slip draws the whole mass, till then balanced, down the steep; and perhaps the snowy accumulations of half a century follow the fall of the fatal pepble.

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IV.

THE POWER OF FROST;

OR,

THE MISERABLE RETREAT OF A SWEDISH ARMY ACROSS THE NORWEGIAN ALPS, IN THE WINTER OF 1719.

THE miseries produced by war exceed, both in number and intensity, those which plague and famine combined have occasioned. Victory or defeat—advance or retreat—cities exulting in the conqueror's triumphal entrance, or towns blackened with flame and torn by shot—all alike speak of human woe inflicted by man on his fellow-man, through ages of strife. No amount of civilization can disconnect war from suffering; as it matters little to the soldier, whose body has been torn by the explosion of a shell, whether the hand that fired the mortar was that of an educated gentleman or of a brutal savage.

Retreats have been especially marked by disasters, whether directed by a Xenophon across the deserts and mountains of Asia, or by a Napoleon over the trackless and snow-covered Russian wastes. To witness the death of one man by famine, or to see him perish beneath the snow-drift, and yield up his life to the frost, is sufficient to impress, for long years, images of desolation and ruin on the mind; but to mark haggard and fierce men crawl by fifties to die in the ditches along the line of march—to sleep around the bivouac fire, and rise in the morning surrounded by the pale, frosted faces of the dead who have died in the past night—these scenes the retreating soldier has often witnessed.

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The remote Norwegian mountains are connected with one of those military catastrophes in which frost ruled over marshalled thousands, and prostrated whole ranks of battle-tried heroes. When Charles XII. of Sweden escaped from Turkey, whither he had fled after the battle of Pultowa, he found himself again involved in war with Denmark, Russia, and Prussia. He instantly prepared, with his accustomed daring, to attack the foe, and fell upon Norway, which then belonged to Denmark, with two armies—one commanded by himself, and the other, consisting of nine thousand men, headed by one of his generals. The latter division penetrated into the northern parts of Norway, towards Drontheim, whilst the king moved upon the southern provinces. These military operations were terminated at the beginning of winter, in consequence of the death of Charles by a gun-shot, before the ramparts of the strong fortress of Frederickstein, near the fortress of Frederic-shall. This event led to the retreat of the Swedish armies. The southern division returned without loss into Sweden; but the other column encountered danger and death in some of their most fearful forms. It was compelled to retreat across the wild mountain-range separating Sweden from Norway, which is, in some parts, more than eight thousand feet above the sea level, and intersected by deep ravines, through which, in the winter, all passage is impossible. The march of the Swedish force lay through the Dofrine Chain; where, for leagues, nought could be seen save a wild desert, and chains of snow-covered, rocky peaks. Into this region the warlike mass bravely plunged, with something of the same desperate courage which their late monarch had so often exhibited at the critical periods of his history.

The march began in the early part of January, 1719, the general hoping that energy, courage, and perseverance would scale the icy mountains and pierce the snowy walls around. The first depressing feeling arose from the fact that not more than three or four miles of the road were passed over in a day —a rate of progress which held out the prospect of a fearful struggle with the winter. A rapid advance would have kept up the spirits of the troops, who were now gazing, day after day, upon the icy walls, frozen snow-wreaths, and interminable glaciers. But the Swedes remembered the days of

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glory, when their king startled Europe by his dazzling victories. The men who had stormed the Russian camp at Narva eighteen years before, and annihilated an army four times their number, were not daunted at the prospect of a contest with the powers of frost and tempest. On, therefore, they marched, over the snow-blockaded mountains, firm of purpose, and confident of success.

The storms, dashing whole showers of sleet in the men's faces, and blinding them with icy tempests, began to disorganize the columns. Each man resembled a moving frozen pillar, the fast-falling snow clinging to every part of his dress, whilst the cutting blasts penetrated through the thickest covering, and froze the blood in the veins. To rise in the morning, and see forests, hills, and lakes, in their dazzling, frosty covering, is to the naturalist a delight; for his well-warmed mansion offers a safe retreat when he has ended his experiments on the powers of frost. Far different is the feeling of him who, after hearing all night that sharp and moaning cry uttered by the wind as it passes through frozen valleys, or down the sides of winter-blasted hills, wakes but to gaze upon snow: nothing for leagues and leagues but that white, death-looking covering, over which the whirlwind drives and chases the tossing heaps of ice-dust. Cold was not the only enemy to be encountered by the Swedes: an east wind swept, with the force of a hurricane, across the glaciers, inflicting the acutest suffering on the troops, who were compelled to march against this frosty tempest. The front ranks of each column were repeatedly forced to halt, and close their eyes, which were threatened with blindness by the ceaseless shower of snow, which, driven by the gale, flew in horizontal lines through the air, like clouds of small arrows, against the face. Frequently whole companies might be seen standing, all huddled together, with their backs to the storm, none being able to see more than a few yards through the murky atmosphere, which thus separated company from company and regiment from regiment. In this manner the freezing thousands crawled through one defile after another, and dragged their long columns over the icy heights, not daring wholly to pause, yet fearing to advance.

It was necessary to shield those parts of their bodies most exposed to the wind, as the flesh otherwise became dead; and

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thus was seen the spectacle of men moving along with parts of their bodies deprived of life. The face, hands, and shoulders were especially stricken in this manner; and it was now feared that troop after troop must perish, as no means of checking the effects of the cold were at hand. At first, some who had been staggering forward like men asleep were seen to lay themselves down in the midst of snow-drifts, by which covered as in a bed, they surrendered themselves to those fast slumbers from which men never wake. No persuasion could restrain those upon whom the fatal sleepiness fell from lying down. In vain they were told such places of rest would be their graves: each victim went with a kind of delight to his long sleep. Silent were these snow burials. No funeral volley echoed over the road-side heaps, shaped like the rustic graves in a village church-yard; but instead of the wild flowers blossoming in their solemn solitude, the projecting musket-barrel or sabre-hilt indicated the eternal rest from war of the hands which had once proudly grasped the soldier's weapons.

Two days of this weather ruined the army, and broke up its organization, reducing the well-trained bands of Charles XII. to a scattered, shivering, and dying host. The advanced troops had nearly all perished by the second day; and some Danish prisoners found themselves alone, without a single guard to control or direct their movements: the almost noiseless tread of the marching regiments had now ceased: horses, sledges, and men lay along the line of march, each party covered by a fast-accumulating mound of snow.

In one place was found a circle of dead soldiers, and in the midst an extinguished mass of half-burnt wood. These had perished in the night, when the bivouac fire being put out by the tempest, life soon departed from the exhausted men. In another part, a group of sledges was seen under a projecting precipice, half-buried in snow: the horses dead and dying, and the occupants, who were officers of the Swedish army, lying in some cases dead and stiff against their carriages; whilst others, with frozen arms and legs, sat fixed helplessly to their seats.

The general of the Swedes, pitying the dreadful state of the prisoners, and fearing the loss of his whole army, issued orders for the captives to be freed from the cords by which

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they were fastened. None were able to undo the rope knots; and had not some troops come up and cut the fastenings with their swords, the prisoners must soon have perished.

Desperate efforts were now made to escape from these horrid steeps and defiles to the open country, where some shelter would at least be found. The force therefore broke into two divisions, hoping thus more easily to break through the mountain passes. The living left behind them more than one hundred and fifty sledges, and whole battalions of their fellows, upon whose bodies the wolves began to descend in vast packs, tearing away the snow which concealed the dead soldiers.

The general dashed forward with the energy which one lingering hope of deliverance often imparts; but no exertion could stop the ravages of death. Of his five thousand men nearly one half perished before the remainder were lodged in a small town; where, however, the survivors continued to die so rapidly that nearly six hundred perished in three inns. The other column fared even worse, losing one half of their number in the mountain passes of the Dofrefield.

But how many returned to tell the tale of suffering to their companions and relatives round blazing fires during the long nights of winter? Out of more than seven thousand soldiers, who began the march across these mountains, there returned to Sweden only two thousand, of whom great numbers suffered much from frozen faces and limbs. When it is remembered that this destruction was effected in the space of three or four days, we must admit such a military catastrophe to be almost without a parallel in the annals of warfare. Other retreats have been attended with far greater losses; but in such cases, as in the march of the French army from Moscow, the devastation extended over a long period, and arose, in part, from perpetual conflicts with a pursuing enemy. The Swedes were pressed by no foe: their retreat was soon over. To the resistless powers of frost, therefore, must all the havoc be ascribed. When the proud soldiers of Charles XII. yielded at Pultowa, overwhelmed by Russian hosts, and disorganized by inefficient generals, each Swede fell as became the descendants of those troops who, under Gustavus Vasa, had delivered Sweden from tyranny, confirmed her power under Gustavus Adolphus, and made her for a time, under

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Charles, the terror of the North. Amid the wreck of a lost battle-field, there was something to enkindle the soldier's energies, and revive his hopes. But these unfortunate Swedes were deprived, amid their desolation, of that excitement which often enables men to face death fearlessly. With them all was silent, cheerless, and horrid desolation, amid the dark glaciers, and waves of drifting snow. Such was the fate of one division of the army of Charles XII., whose sudden death, occasioning the ill-timed retreat, may be regarded as the indirect cause of that rapid ruin which fell upon his devoted troops.

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V.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE DUCHESS DE BERRI IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, IN 1832.

THE revolution of 1830 uttered words of strange emphasis to France and Europe. The hearts of thousands were shaken from their political resting places, and multitudes summoned by the deep, hoarse voice of insurrection to strike at ancient powers and symbols of authority. Some were looking back to the scenes of the Consulate and the Empire, and listening with suspended breath for the tramp of battalions and the roll of the war-drum, expecting, with barbarous glee, fresh wars and slaughter. But many were trembling, and saw with dread the tri-colour again floating over Paris, as visions of other Leipsics and Waterloos startled the most thoughtful sons of France.

There existed a third party—the adherents of Charles X., who were prepared to risk life and property in support of those principles for which the great monarchies of Europe had marched their legions through a hundred battle-fields. The Royalists looked upon the revolution as the completion of a great national crime, and were eager to repair the foul disgrace by deeds of valour, worthy of the days when chivalry was honoured and loyalty prized. The south and west of France could furnish many in whose hearts love for the king was a virtue, not a calculation; who would have borne the white flag through the storm of battle to a high place of triumph, or perished in the great attempt. Such men heard the news of the revolution, first with scepticism—it could not be that a mob had overturned a throne; but next, with

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hands nerved and ready for the punishment of traitors. These were brave hearts; but a net was thrown over the lions of La Vendée, though they saw not its meshes. After the expulsion of Charles X. from France, the Carlists, as his followers were called, resolved to make a bold effort for the restoration of the ancient kingly line.

And who was preparing to lead those generous, though ill-informed men? A woman—the Duchess de Berri, mother of the Prince Henri Duc de Bordeaux, who, after the abdication of Charles X. and of the Dauphin—which events happened within one hour—was regarded as the future sovereign of France. Joan of Arc, though a peasant-girl, had preserved France four hundred years ago for Charles VII.; and surely a royal duchess, animated by a spirit kindred to that of the Orleans maid, and supported by the nobility of France, might preserve it for Charles X. Such thoughts may have passed through the royal lady's heart, whilst meditating on her dangerous prospect.

With an enthusiastic nation, the duchess might have accomplished important results. Her ardent disposition, contempt of danger, and powers of endurance, would have made her a worthy leader of spirits like her own. But the restoration of Charles X. required something more than passionate impulses.

Let us view the duchess for a moment, before we accompany her in the attempt to win a kingdom. We shall suppose ourselves introduced to her in her abode at Sestri, in Piedmont, where she holds a secret correspondence with those adherents of the exiled king whose hearts are passionately fixed on "le drapeau blanc de la belle France." We see before us no being of calm intellect, deep calculation, and passions reined and guided by the craft of policy—ready to wait the favourable hour—willing to strike when it comes; or equally willing to sacrifice principle to change of times, should events prove that prosperity and consistency cannot be united. We see no female Richelieu, but a woman all impulse; generous of heart, frank and unsuspecting, with little education, less knowledge of politics, and none of the *managing* qualities so requisite in those who have to deal with men of all principles and all ranks. She was one of those whom we could love in the retirement of private life—

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one whom the poor and dependant would idolize; but not fitted for the council-table at a time when a hasty word, an ill-considered stroke of the pen, or a passionate resolve may cost the lives of thousands, and desolate the fairest provinces of the land. Such was the lady who, in her temporary home, had to decide upon the thousand varying, ardent, and often delusive statements transmitted to her respecting the condition of that France which she fondly hoped was ready to rise, from the Alps to the Loire, and tear down the hated livery of Orleans.*

The enthusiastic men on whom she relied for information had persuaded themselves that universal France abhorred the revolution which they believed had been solely accomplished by the refuse of a Parisian mob; and these feelings were conveyed to the duchess, with whose wishes they harmonized. She therefore resolved to strike an immediate blow for her son and France, choosing for the scene of her first operations the city of Marseilles, a place already noted in the history of revolts.

After much secret correspondence, the plan for a rising at Marseilles was organized, and the duchess prepared to depart for the place where she hoped again to behold the "drapeau blanc" wave as the signal of a mighty gathering to her partizans. The movement was not to begin till the arrival of the duchess off Marseilles, as she wished to be at hand to direct the beginnings of this counter-revolution. She therefore embarked on board the steamer, Carlo Alberto, and departed from the Luccese port of Veareggio, under Sardinian colours. The vessel speedily neared the French coast, but not too soon, as the time appointed for the rising had approached; and the duchess beheld from the deck the populous city where at that moment she knew the secret organization was collecting its energies for the fierce outburst. But a storm of a different nature threatened to defeat her aims. A strong gale was blowing from the shore; and the heavy swell rolling upon the coast forbade all attempts to

* The Carlists ridiculed the adoption of the tri-colour as the national standard, asserting that it was but the private livery of the House of Orleans. It is, however, probably a union of the colours belonging to the city of Paris—which were red and blue—with the white of the Bourbons.

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land. This the captain of the vessel represented, declaring the peril to which she and her trusted friends must be exposed were an effort made to reach the shore. The duchess heard; but she had not come there to speculate on the height of waves or the force of breakers: she came to land. Precious minutes, on the right management of which the glory of France and the honour of a kingly line depended, were passing; a thousand eyes from Marseilles might be fixed upon the steamer; and shall those waters keep her son from his throne?

The order was imperatively given to lower a boat, in which she resolved, with General de Bourmont and M. de Mesnard, to attempt a landing. For three hours, the boat struggled with the billows, which, to a timid heart, would have seemed contending for Orleans, and warning, with their wild, ominous meanings, the heroine from her daring deed. The night came ere the boat reached the solitary beach, and screened from observation the landing of the duchess and her party, which took place, on April the 29th, a short distance to the west of Marseilles. On this lonely spot it was resolved to wait till the dawn should bring the sounds of insurrection from the distant city.

The duchess now proved herself, physically at least, endowed with some of the qualities necessary to those who engage in the struggle for crowns. She refused to seek shelter in any hut, lest thereby detection might ensue, and a chance of success be lost. Accordingly, wrapping a thick cloak round her, she slept under the protection of a rock.

But what was transacting within the busy city, over which the stillness of midnight rested? Little is seen to attract notice or to excite suspicion in the narrow, close streets of the old town, or the squares and avenues of the new; but beneath this apparent security the spirit of revolt was quietly preparing for the strife. Louis Philippe is in his distant seat, and hears not the whispers of conspiracy, nor the deep, solemn oath of confederate societies. And does the watchful government of the Barricades really sleep?* This thought enters the hearts of the Marseilles' Carlists, and serves to un-

* The authorities seem to have received distinct notice of the Carlist movements, and troops were held in readiness on the night of the 29th, to crush any outbreak.

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nerve and distract them. Yet, who should fear? Are there not eight thousand Carlists in Marseilles? Have not all been flushed with hopes of certain success, at the mere thought of this large force concentrated within one city? Truly there is no reason for the supporters of Henry V. to fear. And now a rumour spreads rapidly that the duchess, the Regent of France is at hand, Then the time is truly come for deeds. To arms for La belle France!

The work is begun! A tumult gathers and rolls round the Church of St. Lawrence; armed men force the curate to yield the keys of the steeple: the crowd bear a large white flag. On they rush to the summit of the tower, and there spread to the breeze—a signal and a summons to France—the "*drapeau blanc.*" The morning sun seems to consecrate its white folds; and the duchess beholds with delight the proud standard of her house floating over the "Athens of the Gauls."*

The war has now begun; the flag of old France is on high. The duchess sees it from her rock; and now, where are the legions to support the honour of that flag—where the long line of bayonets to clear the road to Paris? Parties are shouting in the streets "Henry the Fifth for ever!" This was really done, and the shoutings were of a vigorous and respectable order. But where are the ranked soldiers? The flag has been raised by brave and determined men—such men as keep flags up in the storm of battle; and there are others of like spirit who rush upon some military stations, and do what in them lies to raise the child Henry to a throne, and trample the tri-colour in the dust. Lachan, Brandole, and Lege de Pogie strive to give an impulse and power to the rising.

But where are the thousands whom the Carlists have counted upon in Marseilles? Are they amongst those crowds who, alarmed by the tumult, rush to the esplanade, and gaze upon the steamer hovering along the coast? This, truly, is no hour for sight-seeing—for gazing on the Carlo Alberto, and admiring the white standard; for now the alarm is

* Lest Paris should take umbrage at the application of such a phrase to Marseilles, the writer must hint that it refers to the Marseilles of 1900 years ago, when Cicero paid to "Massilia" the compliment in the text.

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sounding, and drums are calling the national guards and troops to arms. The duchess hears these sounds : she becomes almost maddened by the excitement of the crisis, and insists upon entering the city ; but she is forcibly held back in mercy by her followers. There she remained, with her aching eyes fixed on that standard of her house, her ears listening to the roll of drums from all parts of the city, and her imagination endeavouring to depict the nature of the struggle raging in those streets.

Was that struggle, however, one worthy of brave men, and proportioned to the means said to have been possessed by the Carlists in Marseilles? It was miserably planned, miserably executed, and had a miserable termination. No concerted plan was acted upon. Vast numbers who were favourable to the duchess, and ready to hail her approach as a victor, left the task of making her a conqueror to others ; who, unsupported, were quickly scattered by the military. The duchess, meanwhile, was surprised at not hearing firing, and hoped that some well-concerted plan of operations had secured the easy triumph of her cause.

At length she saw the white flag suddenly descend, and the tri-colour take its place. This terrible sight indicated the ruin of her cause in Marseilles ; and whilst contemplating this sad spectacle, she beheld the government troops advance with fixed bayonets along the esplanade, and disperse the crowd from the ground. A frigate was also seen beating out to sea in pursuit of the Carlo Alberto ; and then the duchess plainly saw that her first blow against the House of Orleans had completely failed, and was about to recoil upon herself and her adherents.

Instant flight became necessary ; and her first retreat was the hut of a charcoal-burner, who offered his services to guide her through the most retired parts to any place she might name. No horse could be procured, nor any mode of conveyance ; and the duchess was compelled to travel on foot, which she did with the utmost gaiety, boasting of her pedestrian powers. She had not yet renounced hope, however ; and her resolution to persist in the struggle was shewn by her order to be conducted to Montpelier ; whence she intended to penetrate into La Vendée.

The duchess had now before her a journey from the east

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to the west of France, in which she must traverse many a wild district ere she could reach the fastnesses of the Vendéan woods. A retreat to this part of France was the best course in her circumstances, as the Royalists were already preparing to take the field in those noted districts, where the best troops of the republic had so often been defeated by the gallantry of peasants at the breaking out of the first revolution. For Montpelier the fugitives set out as soon as the darkness of night sheltered them from observation.

The "general commandant of the eighth military divisions" was then writing to the minister of war an account of the rising and its termination, little suspecting the nearness of her who had aimed such a blow at his government.

As the duchess proceeded silently along the Bay of Marseilles, her eyes were often turned to the city, visible by its lights sparkling on the waves; and melancholy feelings for a time struggled with the hopes suggested by her sanguine temper. Her heart, however, regained its lightness when Marseilles was lost in the distance; and her spirit was recalled to its wonted energy by the difficulties of the rude mountain pass along which the party marched. The unfrequented track ran through tangled woods for many a mile; and during five hours the duchess was compelled to stumble over rocks, roots of trees, and brushwood, which the dark night hid from the view of the exhausted travellers. But one bright image upheld her spirits—La Vendée and the white flag waving there over brave men.

At length the guide became perplexed by the entanglements of the path, confessing he had lost the route, which could not be recovered during the darkness. The peasant wished to search for the right path; but some suspicions of the man's fidelity had begun to operate in the minds of his employers, and he was ordered to remain with them till the dawn should give opportunities to examine the country. The duchess now lay down on the turf, resting her head on a portmanteau, and soon fell into a deep sleep, forgetting for a time the struggles of La Vendée, the prospective throne, and her present dangers. Her faithful friends grouped together, and kept watch over her.

When the morning enabled the guide to observe surrounding objects, he found himself six miles from the road he had

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designed to keep; and all approach to the right path rendered impossible by the nature of the intervening country; which, being open, would expose the party to detection should they attempt to cross the plain. What was now to be done? Should they wait till the next night, and again be exposed to like perplexities, and thus lose time now so precious?

Again the impulsive character of the duchess supplied the place of wisdom and power. Looking towards a house, she suddenly inquired the name of its occupant, and received for answer that it belonged to the mayor of the district, a most determined republican; when, as if impelled by some unseen being, she ordered the guide to lead her to the house. General de Bourmont and M. de Mesnard looked for a moment as if they imagined that madness had seized the royal lady; but finding she was perfectly sensible of the state of affairs, begged her not to risk the throne of her son, and confound the plans of the brave Vendéans, by thus perilling her safety. The duchess was determined, and put an end to remonstrance by giving her commands in that unanswerable and positive manner which admits of no parley.

She now declared her resolution to part from her companions, and to proceed immediately to the house of the republican with the guide alone; and ordered General de Bourmont to hasten to Nantes, and there wait further communications; whilst M. de Mesnard was required to repair to Montpelier, where despatches would be forwarded to him. There was about the duchess a manner which declared a perfect confidence in the success of her daring measure; and the gentlemen at once departed, leaving her with the guide.

In a few minutes she was on her way to the house thus strangely selected for a refuge, was admitted within the mansion, and awaited the approach of the mayor. He soon appeared, having been told that a lady wished to speak with him on some important private affairs. The scene which ensued reminds one of the brief and highly wrought events in some romance, so contrary to usual expectations were its results. The duchess used no disguise, but instantly informed the mayor of her rank and perilous position, claiming the temporary shelter of his house. He, admiring her dauntless spirit, scorning to abuse such confidence, or desirous of adding

to the perplexities of Louis Philippe, whom all the republicans abhorred, declared that he would not only shelter her, but provide her with a passport, and himself escort her to Montpelier on the morrow. Such was the result of a well-timed and daring act, well executed. It succeeded by an appeal to the weakness and passions of human nature.

There is no doubt that the mayor was prepared to ridicule, and, if need were, to fight against, not only the Carlists, but all advocates of kingly rights; and this feeling would have led him to denounce the duchess. But this element of his character was checked by another, which, at that particular juncture, more than counteracted it: this was his hatred to the new king of the French, whom the republicans regarded as the great obstacle to the establishment of democratical institutions in France. To harass the government of Louis Philippe, and in every way weaken the new order of things, was as much the object of the republicans as the Carlists. The Duchess de Berri was an instrument fitted to accomplish this end. The gentleman to whose protection she had so daringly entrusted herself would therefore be far from giving her up to the government authorities.

This result may have been calculated by the heroine herself, and the event did not disappoint her anticipations. The mayor ordered a bed to be provided for her that night as for one of his intimate friends, and the next day conveyed her to Montpelier, having procured passports properly authenticated. He then departed, chuckling with delight at the annoyance he had so materially aided in creating for Louis Philippe.

At Montpelier the duchess rejoined M. de Mesnard, who had been in constant fears for her safety since his separation from her. At this time it was rumoured that the duchess had been captured on board the Carlo Alberto, and sent to Holyrood, where Charles X. then held his shadow of a court. These reports contributed to her escape, by diminishing the vigilance of the police.

She now prepared to reach La Vendée; and a small calash being procured, proceeded on the journey. The duchess had for her driver a Carlist marquis, who disguised himself in a large coachman's coat, and fitted the character very well indeed. The party now proceeded towards Toulouse, keeping

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near the canal of Languedoc.* At Toulouse the duchess involved her party in great danger by sending invitations to more than twenty persons supposed to be friendly to her cause. These were in general trustworthy; but it was soon rumoured abroad that the mother of Henry V. was in Toulouse, acting as regent of the kingdom. These reports were not credited by the police, or the duchess would have been saved from the subsequent adventures, which drew the attention of Europe to her history. Tattling ladies have sometimes endangered the safety of those whose secrets they possessed; but the duchess was probably saved by one of this species. It happened that an old lady, who was a most furious politician and equally furious Carlist, had received intelligence of the arrival of the duchess in Toulouse, and expected to have an invitation from the royal lady. As this did not arrive, she began to vent her complaints of the ingratitude of the duchess towards so devoted a partizan; and thus drew attention to the presence of that lady in Toulouse. But a rumour from such a source received no credit. Had the old lady been more trusted, the duchess could scarcely have escaped.

The danger was avoided by a rapid departure for Bordeaux, through which the party hastily passed. They next crossed the river Dordogne, and passed through the department of Lower Charente, and reached at length the town of St. Jean d'Angeley, seated on the river Bontonne, and near the confines of La Vendée. The duchess stopped before a chateau near the town, belonging to a friend of her titled coachman, who assured the royal lady that he would answer for the fidelity of his acquaintance with his life. Such an assurance was needful, as no intimation of her approach had been forwarded; but the duchess was not formed for suspicion, and committed herself, with the utmost freedom, to the honourable feelings of her partizans.

The party accordingly drove up to the chateau-gate, from which sounds of festivities came, evidently proclaiming that mirth had not yet been destroyed in the homes of the Cha-

* This canal was commenced by Louis XIV., in 1666; its object being to connect the Mediterranean Sea with the Bay of Biscay. Happy would it have been had such been the usual works on which Louis rested his fame.

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rente by the neighbourhood of civil strife. These sounds might have made the marquis halt; but the duchess was in no mood for delay; and the marquis, groping his way to the gate, gave the bell a furious pull.

The owner of the chateau was soon made aware of the rank of the unexpected visitor, and remonstrated with his friend for exposing the duchess to the perils of a recognition which, with a housefull of company, could scarcely be avoided; especially as some of his guests might reasonably be supposed to have seen the duchess. She, however, shortened the discussion by requesting the master of the house to introduce her as one of his relatives, just arrived from a distant part of the country. He therefore immediately conducted his newly-created relation into the house, where, for that night, there was little danger of detection, most of the company having retired to their respective apartments before the duchess reached the drawing-room, where but three or four persons remained with the lady of the chateau, quietly chatting over the evening's entertainment. The visitor was quickly introduced as the "cousin" of the gentleman, and soon became on familiar terms with the guests, whom she delighted by her gaiety and wit. So far the experiment had succeeded, but the most trying ordeal was yet to be passed—the introduction to the remainder of the company at breakfast on the ensuing morning. The duchess wisely resolved not to harass her mind by speculations upon probabilities which lay beyond her powers to calculate, and therefore retired to rest with the same fearlessness which had recently procured her repose under the roof of a republican.

The morning came, and she was introduced to the guests, without exciting the least suspicion of her real character. Her friends had anxiously watched the guests upon her entrance; but not the least sign of recognition escaped from young or old; and it was evident that none of the party had ever seen the duchess before.

At this chateau she remained a week, employing the time in writing to her partisans in La Vendée, and issuing proclamations for the commencement of hostilities on May 24th. Before leaving this house she had one narrow escape of recognition by the curé, who was accustomed to breakfast

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every Sunday morning at the chateau. The good man had arrived as usual, was introduced to the company and the duchess, saluted all with his accustomed respect, but suddenly stopped before the duchess with an air of such complete embarrassment and confusion, that she, unable to resist the ludicrous effect, burst into laughter. The curé stammered and hesitated in such a remarkable manner that the host came to the rescue, inquiring the cause of the embarrassment of his reverence; who faltered out some explanation respecting the strange resemblance between his friend's "cousin" and the Duchess de Berri; but this was done in a manner so confused that the duchess's friends began to dread some unpleasant occurrence. The wonder of the curé at last subsided into ejaculations of surprise at the singular resemblance between the lady before him and the Carlist regent. There was, in truth, some reason for the honest man's suspicion, as he had not only seen the duchess, but had been presented to her at Rochfort in 1828, upon the occasion of her visit to that place. Either the duchess wished to divert his attention from her features, or enjoyed the excitement of the affair, as her merriment was at its height during the whole time the meal lasted. In either case the curé appears to have given up his suspicion; and she departed from the chateau undiscovered on May the 15th.

At this very time the political gossips of Paris were amused and agitated by a rumour that she was a prisoner in the hands of the government, having been taken on board the Carlo Alberto. A lady had been taken, and nearly 30,000 francs; which gave rise to the report.

On the same day she entered La Vendée, and resolved to proceed to its northern part, for the sake of an interview with Charette, one of the Carlist leaders, and a general of twelve military divisions. To traverse these suspected provinces in safety a disguise was necessary. This was procured from a priest, and consisted of a dress to which the duchess had been little accustomed—being that of a shepherd. By this means she passed unquestioned till her meeting with Charette, who instantly conducted her to a safe place, which might serve the twofold purpose of a refuge and head-quarters.

Whilst journeying to this rendezvous, a little accident had occurred which gave her some foretaste of the adventures to

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be expected in the wild retreats of La Vendée. She was in the act of crossing a rivulet, over a truly rustic bridge formed by a ridge of stones placed across the stream. Upon one of these, her foot slipped, and she fell into the current. Charette quickly extricated her from the water; but having no change of dress, the mother of Henry V. was compelled to trust herself to the care of some peasants, who furnished the supposed herd-boy with covering, whilst the dress was drying. This opportunity was also employed to procure refreshment; and the "Regent of France" might have been seen sitting at the door of a peasant's hut, wrapped in a thick blanket, and eating a piece of coarse black bread, with the luxurious addition of some sour milk.

Soon afterwards, the duchess reached the place whither her own dress had been sent, but feared to put it on, and made an exchange with a female attendant. Now began her experience of the disappointments and vexations attending the leaders of insurrections. She had expected to find the Vendéans full of ardent hopes, and eager for the strife. But soon after her arrival, earnest remonstrances arrived from several of the Vendéan nobles, declaring their willingness to devote themselves and their fortunes to her service, but urging the impolicy of stirring up a war in La Vendée, as that region was unable of itself to effect much; and, of Charette's twelve divisions, seven joined in this appeal, the leaders declaring that success was impossible, and ruin alone could follow the attempt. They alleged that the departments were unprovided with arms or ammunition, much having been seized by the government in various quarters. The foreign powers would, it was hoped, soon make a movement on France; and then would be the proper time for La Vendée to rise and crush the spirit of insurrection. It was urged, also, that England had afforded much aid to them in their severe contest during the first revolution; whereas, at present, that country was engaged in a furious political strife respecting her own internal government, and the "Reform Bill" struggle prevented much attention to the plans or deeds of the Carlists.

Had the whole body of the Vendéans been as enthusiastic in the military support of the duchess as favourable to her

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claims, she might unquestionably have made a stand in a region abounding with natural fastnesses, intricate paths, numerous streams, and thick woods. Such local advantages, joined to the bravery of the peasants and their chiefs, had enabled the Vendéans formerly to support a long war against the power of revolutionized France, in which two hundred battles were fought, and the most brilliant heroism displayed. But the La Vendée of 1832 was not quite the La Vendée of 1793. The miseries of the former civil strife, and its devastating effects, were not forgotten; and a repetition of such horrors was again apprehended. The majority would have rejoiced in the success of the duchess, but felt they were unable to achieve it, and saw little reason to drag down ruin upon themselves and families in a hopeless struggle. La Vendée had evidently learned to count the cost of its attempts —a lesson taught by bitter sufferings.

The duchess had, however, taken her course, and to all these appeals returned for answer that she had braved many dangers to enter La Vendée, and must persist in enforcing her original plan of beginning the war immediately. In this perseverance she was confirmed by two considerations. The hope of numerous defections from the army was uppermost in her mind; for she had been led to suppose that the troops sent against her would imitate the example of those detached in former times to oppose the progress of Napoleon, and rush to her standard whenever it met their view. Another cause of her obstinacy was the unyielding and blind enthusiasm of one section of her supporters, and to which she was most disposed to listen. These men saw that Charles X. was deposed, and that Louis Philippe sat in his seat of power; but this was their whole field of view, save a glance at the state of things forty years ago. The changes in France they saw not: even the alterations in La Vendée itself were hidden from their sight. They saw little danger, and therefore knew little fear.

Such were the partisans who had led the duchess to La Vendée, who were willing to stand by her to the last, but too ready to rush into civil war without due calculation of the result. Perhaps they would have deemed such considerations dishonourable, and regarded with the keenest contempt those

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of their party who deemed the present rising rash and useless.* The Carlist politicians in Paris did not share in these rash feelings of their Vendéan friends, and resolved to prevent, if possible, the western departments from plunging into a furious and unavailing strife. They therefore despatched in all haste to the duchess a confidential agent, M. de Berryer the younger, whose eloquence, it was hoped, would be as powerful with her as it had often been in the courts of law, and whose devotedness to the dethroned king would inspire the Vendéan chiefs and the duchess with confidence in his judgment. Chateaubriand composed the despatch which M. de Berryer carried; and thus every argument which high rank or eminent ability could furnish was presented to the "Regent" against the war.

Chateaubriand and M. Berryer were both subsequently arrested by the government: the former was soon liberated; but the advocate remained in prison until his trial and acquittal in the latter end of October. The letter which Chateaubriand was supposed to have subsequently written to the duchess illustrates the view which the first Carlist politicians took of the Vendéan movement. It is right to state that Chateaubriand denied the letter to be his, but admitted he had said something very much like it. We may therefore regard these pithy lines as an index to the sentiments held by the most eminent of the Carlists:—

"Madame,

"Votre Altesse Royale ne trouvera en France ni couronne ni tombeau. Vous serez jugée, condamnée, disgraciée! Jugez, madame, si cela vous convient!

"CHATEAUBRIAND."†

Whilst these attempts were making in Paris, the leader of the Vendéan confederates, M. de Bourmont, had taken a step which indicated how small was the chance of success for the Carlists. He had arrived at Nantes, near which some of his possessions lay, to superintend the operations of his party; but the disorganization of affairs, and the preparations of the

* This contempt was often expressed by sending to its objects a hare's foot.

† "Madam,

"Your Royal Highness will find in France neither a crown nor a tomb. You will be judged, condemned, and disgraced! Think, madam, if that will suit you!

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

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government, had induced him to order some delay before commencing the struggle. M. de Berryer saw the general shortly after this step had been taken, and then proceeded at once to an interview with the duchess. But this was not accomplished without much danger. When, at last, the place of her retreat was gained, M. de Berryer had to advance through a swamp, across which nothing like a path existed; and the orator was compelled to wade through the deep morass, often sinking two or three feet in the bog. At length he reached a half-ruined house, and inquired for "Monsieur Charles." M. de Berryer was led up a flight of stairs, built outside the house, to a small room, where he saw the duchess. Berryer was prepared to see royalty in a lowly garb, disguised, perhaps, as a peasant; but he could scarcely have anticipated the appearance of her before whose smiles the courtiers of the capital had so often bowed. She was in bed, having on her head one of the strange-looking woollen caps worn by the peasant women of La Vendée, and round her shoulders a Scotch plaid shawl. The room was mean and bare, the largest piece of furniture being the bedstead, which was nothing more than pieces of timber cut into rude shape with a peasant's axe. A chair stood in one part, over which was thrown a shepherd's dress. A heap of papers lay upon a table, and on these a brace of pistols, intimating clearly enough the dangerous state of affairs.

But though surrounded by perils and exposed to privation, the duchess retained all her glowing hopes, and was firmly bent on the acquisition of a throne for her son. She was, therefore, only alarmed and irritated, not diverted from her object, by the message of M. de Berryer. For hours did he use every argument which ingenuity or political knowledge could suggest, ere the least wavering was produced in the resolves of the duchess; but at last she seemed to comprehend the extent of exaggeration by which her more headstrong partizans were carried away, and acquiesced in the statements of her better informed and equally sincere friends. This happened between three and four in the morning, when she declared that since all means of gaining her object by the aid of Frenchmen seemed lost, she would never stoop to invite a foreign invasion, resolved that Henry V. should never be lighted to Paris by the gleam of alien bayonets. She now

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agreed to meet M. de Berryer again in a few hours, to proceed with him to Nantes, and leave France as soon as possible.

He now departed at four in the morning, rejoicing that a bloody contest in the heart of France had been prevented. He accordingly waited at the appointed place: the hour came. It passed, but the duchess appeared not. At last the suspense of the agent was ended by a note from the duchess herself, in which she informed him of a change in her dispositions; that she would not withdraw from the perils she had provoked, nor abandon those who had joined her interests. M. de Berryer felt now that all further efforts to prevent the bursting of the storm were useless, and returned to Nantes, having exposed himself to the suspicion of the government and surveillance of the police, by an effort which had produced no result.

The struggle now began. In various parts the peasants took the field, headed by the nobles. Here a thousand, and there fifteen hundred rose, like the clans in the Scottish highlands, in the time of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. The spirit of this Vendéan warfare was truly clannish, and developed itself more in desperate insulated attempts than in well-concerted and simultaneous operations. The insurrection spread over a wide extent of country, including the whole district which had forty years before risen against the republicans in the first revolution. Thus through one hundred miles of her western provinces France saw the red fires of civil war blazing.

About this time an insurrection arose in Paris, out of some circumstances connected with the burial of one of Napoleon's officers, General La Marque, which led to fierce struggles between the populace and the troops. Thus, whilst the west of France was desolated by a fierce warfare, in which hundreds of farm-houses, chateaux, and villages were ruined, the capital was exposed to the fire of artillery and the ferocity of an enraged mob. Had foreign troops now appeared on the French frontiers, the duchess might have been able to swell the Vendéan struggle into a European war. As it was, her plans only led to a series of desperate fightings at various points, which, though proving the bravery of the

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Vendéan peasants, made but a feeble impression on the strong forces which the government poured into La Vendée. The duchess was unable to fix herself in any good central position, whence concentrated operations might have been directed, but was compelled to change her quarters continually; so that anything like combination was almost out of the question.

But though unable, from this and other causes, to organize a decisive plan of operations, she sustained the spirits and animated the bravery of her troops by an unflinching courage, which led her to expose herself in the front of battle, where she often tended the wounded, and once narrowly escaped being taken by her enemies. But to what were these insulated fights leading? To the triumph of Orleans, whose forces drew rapidly round the duchess and her harassed bands. Bravery could not accomplish impossibilities, new-model public feeling, nor people the Vendéan wilds with a disciplined and numerous army. Therefore it was soon found that the predictions of the wiser Carlists were being fulfilled —that the white flag would not be borne triumphantly to Paris, nor the young prince be indebted for a crown to the heroes of La Vendée.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of a struggle which produced no important effect on France or Europe, and useless to note the various conflicts in field, wood, or chateau, which led many a brave Vendéan youth to an early grave. The struggle of the Chouans was soon over; and band after band being broken, the troops slowly penetrated into the heart of the Carlist districts. At the end of May news of the revolt reached Paris: in a month the government soldiers were disarming La Vendée, and emissaries in active pursuit of the duchess.

The difficulty now was to know where she should go. To remain in La Vendée was impossible: no chateau was secure, no hamlet safe; not even the deepest recesses of the Bocage could shelter the "regent" from her persevering foes. Day and night were alarms constantly sounding round her, preventing repose, and keeping her attendants in a perpetual fright. In these circumstances it was resolved to seek a shelter in Nantes, amongst her partizans, great numbers of whom re-

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sided in that city. Such a retreat was desirable on account of its nearness to La Vendée, whither the duchess still looked with a hope which not all her defeats could quench.

To enter Nantes without detection was the difficulty; and after much deliberation she resolved to travel dressed as a peasant girl, accompanied by Mademoiselle Kersabiac in the same disguise, and the Count de Mesnard dressed as a farmer. Such disguises were now familiar to the duchess, who had recently been compelled to adopt all possible modes of concealment, assuming at one time the character of a peasant's wife, at another that of a herd-boy, whilst on one occasion she was carried in a large bundle of hay on a countryman's back.

The cottage in which she had been sheltered was fourteen miles from Nantes; and this journey it was necessary to perform on foot, with heavy-nailed and rustic shoes. The march began; but the ponderous shoes soon galled the duchess to such a degree that, sitting down upon a bank, she took off the thick, irritating worsted stockings and hob-nailed shoes, preferring to journey along the stony road without such incumbrances. One of her admirers subsequently drew a contrast between her splendid rooms at the Tuilleries, her carriages with six horses and outriders, the rich Persian carpets which had formerly been hers, and this country road, peasant's dress, and naked, lacerated feet. Amidst all these depressing circumstances she was the most blithe of the party, indulging in those little pleasantries which tended at least to keep up their spirits.

Thus she persevered in her toilsome journey till within sight of Nantes, when the heavy shoes and stockings were again put on, and the party prepared to encounter the perils attending an entrance into a city where the police were known to be on constant watch for the duchess and her partizans.

Before Nantes could be entered, a detachment of troops defiled past the duchess, who recognized the commander, he having been an officer in the royal guards. This was a critical time. To disentangle themselves from the column was not possible; and they were compelled to run the ordeal of the military gaze through the long causeway over the Loire. At last the duchess and her friends passed the bridge, and deemed the danger over. It is said that some agents of

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the police had watched the party into Nantes, but lost sight of them in a fog. This, however, seems hardly possible.

As the duchess passed through the streets, a circumstance occurred which illustrates that spirit of daring and *sang froid* which so often regulated her actions. A large bill on a wall was an object of some attention to the passers by, and the duchess, like the others, approached to read. She found some matter for bitter reflection in the contents. It was a proclamation placing the departments which had supported her under martial law. Her companion, Mademoiselle Kersabiac, overcome with terror, prayed the duchess to proceed, lest the spectacle of two country women perusing such a document should excite attention; but she persisted in reading that which so nearly concerned herself and all her adherents. At the end of this examination the daring lady quietly proceeded to the house provided for her retreat, in the Rue Haute du Chateau.

The ancient castle of the Dukes of Brittany* looked upon her residence, and hope still whispered that from its towers the white flag might yet proudly float. Her first object was, however, to secure an acquaintance with the secret recesses of her new retreat; for her friends, expecting that the house would, before long, be visited by the police, had constructed a place of refuge behind a stove in one of the upper rooms; to which recess there was no approach save by an iron plate, so formed that it seemed to be a portion of the fire-place. To this hole she and her friends were to retire whenever alarm should be given by the ringing of a bell.

Up to this period the duchess had completely baffled the vigilance of the government authorities. At one time it was rumoured that she had fled to Guernsey; another time reports traced her departure from France by way of Boulogne; whilst others insisted she was yet in La Vendée. Amidst the distraction of these various rumours, the police were, for a time, completely disconcerted, and lost all clue in the pursuit.

The duchess now enjoyed a long rest, and recovered from the fatigues of her Vendéan campaign. She did not, how-

* The Castle of Nantes is supposed to have been built by the Dukes of Brittany, who exercised sovereign power within their duchy.

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ever, forget the cause of her son, but engaged in a correspondence with the Carlist nobles. The spirit of the Vendéan insurrection was not quite extinct when the duchess was compelled to retire across the Loire; and long after this event the country round Nantes was kept in excitement by bands of Chouans.

These outbreakings were, of course, utterly useless for the Carlist cause, upon which they rather brought discredit. Many of these Chouans had been rendered desperate by the destruction of their homes and little property during the recent struggle, and were, in some cases, as much disposed to plunder the peaceable and spoil the traveller as to fight for Henry V.

The tumults gradually subsided; La Vendée relapsed into a state of muttering quietude; and the duchess was left unmolested in her secret rooms at Nantes. Some hope, perhaps, arose in her mind, when it seemed likely that war might ensue from the circumstances connected with the bombardment of Antwerp: but she quickly found the folly of trusting to the devices of politicians, or resting on the promises of kings.

But now other matters, intimately connected with her personal safety, began to engage her attention. Rumours arose, none knew how, that she was in Nantes. Baffled gendarmerie grew doubly watchful, and the police scanned the lightest circumstances, and examined the most trivial reports. The watch kept by her friends was equally strict: each movement of the police was noted, and news from Paris employed to defeat the pursuers of the duchess. The Carlists in Nantes were beset by hosts of spies, and were therefore compelled to act with caution; but they were numerous, and therefore caught up from every point the rumours intimating danger to the duchess. Thus a month passed away, and still the "regent" held her place in Nantes, rejecting the urgent advice given to escape from France.

At length, on a Tuesday evening in November, a large body of soldiers was seen taking up various positions about the Rue Haute du Chateau, and blocking up all avenues. Soon a report spread that twelve hundred men, headed by the Mayor of Nantes, and the commissioners of police, were investing the retreat of the duchess, who instantly retired,

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with three of her companions, to the secret closet. In a few minutes, armed men were searching every known recess of the house with a zeal which intimated their knowledge of the "regent's" vicinity. From the lowest to the highest points was the mansion ransacked, floors pierced, and walls sounded to detect concealed hollows; but the duchess could not be found, and the baffled police looked in vain for a clue to her refuge, which they felt certain could not be far off.

At length, wearied with the fruitless examination, the police desisted from active measures, but resolved to keep a watch on each room, whilst troops blockaded every outlet from the house. It happened that two soldiers were placed in the very apartment—a kind of garret—into which the retreat of the duchess opened. These men were not disposed to submit to cold in addition to their nightly watch, and soon lighted a fire in the stove, the plate of which formed the door of the secret closet.

Let us now glance for a moment at the position of this royal lady and her friends, Count Mesnard, M. Guibours, and Mademoiselle Kersabiac. The closet in which they were crushed was little more than three feet long, the widest end not more than eighteen inches wide, and the other ten; whilst the slant of the roof compelled the gentlemen to stand in a bending position, with their heads between the rafters. In this hole they stood for hours, exposed to the piercing cold, from which the thin roof afforded little protection. Escape was impossible on account of the guards; and even should they fall asleep—an unlikely event—the noise necessary to open the iron plate would be certain to awake them. When the fire blazed up, some relief was given to the cramped prisoners by the warmth, which soon penetrated every part of their hiding-place. Had this fire been kept at a gentle heat, the duchess might not have been detected; but the soldiers, by heaping on large quantities of turf, soon produced a furnace, which rendered the hole oppressively hot, and heated the secret door-plate to a red glow. The confined space compelled some of the party to stand close to the wall; and as this position was occupied by the duchess, she having entered last, the heat of the plate threatened her with fatal consequences, her garments being close to the glowing iron. At last some little relief seemed at hand: the

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soldiers, becoming comfortably warm, became also drowsy, and the fire was allowed to get low; upon which the prisoners suffered some respite from their alarm.

But this alleviation was not permitted to continue. The initiated police again commenced their search; and axes and hammers resounded upon the wall next the closet, until it was feared the whole mass would be torn down, or driven in by such repeated batterings. One of the soldiers, also, had become so chilled during his sleep, that his first object on awaking was to revive the fire. Had he chosen ordinary fuel, the heat might have been, as before, resisted; but the man's eye lighted upon a pile of newspapers, which, singularly enough, were copies of a Carlist journal, the *Quotidienne*, which, either to warm his body or gratify his hate of Carlism, he began heaping piles upon the furnace. These soon produced a most intense heat, far more dangerous to the imprisoned party than the previous slower fire. Volumes of smoke were soon produced, which, stealing through the small crevices, soon filled the retreat to suffocation. To be burnt or stifled, or yield themselves prisoners, were now the only alternatives.

For nearly fourteen hours had the duchess and her companions been cooped up in this hole: their strength was exhausted, and now the suffocating smoke and stifling heat completed the climax of their miseries. In vain they placed their mouths close to the roof to gain some fresh air; volumes of smoke rolled in, and the heat was rendering the air unfit for breathing. The duchess, being next to the heated iron door, was exposed to the greatest peril. Twice she extinguished the flames on her dress, burning her hands so severely that the marks were long retained after the struggle of La Vendée had ceased to agitate France. The last ray of hope seemed extinguished, and little did the editor and publishers of those copies of the *Quotidienne* imagine, as these papers were issued from their active press, that the capture of the Duchess de Berri would result from those sheets of political disquisition. The royal lady's dress again took fire; and in her efforts to extinguish the flames, she pushed back the secret door; and though Mademoiselle Kersabiac instantly closed it, receiving some dreadful burns in the act, the peculiar noise aroused the attention of the

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guards, glad of any event which relieved their monotony. No suspicions that any human beings were behind the fire then entered their heads, the sudden noise having been ascribed to the escape of rats driven by the heat from their holes ; and as others were expected to rush out, the men stood, sword in hand, watching for their appearance. Thus they waited for some time, but no rats came, though something most unlooked-for by the guards did appear : the iron moved violently back, to the astonishment of the soldiers, one of whom crying out, "What's there ?" received for answer "I, the Duchess de Berri." The fire was instantly knocked out of the chimney-place, and a passage made for the tortured prisoners to escape from the hole. The duchess appeared first, pale, and with her hair thrown back, and her merino dress burnt in various parts.

A bag of sixteen thousand francs was taken from the hole, and given in charge to the soldiers, who thus, by an accident, arrested her for whom so many active emissaries had so long been searching, She requested General D'Eulon, governor of the castle of Nantes, to be sent for, to whom she surrendered herself as a prisoner of war. Upon this, her whole party was immediately removed to the fortress. Thus ended the struggle of the Duchess de Berri to gain a crown for her son ; and thus, in the garret of a house in Nantes, her hopes of triumph perished.

She had not been wholly taken by surprise in this arrest, as a letter was found in the house, stating that her retreat had been discovered. This communication was attributed to M. Jauge, the banker of the duchess, who was arrested at the Bourse on the afternoon of the day succeeding the capture of the "Regent." It does not appear that her retreat was detected by the skill of the police, but by the treachery of an agent named Etienne Gonzagnes Dentz, who was a converted Jew, recommended to her by Gregory XVI. as an acute, resolute, and trustworthy negociator. No sooner was he aware of her place of refuge, than he agreed, for a large sum, to betray her to the government. He was not acquainted with the secret closet, and but for the fire made by the guards, she would probably have escaped the plan laid for her seizure.

The day after this arrest, Louis Philippe ordained that

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"a project of law shall be submitted to the chambers to decide respecting Madame la Duchess de Berri;" and on November 9th, orders were received at Nantes for her removal to the Castle of Blaze—a fortress on the Gironde.

As it was now supposed that the government would bring her to trial, Chateaubriand and M. Hyde de Neuville offered to conduct her defence. Their efforts were not, however, required, as the duchess was, after some time, allowed to return to her friends, she having declared herself the wife of an Italian prince, Count Lucchese Palli, to whom she had been privately married. She gave birth to a daughter in the Castle of Blaze; and being soon after liberated, departed for Palermo on the 10th of June, having been a prisoner about eight months.

Thus terminated the adventures of the Duchess de Berri, whose life had been singularly chequered, presenting on one side the luxuries and splendour of a court, and on another the seclusion of a state prison; whilst the fierce struggles of civil strife, and the stormy passions of revolution, connected in the case a palace with a prison.

This is not the place to analyze her character, nor is it necessary to attempt a sketch of that mind, whose qualities were sufficiently developed by a series of determined deeds and many sufferings. That she was bold, energetic, and impelled by many noble feelings, is evident to all; that she was rash, ill-informed, and too often the victim of violent partizans, must also be admitted. In some ages, and in some circumstances, she would have exercised her influence and natural character for noble ends; but the whirlpool of revolution bore her into a vortex unsuited to her nature and injurious to her name.

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VI.

PRISON ADVENTURES IN FRANCE;

OR,

THE SUFFERINGS OF M. DE LATUDE, IN THE BASTILE, VINCENNES, CHARENTON, AND THE BICETRE.

WHAT kinds of suffering have exhibited the greatest amount of human misery, and tested most acutely the soul's capacity of endurance? Such a question may be suggested to the historical student, after a glance at the numerous devices by which one part of mankind has tormented the other. Exposure to the tiger's rage, in the midst of thirty thousand men, whose yells mock the victim's agony, is a scene which will rise to the view of some who take their stand in the Roman amphitheatre on some festal day during the reign of Nero. Another observer might point to the red-hot iron chain, the molten lead poured into the quivering flesh, the martyr's fiery stake, as grouping into small spaces of time incalculable weights of agony. A third would fix upon the slow wasting of life in the silence of the dungeon, where the victim hears not the voice of the world through the massive walls which separate him from the sympathies of men. This may appear the lowest deep of woe, combining suffering with *duration*, and adding to both that isolation so fearful to the heart. The wheel, the rack, and the stake soon exhaust their venom, and quickly expel the soul from her ruined house; but the dungeon may see the captive's hair become

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grey, and mark the young man slowly pass, with a fearful quietude, to his three-score years and ten. Such a fate does in truth appear the height of desolation ; for to this child of misery the beauty of things created exists in vain : spring may glisten in its loveliness, summer rise in the full majesty of sunny gorgeousness, and all nature speak that language of melody which suggests images of Eden ; but for him, all is winter and night. These gloomy descriptions apply, of course, only to those long imprisonments by which tyrants have so often crushed the spirits of their fellow-men, and excited the scorn of all, in every age, who have hearts capable of feeling for others' woes.

The following narrative will exhibit such a case of misery, the Bastile being the principal scene of the tragedy, and the victim a French gentleman, named Henri Masers de Latude. The history of his almost unparalleled sufferings has frequently been published, but this would not justify the writer in excluding it from a place in these "adventures," especially as many readers may be unacquainted with the original narrative.

Before we accompany Latude to his dungeon in the Bastile, some account of that celebrated prison must precede the narrative. The term "bastile" is *probably* derived from the Italian word *bastia* or *bastione*, a rampart or bulwark, and was generally applied to any fort. There were formerly three places in Paris bearing this name : one being the Bastile of St. Denis, the other that of the Temple, and the third of St. Anthony, to which the term became exclusively applied in after times. It was erected in the fourteenth century, for the defence of one of the entries into Paris, when the English were approaching the capital, after the defeat of the French army at Poictiers.

In its original state, the Bastile was little more than a gateway, protected by two towers ; but two being added a few years after, the building had the appearance of a small four-sided fort, with a tower at each corner. The road to Paris ran, at first, through the Bastile, but was afterwards turned so as to skirt its walls, by which means the fort was rendered more secure against sudden attacks ; and the erection of more numerous towers contributed still further

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to increase its strength. Thus the fortress remained till about the middle of the seventeenth century, when a moat, more than a hundred feet wide and twelve deep, was formed, which, with other defences, rendered the place of much value as a defensive position. It became the scene of many furious contests between the different parties whose struggles desolated France in the fifteenth century, and was in possession of the English during their occupancy of Paris. Here Joan of Arc was wounded in 1429, whilst attempting to take the fort by storm from the British, who repulsed the attack, and held the place till the spring of 1436.

Its strength and position in the capital soon induced the kings to regard it as a convenient place for the detention of their discontented or conspiring courtiers; and no security existed by which innocence could be refused admission within its gates. Hence the worst and the best of men have been secretly hurried to these dungeons: the conspirator has met in its gloomy court the peaceful subject; whilst the just anger of good rulers, and the vindictive malice of the vilest kings, have here exerted their influence to correct vice or rouse insulted men to madness.

The dungeons were so constructed that every hope of escape might depart from him who became an inmate of this fortress. The strongest were reserved for those who had incurred the anger of the government, and were in the deepest parts of the towers, below the ground; and being lined with solid stone-work, and dripping with damp, were only fitted for the rats and reptiles which swarmed in those noisome holes. The entrance to these dens was closed up by two enormous doors, each seven or eight inches thick. Above these dungeons were others, more fitted for the detention of prisoners, in which the general order of captives were confined.

The walls of the towers were seven feet thick in the upper part, but this thickness was much increased nearer the ground; so that the most determined prisoner could have little expectation of forcing a passage through those masses of stone.

Having made these remarks on the Bastile itself, let us now turn to the adventures of one who passed within its

walls many years of his life. The reader must not, however, expect to have his sympathies excited in behalf of injured worth, for Latude was little better than a mean trickster, who sought to elevate himself by playing on the fears of the infamous Madame de Pompadour; but being caught in the trap he had laid for others, received the reward of his folly in the dungeons of the Bastile.

How his sufferings commenced, the reader shall now learn. Let us suppose ourselves in the gardens of the Tuilleries, in the spring of 1749, surrounded by the busy wits and politicians of Paris: some descanting on the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which, though concluded in the autumn of the preceding year, still furnished matter for speculation to the subjects of Louis XV.; others, in low whisperings, detailing the past life of the wretched court-favourite, Madame d'Etoiles, more commonly known as the Marchioness de Pompadour, whose name many loudly cursed, careless of the activity of her spies. Henri Masers de Latude was in the gardens on this day, gazing on the diversified scene, and thinking, perhaps, of the sudden rise of Pompadour, who, having left her husband, now glittered amid the despicable gewgaws of the court. His attention was suddenly arrested by some passionate exclamations from two men, who were heaping imprecations on the marchioness. The idea instantly struck Latude, that by denouncing these persons, he might obtain the patronage of the woman whose voice was now all-powerful with the weak ruler of France. But this first notion soon ripened into a deeper device, which was no less than the concoction of the following plan: he procured a small quantity of harmless powder, and sealing it in a packet, directed the envolope to the Marchioness de Pompadour, and placed it in the post-office. The next day this scheming young man procured an audience of Pompadour, and narrated, with much apparent concern, the conversation of the two men in the garden, stating that he had observed them post a packet for her, which he feared might contain some dangerous composition, and that his visit arose from a desire to warn her of the danger. It did not occur to the short-sighted plotter that when the innocent nature of the powder was discovered, a suspicion of trickery must arise; especially as he did not

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explain the means by which he knew that the packet contained a powder.

The marchioness was therefore on her guard; and when he declined an offered purse, affirming that he sought no recompence save her favour, she became still more assured that the whole was a plot of Latude to ingratiate himself with one capable of advancing his fortune. She accordingly requested him to write his address, that the requisite intimation might be transmitted to him when the time should arrive for his services. Latude instantly wrote down his name and place of abode, and, being graciously dismissed, departed, filled with inflated expectations of a rapid rise to wealth and honour.

Who was this young man, in whose mind such a trick had been conceived, and who had manifested such an eagerness to be enrolled amongst the dependants of an infamous woman? He was the son of a French marquis; and his device to obtain the favour of Pompadour illustrates the desperate straits to which the poorer nobles of France were frequently reduced, in order to procure that patronage at court without which neither private virtue nor public abilities could hope for success in the reign of the miserable Louis. Young Latude had been educated for the army, and would have been placed in the engineer corps, had not the "Silesian war" been ended by the celebrated treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. This event left the youth to idle away his time in Paris, exposed to all the temptations of an educated lounger's life in the midst of a luxurious capital. The tedium of a profitless life became insupportable to one whose energy was more physical than mental; and to escape from so confined a circle, the bold and unprincipled step was taken, the result of which we have now to trace.

Whilst Latude was expecting a successful termination of his trick, the marchioness was engaged in preparing to inflict the most rigorous punishment upon the contriver of a plan by which she deemed herself insulted. A comparison of the hand-writing left in her possession by Latude, with the address on the packet containing the supposed poison, convinced her that Latude was himself the author of the plot; and this conclusion was soon manifested in a manner

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little suspected by the thoughtless man whose walk in the gardens of the Tuilleries had produced a fearful crisis in his history. He was soon arrested, under the authority of a *lettre de cachet*, and carried to the Bastile—rather a sudden termination to his hopes of splendid patronage, and a solid fortune.

Before we follow Latude to his prison, let us for a moment pause to examine that curious and once-formidable document by which this young man was now arrested, without limit to the period of imprisonment, or the right of appeal to a legal tribunal. A *lettre de cachet* was, as the term denotes, a *sealed* or *close* letter, containing some command from the king; and this designation was originally given to all such instruments, though it became ultimately appropriated to a royal order for the imprisonment of some offender. Such orders were usually signed by the king, and countersigned by one of the high officers of government. But one most fearful abuse soon crept in, by which the liberty of any man was at the mercy of the meanest favourite of the court, or the friends and acquaintance of such. These letters were often supplied *in blank* to various persons, who were thus able to fill them up with the names of any who might be disliked by the holders of such a dangerous power. Thus a wicked magistrate or a malicious courtier might be able to ruin the prospects of the most virtuous man. It sometimes happened that the intimates and favourites of the king himself were imprisoned in the bastile, without even the knowledge of the monarch.

Let us now return to Latude, who, having been arrested on May the 1st, 1749, was imprisoned in the Tour-du-Coin, situated in the right corner of the Well-court. All his papers were seized, his money and other valuables taken away, and he left to the melancholy loneliness of his dungeon. Thus began, on this 1st of May, the sorrows which for thirty-five years weighed down the heart of Latude. He was now only twenty-five years old; and when again he walked abroad, a free man, a period of sixty years had furrowed his brow with its bitter agonies.

The day after his imprisonment, M. Berryer, one of the heads of the police, examined him; and finding how little

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he was to be feared, commiserated his condition, whilst condemning the egregious folly which had conducted him from the ease of a Parisian life to the courts of the bastile. This gentleman assured Latude that he would endeavour so to represent his conduct to the marchioness as to appease her resentment, and consoled him by suggesting that a short imprisonment would be the full amount of the punishment inflicted.

Latude was, therefore, left to extract such comfort as he was able, from the considerate sympathy of M. Berryer, who further contributed to alleviate the prisoner's grief, by procuring for him a companion in his cell. The paralyzing effects of total isolation from their fellow-men are so terrible upon some minds, that madness often follows the forced solitude of a prison. Latude was, therefore, highly favoured in being allowed a companion with whom he might have that fellowship which would enable him to endure the weight of present evil. The captive now introduced to Latude was a Jew, who, being an energetic and well-informed man, tended, by his conversation and cheerfulness, to support the spirits of his fellow-prisoner. The name of the Jew was Abuzaglo, who, being suspected of betraying the secrets of the French court to the British government, was committed to the bastile, whence secrets would not easily find their way to London.

The prisoners now made a solemn agreement that the first liberated should use his influence in behalf of the other; and as both had powerful friends, a cheerful prospect of approaching liberty buoyed up their spirits. The summer, however, passed away, and no sound of freedom was heard. Autumn had approached, and still the cold, lofty walls of the bastile stood between the captives and the joyful homes of men.

At length, when Latude had been imprisoned about four months, a bright day seemed to have come: three officers entered the room, and informed him that his liberation had been ordered. The Jew and he bade each other farewell, the former reminding Latude of his engagement, which he, on his part, promised faithfully to perform. The captives parted, the door closed between them, and then Latude heard

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that an order had come, not for his release, but directing a removal to the Castle of Vincennes.

The reason of this device is not easy to be understood; though it was perhaps designed to conceal more effectually the place of Latude's imprisonment from all who were desirous of rescuing him from the revengeful marchioness. Abuzaglo, it was evident, would soon be liberated, through the influence of his patron, the Prince of Conti; and he would doubtless endeavour to procure the release of his fellow-prisoner; but no such efforts would be used if the Jew believed that Latude had been set free.

The event answered the expectations of the conspirators who were plotting against the liberty of a young man whose crime did not merit such a malicious retaliation. When Abuzaglo was set at liberty, he was unable to procure the least tidings of Latude; and therefore concluded he had betaken himself to a distance and forgotten the prison engagement which bound him to attempt the rescue of his friend. The Jew, therefore, soon desisted from all inquiries respecting one whom he supposed had neglected him.

Let us now follow Latude to Vincennes. The agony of his disappointment upon finding that, instead of passing from prison to liberty, he was but to exchange one dungeon for another, had severely affected his health, and threatened to deprive him of that hope which frequently supports the bodily and mental vigour of men under calamity. Nor was the information he received from the police-agent, M. Berryer, adapted to revive his spirits, as that gentleman furnished Latude with the most convincing proofs of the implacable and furious revenge which animated the Marchioness de Pompadour against him.

This news awoke the most gloomy apprehensions, as it was utterly improbable that he should be freed whilst that mean-spirited woman retained such an animosity towards him, and the means of mollifying her indignation were beyond his reach. Often did that walk in the Tuilleries, and the conversation of the two men, present themselves to his imagination, whilst pacing the castle-garden, where, for two hours daily, he was allowed to breathe the pure air.

The incalculable consequences which often depend upon

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some apparently trifling action, must have constantly darkened his meditations with their gloomy shadows; and many intimations of great sufferings still to come would pass, unsummoned, before his fevered imagination. But Latude did not yield to despondency: the spirit of an evil daring had induced him to commit the deed for which he was now afflicted, and the same energy became concentrated in a determined resolve to seek some means of escape from his prison. Often did he scan with a nervous anxiety the walls and numerous gates which shut out the busy multitudes amongst whom he longed to be. Frequently were the two morose turnkeys, who attended him whilst walking, gazed upon with many speculations respecting their willingness or unwillingness to aid a prisoner to escape. But these thoughts were profitless as dreams. Nine months passed without offering any means for his deliverance; which, indeed, at times seemed almost hopeless, as not only were the officers who accompanied him to be eluded, but the sentinels must also be passed without exciting an alarm.

At length he noticed that an *abbé* frequently visited one of the prisoners who was a priest; and Latude hoped to work out some means of escape from this circumstance. The first thing to be secured was to accustom the turnkeys to allow him to stray some little distance from them, which he effected in the following manner. One of the officers usually opened the door when the time for his daily walk approached, whilst the other waited in the garden, to which a long flight of steps led from the room where Latude was kept. No sooner was the door opened than he was wont to rush down with great haste, and thus reached the bottom before the officer, who, being accustomed to this every day, took, at length, no notice of the occurrence. Latude, therefore, often found himself at the bottom of the stairs alone; and of this he now resolved to take advantage upon the first favourable occasion.

The day arrived on which the prisoner determined to attempt his escape from Vincennes. His plan was to reach the castle-gates, and there shout out for the *abbé*, pretending that he was a messenger from the priest, despatched to bring in his friend. The sentinels at the gate might, it was hoped,

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let him pass, in ignorance that he was a prisoner; and at the worst he could but fail and be a captive still.

No sooner, therefore, did the jailer open the door, at the usual hour, for Latude, than he nerved himself to the attempt, and ran rapidly down the steps, without exciting any suspicions in the man, who was accustomed to witness what he deemed a vagary. But when the bottom was reached, Latude, instead of going to the garden, suddenly turned round, and bolted a ponderous door, which closed up the passage to the steps, that the jailer might be unable to follow, or give the alarm to the other officers. He then ran to a gate of the castle, and knocking boldly, inquired of the sentinel for the *abbé*, declaring in an angry tone that the priest had been waiting full two hours, and that he must find him instantly. Whilst thus speaking, he passed through the gate, the sentinel declaring that he had not seen the *abbé* at all. Latude proceeded in the same manner, without suspicion, through the other gates; and at last, strange to say, found himself outside the walls.

We may be sure he did not stop to speculate on the carelessness of the sentinels by which his escape had been facilitated; but striking into the most retired roads, made his way, with all speed, to Paris. He reached the capital in safety, and hid himself in an obscure lodging from the search which would inevitably be made after him.

His enforced solitude was for some time lightened by the delight arising from reflecting on the mode in which he had baffled his enemies. But he soon began to feel that liberty cannot be enjoyed under the irritation of constant alarm, and the hourly dread of impending evils—circumstances in which the mind is really enslaved, though no prison should hold the body. To remain buried in a wretched hiding-place in Paris was little preferable to one of the better class of cells in the Bastile; besides which, even this concealment could not long remain unvisited by the active police, who were doubtless in his track, and would not fail to be urged to extraordinary diligence by the malice of Pompadour.

Latude was a man of strong impulses, and not without a certain generosity and romance of hopefulness, which led him to imagine that high feelings, rather than interested calcula-

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tions, govern the actions of those in authority. Full of this notion, he resolved to throw himself at once on the pity of the men who had already evinced the disposition of the tiger rather than the feelings of humanity. He therefore wrote a petition to the king, in which he implored, in language approaching to abjectness, forgiveness for his fault, enumerating the sufferings he had undergone, and even descending to praise the marchioness. Having finished this petition, he completed the document by giving the direction of his lodging; and then, despatching the note to its destination, awaited the effect of his appeal. The answer quickly came: the police entered his retreat, and again dragged him off to the Bastile. If Latude had not been aware of the treachery practised towards all prisoners in that hold of arbitrary power, he might have received some consolation from the soft words of his jailers, who assured him that he was only brought thither for a short period, that the mode in which he had escaped from Vincennes might be ascertained. Being examined on this subject, he gave a full account of the whole scheme; but his reward was a dungeon of the gloomiest kind, in which he was not likely to meet with sympathy from the jailers, who had a keen hatred towards every one who dared to escape from prison.

One benevolently disposed man was, however, still found. This was the lieutenant of police who had on former occasions befriended Latude, and was yet resolved to afford the captive every indulgence possible. The dungeon had a small opening to admit the air; and as a faint gleam of light fell into the cell through the chink, Latude was able to employ the hours of daylight in reading and writing; books, paper, and ink being supplied, through the influence of his friend. These privileges were turned by the imprudent prisoner into instruments of mischief against himself, for he must needs write satyrical epigrams on the Marchioness de Pompadour, in the margins of some of the books. One of these was discovered by the jailer, who invariably examined the books lent to the prisoners; and the biting verses being sent to the marchioness, she became still more infuriated against Latude. His privileges were now reduced, and his condition rendered more intolerable by the absence of all hope of deliverance.

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Two years thus passed away, during which the most gloomy thoughts were rankling in the darkened mind of Latude, threatening to plunge his intellect into that melancholy oblivion which insanity produces. In these circumstances, M. Berryer again interposed, and succeeded in procuring two privileges for the prisoner. A more comfortable room and a servant were obtained by this humane officer, who, finding he could not terminate the imprisonment of Latude, determined to alleviate, as much as possible, the weight of his grievous woes. To secure a servant for a prisoner in the Bastile was usually a work of exceeding difficulty, and few, even of the most wretched, could be prevailed to accept such a task of misery, for the cruel regulations of the prison compelled all such to remain until their employers were released, either by the government or by death. A youth named Cochar was induced to serve Latude, with the knowledge of these sad conditions, and proved of great use to the desolate prisoner, being full of kindly feeling, and earnest in his attentions.

The captive was not long permitted the enjoyment of this privilege: Cochar became gradually a prey to melancholy, produced either by the gloomy monotony of his prison-servitude, or by the restraint, added to want of pure air and exercise. The advances of disease were daily noted in his appearance, and the afflicted master would now gladly have dismissed him to the open streets, where, though poor and friendless, he might behold the bright sun, and the merry groups thronging the thoroughfares. But this could not be: the servant must share the fate of the master; nor could any amount of suffering suspend the operation of so cruel a regulation. Thus the very plan which had been designed to relieve the sorrows of Latude became an instrument of additional torture, for he daily witnessed the silent agony of Cochar, and felt that in his behalf the young man had exposed himself to such calamities.

At length the jailers so far yielded to the entreaties of Latude as to remove his servant into another chamber; but this had no effect in arresting the insidiousness of the disease; and in about three months from the day on which Cochar entered the Bastile—a voluntary prisoner—he died.

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Long was it before Latude forgot the suffering man whom he had induced to enter those gloomy courts.

Probably we should be wrong in ascribing Cochar's willingness to serve Latude to any lofty principle of sympathy with the miserable, or a desire to alleviate the sorrows of others. Let it be granted that Cochar was not a Howard; that he was poor, and even starving, and that a service in the Bastile offered a shelter from such ills; we must nevertheless feel that his death contributed to aggravate the sufferings of the master in whose cause he died.

Latude was again alone, and could not attempt to introduce another unoffending man within the walls from which he began to fear no egress would be granted to himself whilst Pompadour ruled the acts of the weak Louis XV. But M. Berryer was still able to find some consolation for the prisoner amidst even the ills of a bastile-life, and from the very sufferings of others extracted a means of benefiting his captive friend. It happened that Latude was not the only victim to the malicious disposition of the marchioness. In the Bastile was a young man named D'Alégre, who had incurred the hatred of this vulgar woman by writing to her a letter, in which he showed how she might conciliate the people, prevent numerous evils, and extend the prosperity of the whole kingdom. His plan involved the necessity of an alteration in her infamous mode of life; and for this suggestion she was allowed by the besotted king to arrest D'Alégre, who was a young man of great spirit and nobleness of character. His imprisonment seemed likely to extend to the death of the detestable marchioness; and three years of solitude had been passed by him when the death of the servant of Latude suggested to M. Berryer the design of allowing him to have D'Alégre for a companion. Thus the comforts of both captives were increased, and each found a consoler in the other, for a common peril had created mutual sympathy.

Soon after the young men had been introduced, M. Berryer made another effort to procure their release; which so irritated the marchioness, that she threatened M. Berryer himself with punishment, declaring that whilst she lived neither of the prisoners should be free. This revengeful resolution became known to the two objects of her hate, who

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were, for a time, almost paralyzed by the thought of spending a life within the walls of a prison. Latude, however, quickly recovered from the shock, and roused his spirit to devise same means of escape from the fortress. This plan seemed a proof of madness to D'Alégre, who dwelt on the utter impossibility of breaking through the fastnesses of walls and gates. But Latude had not forgotten his escape from the Castle of Vincennes, and refused to yield his spirit a prey to despair before all efforts to escape had been fairly tested, and proved to be ineffectual. He felt that the word *impossible* could rightly be applied to very few attempts, and that a long perseverance will seldom fail in opening a passage from the most appalling difficulties. There was undoubtedly enough to fill the heart of him who should attempt to escape from the Bastile with fear; for what did the plan involve? Walls of vast thickness to be pierced, or scaled; tools and ladders for surmounting such barriers to be provided; a large apparatus of ropes, bars, and all the implements necessary for effecting a passage through ditches or bastions to be procured; and above all, *opportunities* for carrying out the details of such a design, without detection from the jailers and numerous guards, who day and night kept watch over the outlets of the state-prison. This was, however, the work which Latude now proposed to accomplish, and he soon inspired his friend with the ardour and hopefulness well-fitted to secure the desired result. Two things were requisite before a single step could be taken towards liberty: *ropes*, and a *place to hide* them in. *Ropes!* Where could such be found? That was a question which, as Latude had early put to himself, so he quickly answered; and the reply filled him with delight, for it gave the first clear intimation that liberty was *possible*. He had often looked upon the large trunk containing the stock of linen which he had been allowed to remove to his prison, without perceiving that from that collection of apparel the means of escape might be procured. At length one of those happy thoughts which sometimes come uncalled to man in difficulty flashed before the mind of Latude, and revealed the fact that in that trunk lay many hundred yards of rope awaiting his commands, and ready to do him good service. His stock of linen was large, as was then often the custom

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in French families, and amounted to many dozens of shirts, towels, &c. The threads of these he resolved to unravel, and then twist the fibres into ropes—a work of vast labour, undoubtedly, and requiring a long time; but of time there was no lack, to men who might look for a life-imprisonment in the Bastile; and labour was a delight to those who were so completely isolated from all the stirring incidents of the world.

But suppose the linen ropes were made; where could they lie concealed from the watchful eyes of the officers? This was a matter which long engaged the serious consideration of both captives, to neither of whom was any device apparent for hiding the means of escape from those who were always prying about the prisoners' cells, watching their movements, and listening to their conversations. Latude, whose meditations were constantly fixed on his plan, had found that the room beneath his own contained a prisoner—a piece of news which rather surprised him, as no sounds indicating the presence of a human being were ever heard from below. Reflecting upon the singularity of this, it struck him that a large space must intervene between the flooring of his apartment and the ceiling of that below, and thus all sounds were deadened. If such a space did exist, an excavation might be made into it, and all their rope safely deposited within: but to ascertain this fact was the difficulty, as the door of the lower chamber was generally closed whenever Latude and his companions passed and repassed on their way to the Bastile chapel; and even when it was open, the presence of the jailer prevented an inspection of the interior. Latude thought that if he could ascertain the height of the lower chamber walls, he might then, by a little calculation, determine whether the supposed intervening space did really exist below his apartment.

He and D'Alégre accordingly agreed to seize the opportunity of looking into the lower chamber the first time the door happened to be open whilst they were passing. To facilitate this plan, D'Alégre was to drop his tooth-pick to the bottom of the flight of steps just as they came opposite the door; when, it was hoped, the jailer might himself go down for it, and of this Latude would take advantage by slipping

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into the room for a moment, and obtain a rough measurement of the walls by his eye. The device was well laid, and its success answered to their hopes. One morning, when returning from chapel, the door of the lower room was observed open, the prisoner having been probably led out for his allotted walk in the court-yard. A private signal put both friends on the alert; and no sooner did D'Alégre approach the door than he jerked the tooth-pick to the bottom of the steps by a twitch of his fingers; then, turning round, begged the jailer to recover the article for him. The man, though displeased, descended; and whilst the officer was thus engaged, Latude glided noiselessly to the door, and carefully scanning the wall, and marking the height of the roof above his head, slipped back to his companion before the man returned. The glance into the room was rapid, but it enabled Latude to calculate the elevation at about ten feet, to which, adding the height of the steps between the two apartments, it appeared that a space of six feet must exist between the flooring of one room and the ceiling of the other.

But how to dig into it became now the question. D'Alégre was starting numerous difficulties, when Latude impetuously stopped him by asserting that genius would create means for overcoming every difficulty. But, notwithstanding this heroic assertion, the practical question "Where are our tools?" was yet to be answered. At last, two hooks, forming part of the fastening to the leaf of a folding table, caught the attention of the prisoners, and were quickly appropriated to this purpose. These were sharpened by rubbing the points against the tiles of the floor, and so became fitted for raising up the pavement, and thus making the first approach towards the space below. The tinder-box was next brought into requisition, and the steel transformed into a knife, by which handles were cut from pieces of the firewood, and fitted to the hooks to increase their power of raising the tiles.

So far, unexpected success had attended the captives; and further operations were immediately commenced. These consisted in making the first excavation beneath the flooring; and, after six hours' work, they found, to their great satisfaction, that a cavity about four feet deep lay between the

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ground of their prison-chamber and the ceiling of the next apartment. Here, then, was a place in which all the materials that skill or labour could form might be safely stored.

The prisoners did not lose time in speculating on the original intention for such a hollow, though the conclusion would probably have been that the object was to prevent all communication between the prisoners above and those below. Little did the builder of the tower suspect that his concealed cavity would one day be detected by two victims of despotism, and rendered available for their escape from that stronghold.

The rope-making process now commenced; and startling would have been the disclosures to the Marchioness de Pompadour, could she have witnessed the busy alacrity with which her captives unravelled the threads of numerous linen garments, fastened them together, wound the whole into balls, and lastly, twisted sixty of these threads into one tough line; which was then wound up, and kept for further use.

The next operation was that of *ladder-making*: for, as they resolved to attempt a passage up the chimney of their room, and then descend from the top of the Bastile walls into the ditch, a great length of rope-ladder became absolutely requisite. But the rope-lines would not of themselves make ladders: there must be wood for the numerous steps: and where could this be obtained? The jailers became, in this instance, the unconscious agents for supplying the means of constructing the ladders, the wooden parts of which were procured from the billets brought in at stated times for fuel.

So great was the quantity of rope required, that more than four hundred and fifty yards were manufactured by these energetic men; and the period thus occupied exceeded eighteen months. That such an enormous length of rope could be made from the linen of two prisoners may seem to most readers an impossibility; but Latude's own statement is positive on this point; and there was no reason for a deliberate falsehood respecting such a matter. The assertion is also confirmed by the long ladders used in the escape of himself and D'Alégre. It must be remembered that the two prisoners had a great quantity of linen articles of dress, sufficient, probably, to last each for half-a-year, an abundance

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required in a place where few facilities for frequent laundry operations existed.

Of these linen rope-ladders there was, first, one fifty yards long, by which they hoped to lower themselves from the ramparts of the Bastile to the ground ; and as the same length was required on each side of the ladder, one hundred and twenty yards were necessary for one ladder. The peculiar structure of the Bastile walls required the addition of another hundred yards ; for the upper parts projected like an overhanging rampart, beyond the face of the wall ; and he who should attempt to descend from this projection by a rope would of course be swung to and fro in the air, and be dashed against the wall. This danger being foreseen by Latude, some apparatus for steadying the descent was necessary, before any attempt to escape could be made. If the assistance of a friend outside the walls had been within reach, the difficulty might have been easily obviated, as the bottom of the rope-ladder could have been fixed to one place by the efforts of a strong man.

Such co-operation being impossible, the captives resolved to make a long line, which, being fastened to the upper part of the wall, and passed over a rough sort of pulley, should be gradually loosened as the party descended ; and thus he might steady himself by repeated tuggings whenever the vibrations became dangerous.

The reader will now see the necessity for preparing so much rope, especially as other pieces were required to cover the wooden steps of the long ladder, lest their concussion against the wall should alarm the sentinels.

The construction of such a ladder was enough to test the energies and exhaust the patience of the prisoners, but the production of a second required the application of still greater perseverance and skill. This was an *upright* ladder, which might be as necessary as that of rope ; for though the latter would enable them to *descend*, it supplied no means for *mounting* to the top of walls or towers. How an upright and firm ladder twenty feet high could be made from short billets of firewood was a problem over which a skilful carpenter might have puzzled for many a day and night without discovering a solution. But it is often seen that energy com-

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bined with patience produces results bearing all the marks of genius; and the reader will therefore expect to hear that this ladder was constructed. An old candlestick was, by dint of rubbing and beating, turned into a saw; the *steel* of the tinder-box had already furnished a *knife*; and by these tools the work was accomplished. One billet was morticed into another by means of pegs so arranged that the upright pole of the ladder might remain in a perpendicular position, and bear the weight of a man.

When finished, the self-taught mechanists were delighted with their work, which was long preserved in the museum of the Bastile, for the study of all who were desirous of ascertaining the development of human ingenuity under the excitement produced by the hopes of liberty.

When this ancient fortress fell before the assaults of the revolutionary populace in 1789, the works of Latude and D'Alégre were exhibited to the multitudes of Paris, and procured for the victims of Pompadour the sympathy of a whole nation. To this feeling of pity the spectators added that of admiration of the skilful resources displayed by these prison curiosities; for it must be admitted that a box of linen, some firewood, an old candlestick, and a tinder-box, did not furnish a vast magazine of resources from which to form an apparatus for escape.

But how was the vigilance of the jailers eluded during the long time occupied in these preparations? and by what means were the numerous chips of wood, ends of linen thread, and the various unavoidable signs of such works, concealed? The cavity under the floor enabled the prisoners to hide each article when finished, and thus the long coils of rope, with the wooden steps fastened ready for use, and also the ladder, were safely stowed away. The cavity itself might have been detected had the officers examined the room minutely—the marks where the floor had been raised would have betrayed the whole design; but no suspicion appears to have entered the heads of the officials; and the spot was secured from a cursory glance by the accumulation of the furniture in that part of the room. The various chips and fragments caused by the rope and ladder-making were burned or put into the hollow as soon as possible. Thus

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no sign indicated the nature of the operation carried on in the apartment.

To render themselves still more secure from detection, and to guard against the ears as well as the eyes of the jailers, Latude and his companion agreed upon a species of language which should be known only to themselves; and this enabled them to converse about their operations without exciting the suspicions of their attendants, should they at any time listen to the talk of the prisoners. A number of peculiar terms were applied to the different tools and implements upon which they were engaged. Thus, the knife made from the steel was called the *puppy-dog;* the saw, the *monkey;* the hooks made from the table-hinges were named *Tubal-Cain;* a ball of linen thread bore the loving title of the *little brother;* whilst the ladder was designated, very appropriately, *Jacob;* the steps or rounds were *sheep;* and the classical knowledge of Latude induced him to name the cavity *Polyphemus.* Some of these terms were probably wholly unknown to the prison officers; but it must have sounded strangely to hear puppy-dog and monkey, Jacob and little brother, jumbled together in a sentence; and this singular verbal medley did, no doubt, often contribute to throw a gleam of merry delight across the anxious operatives.

When the ladders were completed, the second great work—that of forming a passage up the chimney—was to be undertaken. This was likely to prove a formidable task, strong bars of iron being fixed across the flue, and cemented into the sides with mortar as hard as stone; and to remove these the sharpened table hinges were their only tools. The work, too, must be carried on during the night; and it was soon ascertained that, with the utmost labour, not more than one-eighth of an inch could be loosened round a bar in the course of a whole night; for the dreadful nature of the operation prevented the work being carried on for more than an hour at a time. Even in this short space their hands were so torn that every finger streamed with blood. They, nevertheless, proceeded night by night, first extracting one bar and then another, for about half-a-year, when they had the delight of removing the last iron which guarded the top of the chimney.

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Thus, after two years of the most persevering efforts, a passage was opened for egress from the dungeon in which the Marchioness de Pompadour had destined them to end their days. Now the delighted captives felt that the gloomy ground of St. Paul's, the burial-place of the Bastile, might not be their final rest, and eagerly prepared to use the means which had been so long preparing. Cautiously were the numerous wooden steps affixed to the long lines of rope, and thus the ladders fitted for use. Two bars of iron were also selected from the chimney to break through a wall near the Bastile ditch; and to these was added a piercer, made from a bedstead screw.

All being ready, the night of the 25th of February, 1756, was chosen for the great attempt of breaking out of this strong fortress. A box was filled with some apparel, and a bottle of brandy provided; for the Seine, having then overflowed, had filled the fortress ditches with water, in which it would be necessary to stand for some time, whilst piercing the moat wall. The iron bars were covered with cloth, and thus prevented from making a noise, should one strike against the other. The hour at last arrived when the turnkey, taking his leave for the night, locked in the prisoners, little suspecting the thoughts which at that moment agitated the hearts of the two friends.

In a short time the work was begun by Latude ascending the chimney—a task which he soon accomplished, but not before his knees and elbows were covered with blood, from the friction against the hard walls. When he began, a sharp rheumatism almost disabled his left arm; but this pain was soon forgotten in the strong excitement of the work, and by the agony of the ascent. Latude lowered the rope from the summit, and drew up the various ladders, the box, and lastly, D'Alégre himself.

Strange, we may suppose, were the feelings with which the escaping men looked from their dizzy height upon Paris below, and heard its sounds of joy and business, as courtiers, merchants, and the meaner multitude of its population, hurried along, careless of the gloomy prison which frowned upon their homes.

The murky night concealed Latude and his friend from

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observation, as, clinging to the chimney's summit, they hauled up the apparatus, and prepared for descent and escape. They next silently advanced towards the Tour du Trésor, and there resolved to descend from the rampart into the moat. One end of the ladder was firmly fastened to a cannon, and the other gently lowered into the ditch without exciting the least alarm, a result attributable to the admirable forethought which had counselled the covering of all the wooden part with a soft casing, by which any collision against the walls was prevented from producing a sound.

Latude now committed himself to the ladder, with a prayer to God for help, and began the perilous descent, keeping hold of the cord, which D'Alégre gradually lowered, and by which the vibrations of the ladder were checked. Well was it that such precautions had been taken; otherwise the daring Latude had been dashed to pieces against the Bastile stones, by the violent oscillations of the rope to which he clung. Had the linen string been made a little too weak, or a single step imperfectly fastened, the attempt must have ended in his instant death, as no less than one hundred and fifty feet intervened between the summit of the wall and the edge of the moat. He at last felt the ground beneath his feet, and prepared, without a moment's delay, to receive the box, and the other articles, passed down the rope by D'Alégre, who then effected his descent. Latude kept the ladder from swinging, and, in a few minutes, both were delighted by the feeling that they were outside the Bastile walls.

To carry away the rope ladder would have especially gratified the adventurers; but as this was impossible, they were compelled to leave this result of two years' labour and thought, hanging to the cannon, ready, at the first dawn of day, to announce their escape.

The ditch was still to be passed, and a wall on the other side broken through, ere liberty was in their possession; for the design of scaling a parapet in another part was relinquished, in consequence of hearing the footsteps of a sentinel near the spot. The moat was therefore crossed, though the water rose to their breasts, and sharp ice encrusted a great part of the surface.

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The greatest risk was yet to be undergone, for the breaking through the thick wall must be attended with much noise, and occupy a long time. But the hour for work had arrived; and, casting aside all useless fear, they began to loosen the surface of the wall with the chimney-bars, hoping that a few hours would suffice for piercing a hole sufficiently wide for the passage of a man. The outer part soon yielded, being softened by the action of the water; but the more protected portions were hard as rock, and threatened to baffle the accomplishment of the prisoners' hopes. Hour after hour was struck by the clocks of Paris, and still the agonizing men were wrenching and boring at the almost impenetrable barrier.

During this trying operation they were up to their shoulders in the freezing water of the ditch. More than once, the terrible chill had nearly overcome them; and but for the stimulus afforded by the brandy, both must have perished in the moat.

The vehemence with which they plied the iron bars had nearly proved fatal to their attempt, as, several times, the noise seemed to reach the sentries, and the strong glare of a lantern was often turned upon the spot where they stood. To avoid detection by the patrols, they were forced frequently to plunge their heads under water, and remain silent until the light was removed.

These unmistakeable symptoms of alarm on the part of the sentinels filled the workers with terror; but to desist from their labour was ruin. The wearisome toil, therefore, continued, the hole becoming deeper each hour, but so slowly, that the light of morning would, they feared, find the task unfinished, and themselves undone.

These apprehensions were not groundless, for the wall was more than four feet thick; and the tenacity of the material increased the labours to a fearful extent; whilst the constant fear of discovery from the sentinels necessarily interrupted the prosecution of the work.

Fortunately, these labours were not doomed to end in failure. After nine hours of acute bodily and mental suffering, the last fragment of the wall gave way, and the stars were seen through the opening. In a minute the men passed

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through, not feeling, in their exultation, that frost which had been benumbing their limbs whilst in the moat.

Both made directly for the high road, but had not gone many steps when they plunged into ten feet of water. The shock, however, did not deprive Latude of his presence of mind; for, dashing out his arms, he swam towards the side, and soon felt the ground underneath him again. Whilst rising, he had nearly perished in consequence of D'Alégre clutching him, and only escaped by striking off his drowning friend, whom, however, he caught the next moment by the hair of his head, and drew to the shallow part of the water.

This unexpected peril had arisen from the fugitives not being aware that a water-course ran between the Bastile moat and the road.

At last the highway was gained; and in a few minutes after, a clock struck five, indicating how little time remained before daybreak would reveal the work of the night to the Bastile officers. To change their dress was now necessary, as their bodies were becoming so cramped that the least motion was attended with acute suffering. So much had the prolonged work exhausted them, that neither could draw off the stiffened clothes without assistance from his companion; but this change being effected, they proceed onwards until a coach was met, plying for hire, into which they got, and drove to the house of a tradesman known to Latude.

What was said and done in the Bastile when the sentinels perceived the ladder suspended from the cannon, and the hole in the moat-wall; what commotion was excited throughout the Parisian police by the news which soon spread through the courts of justice; and what was the rage of the marchioness when the reports reached her, must be left to the reader's imagination.

Latude and his friend kept close in the house of the hospitable man who had first received them, whilst the police were busily prying into every corner of Paris where it was deemed the fugitives might have taken refuge. Neither were the provincial officers idle, the roads being narrowly watched, and a strict scrutiny maintained in the frontier cities.

For a whole month the two friends remained hidden; but it was judged inexpedient to remain longer in Paris, and they

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resolved to escape from France. To give greater facilities for this attempt, it was agreed that they should depart at different times; and in pursuance of this plan, D'Alégre left Paris dressed as a peasant, and reached Brussels without difficulty, whence he sent information of his arrival to Latude, who then prepared to follow his friend.

Disguising himself as a domestic, and taking with him a set of documents connected with a law-suit, the better to lull suspicion, he set out on his journey to the frontier. Some miles from Paris, he entered a diligence going to Valenciennes, which place he did not reach without numerous risks, being several times examined by the authorities at the different towns through which he passed, but escaping detention by means of his fictitious papers. From Valenciennes he departed for Brussels, where he arrived in safety.

Once his feelings were nearly betraying him in the following manner: When the diligence was close to the frontier line which then divided the low countries from France, some of the passengers were walking, and amongst them Latude. No sooner did he reach the Flemish side than he fell on his knees, and kissed the ground, all prudential considerations being, for the moment, forgotten, in the joyful emotions which then filled his heart. To his surprised fellow-travellers he instantly narrated a fictitious account of a great peril, from which he had formerly escaped on that very spot; and the story seems to have satisfied them.

When Latude reached Brussels, he repaired to the rendezvous previously agreed upon between himself and his friend; but to his inquiries for D'Alégre, the master of the hotel returned such confused replies, that Latude became convinced some unfortunate occurrence had happened, the nature of which completely baffled his conjectures. That his friend had been seized by the agents of the French police seemed the most probable solution of the difficulty; but "how could such an event happen on the Austrian soil?" was the question which now arose in the mind of Latude.

Fears for his own safety were mingled with apprehensions for D'Alégre; for if the latter had been carried off from Brussels, the same result might justly be dreaded by himself. To retire secretly from this city was most desirable, as the

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inquiries made at the hotel might reach the ears of the French agents, and lead to his detection. He therefore entered a boat about to depart for Antwerp, and was soon travelling towards the Scheldt, in company with many merry Flemings and Dutchmen.

Amongst the various subjects of conversation, Latude was startled by one which instantly absorbed all his attention. This was no less than an account of the escape of himself and D'Alégre from the Bastile; but to this was appended the alarming intimation that *one* had been traced to Brussels, where he was apprehended, and taken to Lille.

This intelligence explained at once the disappearance of D'Alégre, and warned Latude that the police were in full pursuit. The distressing news induced him to hasten from Antwerp to Bergen-op-Zoom, where he hired a small room in the poorest quarter of the town, and hoped to remain concealed till the search should relax. In was then his intention to proceed to Amsterdam, where he expected to live unmolested, and procure supplies from his relatives.

But whilst waiting for the pursuit to slacken, another evil was to be dreaded, being no less a calamity than the want of money, without which even the shelter of his poor room in Bergen-op-Zoom would not long be enjoyed. One part of his money, sufficient to pay for a passage to Amsterdam, was put aside, after which a small sum only remained; and this being speedily exhausted, he found himself on the verge of starvation. To use the passage-money for his support was to lose the means of reaching the Dutch capital; for although a request had been sent to his father for supplies, there was much reason for suspecting that the transmission of funds might be prevented by the vigilance of the police.

In this emergency he was sometimes compelled to collect wild herbs, and mix them with rye-bread; on which food having subsisted for a short time, he determined to set off for Amsterdam without further delay.

It was his good fortune to meet with a kind-hearted though blunt Dutchman, who, seeing Latude's miserable condition and wretched food, invited him to partake of his own more ample fare, and promised to introduce him to a Frenchman in Amsterdam, from whom shelter would doubtless be readily

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obtained. The benevolent Hollander, whose name was Teerhorst, proved as good as he had promised, and even provided Latude with a lodging in his own humble home, when the Frenchman to whom he had sent the fugitive refused the slightest assistance to his distressed countryman.

The home of Teerhorst was of the poorest kind, consisting of a cellar, divided into two parts, in which his business was carried on, and where his family dwelt, so that little accommodation could be given to the new-comer. But whatever generous efforts could effect for the alleviation of Latude's miseries was gladly undertaken by this Christian-hearted family, without the least prospect of reward, save the rich pleasure of doing good.

After some time, Latude discovered a Frenchman named Louis Clergue, who determined to relieve the generous Dutchman of his charge, by receiving the fugitive into his own house; which being accomplished, Latude found himself in comfort again, for his new benefactor, being both rich and benevolent, quickly provided every requisite for his guest's happiness, who now changed his linen for the first time during forty days. M. Clergue, having thus attended to the immediate wants of his unfortunate countryman, began to contrive for his future safety; and, calling a few trusty friends together, related the whole account of Latude's sufferings, ending with a request for their assistance to place the late prisoner where he might be secure from the malice of his enemies. All agreed that Amsterdam was the safest abode, feeling assured that the states-general would never stoop to the baseness of surrenderiug up a gentleman who had taken refuge within their territory.

Latude and his friend now hoped that peace and freedom were obtained, though at the price of an exile from France. Whilst indulging in the delights of security, thoughts of D'Alégre would constantly cross the imagination of Latude, and cast a gloom over his happiest hours, when he reflected on the share that unfortunate man had borne in their perilous escape from prison, and the delight with which he had anticipated a re-union in Brussels.

But a change, and that a gloomy one, was approaching Latude, who was little aware of the plans in operation at

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that time to arrest him, even within the Dutch territory. He had changed his name, hoping thus to elude the search of the hirelings of the marchioness ; but the suspension of all intercourse between himself and his father often suggested the apprehension that his correspondence must have been intercepted.

At last this fear seemed to be without foundation ; for a letter from his father, containing an order upon a banker in Amsterdam, arrived ; to whose house he immediately proceeded, anxious to secure the long-expected funds. He left the home of his friend, M. Clergue, and entered that pleasant abode no more ; for, whilst passing with a light heart through a street, he was rudely seized by some men, armed with heavy sticks, who declared themselves authorized by the Dutch authorities to apprehend him as a notorious criminal. To all his indignant remonstrances nought, save insult, was returned ; upon which, Latude appealed to the passing crowds of citizens, who quickly collected round the officers, and seemed, at one time, determined to prevent the detention of the prisoner. The police, however, cleared the way with their clubs ; and one struck Latude so violently on the neck that he fell, stunned, to the ground.

This shameful seizure had been brought about by French intrigues, combined (the truth must be told) with the baseness of the Dutch authorities, who had been prevailed upon to permit so gross a violation of their rights for the gratification of Pompadour. It is even alleged that the French ambassador had stooped to the villanous work of bribing some of the Dutch officials ; but the infamy of the latter is deep enough without the addition of such a charge.

It appears that the French police had traced Latude to Amsterdam, and, having discovered his assumed name, intercepted the correspondence with his friends, and thus became acquainted with all his plans and movements. To seize him without the sanction of the Dutch government was deemed too dangerous an experiment ; and a series of negotiations ensued, to gain permission to arrest Latude as a criminal of the deepest dye, whose intrigues would prove dangerous to those who harboured him. What farther means were employed to attain the end are buried in secresy, and

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will, in all probability, never become known, unless by one of those events which often throw into the hands of scrutinizing antiquaries heaps of old family and official papers. Some such bundle of Dutch documents, bearing date 1756, may one day throw further light on the tricky manœuvres by which the rulers of Amsterdam allowed themselves to be made the tools of French despotism.

Let us now follow Latude, whom we left stunned in one of the streets of the city. Upon the return of consciousness he found himself not in the comfortable house of Louis Clergue, but lying on some straw in a place totally dark: light was not, however, needed to show him that he was again in a dungeon. A French officer came in the morning, and insulted him by describing the great interest taken in his welfare by the Marchioness de Pompadour. His enemies were not able to carry off Latude immediately to France, as permission had to be obtained from the Austrian government for conveying him through Belgium. During this delay, which lasted nine days, various efforts were made on his behalf by his friend M. Clergue, who endeavoured to prevail on the citizens of Amsterdam to frame a remonstrance against this violation of their rights. But before any effectual steps could be taken, the expected authority arrived from the Austrian officials, and on the 9th of June, 1756, at two in the morning, the victim of court malice was quietly removed from the dungeon into a boat, and carried from the city, where the contrast between private charity and state treachery had been so powerfully developed.

The prisoner was ironed in the most barbarous manner; a leathern belt being fastened round his body, and his arms secured by rings fixed to the belt, so that he was incapable of the least motion, and was fed by one of the officers. At length the remonstrances of some of the passengers, who threatened to cut the belt, induced the police to remove the cramping leather, for which they substituted a chain on the right arm of the prisoner, by which he was linked to one of the keepers. When Latude arrived on French ground heavy fetters were placed on his legs; and thus manacled, the miserable man again beheld in a few days the hated towers of the Bastile, whence he could never more hope to escape. As he

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entered the courts of the prison he silently bade adieu to the world, and felt as if descending alive into the grave. Tumultuous was the joy which his arrival produced in the Bastile from the highest to the lowest of its officers; all had felt his escape to be a public proclamation of their inability to cope with the efforts of an unaided prisoner, and the recapture was, therefore, a signal triumph for these long-baffled ministers of despotism. No indignation was shewn towards their returning captive, upon whose daring ingenuity all looked with that appreciation which the rudest men bestow on those who vanquish extraordinary obstacles. This Latude had done, and he was, therefore, the hero of the Bastile narratives, and regarded with a feeling of admiration combined with dread, like that with which the keeper of a Bengal tiger would approach the cage of his captive.

The fears of the turnkeys were plainly indicated by the kind of dungeon now selected for Latude, which bore a striking resemblance to a tomb, being excavated in the ground, exposed to flooding from the overflowing of the Seine, and swarming with large rats, which seemed quite at home in the dark and noxious hole. Into this grave a pale ray of light entered through a narrow opening in the thick wall, disclosing the sides of the dungeon dripping with damps, and covered with the slimy trails of insects, which with the rats seemed the only creatures capable of existing within the vault. Here then was the unfortunate Latude, the son of a French Marquis, immured with heavy irons riveted on his hands and feet, wretched rags for clothing, and a heap of straw for his bed. To describe the kind of life passed for nearly three years and a-half in this horrible hole would be but a repetition of the same daily thoughts and feelings, which at one time raised him to almost maniac frenzy, at another depressed him to the melancholy quiescence of despair: such were the alternations of these three years and a-half in the dungeon. How was the prisoner saved fron idiotcy, being excluded from men and books, without the sight of even a flower growing on the prison walls to stimulate his mind to healthy action? Mention is made of a naturalist who occupied many years of his life in examining the structure of the snail, and noting the different muscles and various adaptations of the animal's configuration of its mode of life. But this was not in a dun-

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geon; the work was relieved by constant intercourse with men, and by participating in the usual business of the world. Latude was no anatomist; and, therefore, the numerous insects which crawled to and fro on the dungeon walls did not divert his mind from its miserable speculations. Not so, however, with the rats; these creatures, so generally abhorred, became in all probability the means of saving the prisoner from madness through the interest awakened in his mind by their surprising tameness. Latude described in after years the delight afforded by the companionship established between himself and these animals, for they became so intimate that he tamed most completely a whole colony, and learned to distinguish one from another, amusing his fancy by giving names to each, and appropriating every day a portion of his food to these novel friends. He appears to have commenced the training process by attracting the attention of one patriarchal-looking rat with crumbs of bread thrown on the dungeon floor. This privileged rat was not long suffered to enjoy his monopoly, others put in their claim to a share, and at last the whole body regularly assembled round the prisoner for their rations.

The prisoner merrily describes these rats as "his family circle," and details the familiarities of "his family" with an interest natural in one whose hours of prison-solitude had been relieved by their frisks and gambols. Seldom have the manners of a rat colony been so diligently noted, for rarely does it happen that the most wretched criminals are doomed to such extremities of suffering. This narrative shews on what resources the mind of man may become dependant when cut off from its usual occupations, and unaccustomed to that abstract kind of thinking which is independent of books and all visible aids to reflection. A Malebranche, or a Berkeley might perhaps have found ample work in long trains of metaphysical speculation, to which the quiet of a dungeon would not have been unfavourable. But to a man of active habits like Latude, there was no escape from the deepest melancholy except by turning his meditations to some visible object which, by presenting a succession of changes, might divert the mind from fixing on its own misery: such a result was effected by the society of these rats, their comings and goings, their battles and games.

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Another source of far more refined pleasure was opened to him by accident. One day the bundle of straw for his bed had been flung into a corner of the dungeon without exciting much attention; at length a branch of elder wood was observed twisted round the straw, and Latude conceived the idea of making a pipe from the hollow stem, a thing which he had doubtless often seen done by the shepherd boys in his younger days. To form the pipe would have been a very simple affair to a school-boy furnished with his pocket knife; but became a matter of no small difficulty to a fettered man, who was without even a nail to work with. But the ingenious constructor of the ladder in the Bastile was not to be baffled; he managed to tear off a buckle which fastened a part of his dress, and pressing it against the fetters on his feet, formed, after many efforts, a rude kind of awl, by which he in time constructed a pipe from the elder twig. The melody from such an instrument would not have been pleasing in the ears of the Royal Academy of Music, but it provided a full and efficient concert for Latude, who was transported by the sounds. The famed Paganini found solace from his violin, and developed its powers in a prison; and though Latude had not the musical power of this great performer, he did all that mortal could to elicit harmony from his instrument, which, when a grey-headed old man, and freed from the terrors of the Bastile, he fondly cherished, and delighted to exhibit to all who heard his oft-repeated history from his own mouth.

But, notwithstanding these various alleviations, his health gave way under the damp and ceaseless exhalations of his subterranean prison, from which the jailers refused to remove him, though the Bastile physician certified that his life was endangered by remaining in such a hole. At length the Seine rose above its banks, and nearly filled the dungeon with water, when a removal became necessary for the jailer's relief, who had to wade through the water to the prisoner.

This caused a separation between Latude and his four-footed friends, but introduced him to a better room, where a purer air restored in some degree his worn-out body. Solitude and the black prospect of perpetual imprisonment yet remained to harass his mind in the undisturbed silence that reigned day and night in the prison. It seemed appointed that ani-

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mals should be his consolers in whatever part of the Bastile his lot was cast; some pigeons settled on his window-sill, and became in a short time so effectually tamed as to breed in his room, and their lively habits afforded him still more pleasure than he had derived from the rats. A mortification was, however, in store for him; one of the jailers had expressed vindictive feelings towards the prisoner on account of his daring escape, for which the man had been severely blamed by his superiors. He now resolved to thwart Latude in the enjoyment of his winged pets, insisting upon receiving pay from the captive for permitting him to have the pigeons in his prison. As Latude had no money, the man declared he must receive half the daily allowance of wine at that time ordered by the doctor for the prisoner, who refused to gratify the malignant wretch by surrendering the cordial so necessary for his convalescence. The man entered the room next day with an order from the governor for the slaughter of the pigeons; upon which the enraged Latude, resolved to prevent the brutal jailer from executing his wish, rushed upon his pets and killed them himself. Long afterwards he described the remorse with which he contemplated the death of his birds. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the cruel laws of the Bastile would not have required such a sacrifice from a prisoner, and that the order was a forgery. Whilst Latude had been contending with the horrors of his dungeon, and seeking relief from maddening thoughts in the society of rats, his mind was also intent upon the execution of a plan by which he hoped to obtain the favourable consideration of the government. This was a device for increasing the efficiency of the French army; by suggesting that the halberts which the non-commissioned officers carried should be exchanged for muskets; for, as about every twentieth man carried a halbert, one-twentieth of the line was unable to injure the foe except in close engagement; but by the substitution of the musket these officers could add their fire to that of the column. Some items of this scheme had been jotted down when in the *rat hole;* but how was this effected? With his *own blood* drawn from his fingers by pricking them with fish bones reserved from the fragments of a dinner. These bones were his pens; and as to the paper, this was formed by beating some moistened bread into a paste, which, when dried, received the

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impression of a few characters traced in blood upon them. This dreadful experiment had nearly cost Latude his hand, as the fingers became inflamed to an alarming degree by the frequent lancings. The particulars thus noted down and preserved were communicated to the Bastile priest, for whom, Latude feigning illness, had sent. The plan reached the king; it was even adopted in the army; and, what was the benefit to Latude? Simply a permission to walk for two hours each day on the ramparts of the prison.

He now resolved to transmit another proposal, having for its object the welfare of the army. He pointed out a mode by which a pension fund for the widows of soldiers killed in battle might be created, without the least drain upon the treasury. This plan was sent to the Minister of State, and even adopted so far as the creation of a fund was concerned; but neither the imprisoned proposer nor the widows received the least advantage. This barbarous neglect irritated Latude almost to desperation, and he resolved to draw up a detail of his sufferings, with a history of the Marchioness de Pompadour, in which he narrated those facts of her early life most likely to expose her to the ridicule of Paris. Could such an account be drawn up, he resolved to fling it into the Rue St. Antoine whilst walking on the ramparts, with the hope that some daring publisher might come to a knowledge of the contents, and give them to the world. It was easy to conceive this plan, but the execution involved much difficulty; for how could such an account be written by a man without a single pen, an inch of paper, or a grain of ink? Some old books were in his room, and upon the margins or between the lines of these sufficient might be written to gratify his fiercest indignation; but pen and ink were beyond his reach, and the former plan of using his own blood could not be trusted for so large a piece of writing. The ingenuity of Latude discovered a mode of procuring both these essentials in a manner which might well excuse some of the ignorant jailers for regarding him as a man in league with supernatural beings. A sou was transformed into a pen, by beating it out to a thin plate, and then twisting this metal-slip into a cylindrical form with a sloping point, in a manner which the manufacturers of the Perryan pens might be puzzled to imitate. The production of ink was a more difficult matter.

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Could some sooty substance be procured, a fluid sufficiently dark for marking paper might be obtained; but no such substance was within his reach. A fire was necessary for the production of soot, and a series of plans for gaining this essential were now devised.

A feigned sore-throat induced the doctor to allow him a little oil; a pretended tooth-ache procured him the loan of a tobacco-pipe from one of the sentinels, with the fire from the ashes of which he lighted a few cotton threads, twisted into a kind of wick, and placed in the oil. This wick had been obtained by drawing out the ends of the warp from a part of his apparel, in the same manner as on a former occasion he had procured materials for his rope-ladders. The moment when he saw the wick take fire was one of intense gratification; and he gazed upon the novel sight with a rapture far exceeding that ever excited by the most gorgeous sun-rise witnessed in his days of liberty. Over the burning wick a plate was held, on the bottom of which the smoke formed soot, which being scraped off afforded one of the elements for the manufacture of ink. He next attempted to mix the soot with water; but found this impossible, as it would only float on the surface. Some substance capable of uniting the soot with the water was wanted; a syrup would accomplish this, and, accordingly, this was at length obtained from the doctor under pretence of a cold. Ink was thus procured, and the prisoner commenced the strange history of sufferings undergone by himself, and the infamous life of the Marchioness de Pompadour.

Singular narratives have been drawn up in dungeons, but few could exhibit more of the marvellous than the various circumstances connected with this work of Latude. He soon finished the document, and bound it up in a wrapper made from the lining of his breeches, after which an opportunity was eagerly sought for throwing this curiosity of literature into the street. But Latude had already decided against flinging his production at hazard into the avenue below, resolving to attract the attention of some of the dwellers in the houses surrounding the Bastile, and then cast the packet from the walls. To arrest the attention of persons beneath would not be difficult, as the sight of a prisoner walking on the ramparts was, of itself, enough to draw the

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gaze of many ; but to give such persons a special interest in any one prisoner some signs were absolutely essential, and these could not be made whilst Latude was attended by the soldiers, who always watched him during his walks.

To get rid of these was now the grand point, or at least to obtain the privilege of walking at some distance from such officious guardians. One was an old talkative fellow, whom Latude managed so effectually to disgust by repeated contradictions, and by running with all his speed to and fro on the ramparts, that he was at last induced to remain at one end of the esplanade chatting with his companion, a serjeant, but keeping a close watch upon the prisoner, who often remained for several minutes at one point as if noticing the various objects below. By these means he at last caught the attention of two women, accustomed to work at a window of a neighbouring house ; and when he had sufficiently excited their attention by oft-repeated signs, an opportunity was taken for throwing the bundle into the street unobserved by his attendants, when he saw one of the women pick up the important paper, which being directed to one of his friends would no doubt be used according to his wishes. This happened in September, 1763, seven years after his seizure at Amsterdam, and fourteen from the date of his first imprisonment. What results he anticipated from the publication of such a document beyond heaping some additional infamy on the Marchioness de Pompadour it is difficult to imagine. As his long captivity had arisen from her indignation, he could not hope that freedom would flow from her exasperation. Desperation and a desire of revenge were probably the ruling motives of the deed, unless he expected to terrify his foe by the many proofs given of his acquaintance with some of the more private scenes of her life. Latude now waited with a beating heart for the issue of his scheme, and often paused before the window where the two women sat, whose gestures after some time seemed indicative of pleasure, and induced him to expect a favourable event. Three months elapsed, but no decisive result ensued ; no intimations of success appeared, nor did increased severities indicate any additional irritation in the minds of his enemies. One circumstance alone gave hope, the increasing signs of pleasure exhibited by the women, which he inferred had reference to some ap-

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proaching benefit. At last a decisive moment came: Latude was eagerly pacing the ramparts on the morning of the 18th of April, 1764, when he perceived the two women gesticulating at the window in an extraordinary way, after which a large board was held up to his view, on which he read, with a delight no tongue can utter, the startling words, "The Marchioness de Pompadour died yesterday." He now deemed his woes were over; the death of the marchioness, his jailers had often assured him, would be the end of his imprisonment; and such was his expectation of an immediate liberation, that he began to arrange matters for meeting his friends. Some days passed away, but still no order for his exit came. Latude now wrote to M. Sartine, the head of the police, demanding his liberty. This functionary soon appeared, and, in a rage, demanded by what means he obtained information of the death of the marchioness, for M. Sartine had given strict orders that this event should not be communicated to the prisoners. Latude refused to name his informants, when the wretch declared that the prison gates should never open again to him: such was the power placed in the hands of a government hireling, by the infamous system then tolerated in France. M. Sartine could not indulge his malice against Latude without much scheming. He had already promised the friends of the captive, that with the death of the Marchioness liberty should be granted to the victim of her anger, and something like appearances must be observed towards those relatives. M. Sartine accordingly declared that Latude's long imprisonment had so formed his habits, that an immediate discharge might be attended with fatal consequences to his reason or his life, and that a short period of ease and tranquillity in a monastery might prepare him for again returning to the business of the world. These hypocritical pretences were believed by many, and the wretched Latude could but hope that the worst was already over. One night, the 14th of August, he was conducted from the Bastile dungeon to a carriage in which he was nearly bent double by an iron chain, so barbarously fastened to his neck and legs that the pain was likened by the sufferer to the torture of being broken on the wheel. He was in this manner conveyed to Vincennes, whence he had already once effected his own liberation, and had thus the singular fate of

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being reconducted to the very prisons from each of which he had once escaped. Here he remained for eight months, at the end of which time the reader will be surprised to hear that this daring man again effected his escape in spite of all the precautions suggested to the guards by his former exploits in prison-breaking. Latude had been allowed to walk in the garden attended by sentries, and during one of these airings in November, 1765, a dense fog came on suddenly. Latude instantly dashed from the guards, and joining in the cry of "seize him," which they raised, darted past one sentry before the man could understand the affair, and approaching another, as if intending to surrender, sprung upon the man and wrenched his musket from him, after which he cleared the garden boundaries, and rushing headlong over all obstacles found himself at length in the park, where he lay concealed till night, and then set out for Paris. When he arrived in the capital he hastened to the residence of the two women with whom he had communicated from the Bastile ramparts, thus taking refuge under the very shadow of his late prison. In the house of these kind persons he found an asylum, and addressed from it a letter to M. Sartine, imploring him to permit rest at last to visit one whose best days had already been consumed in dungeons. No result followed from this appeal, but Latude soon heard that the police were in active search for the man whose daring seemed to bid defiance to prison bars, and that a thousand crowns was the reward offered to those who should arrest him. He now resolved to seek the protection of the Duc de Choiseul, the prime minister; and having written to this high officer, stating that he would present himself for audience at Fontainbleau on December the 18th, he set out to plead his cause, and declare his sufferings to one from whose superior character he hoped for that justice which corruption seemed to have driven from France. To reach Fontainbleau was a task of great difficulty for one who dared not travel along the common roads, nor march in the day for fear of arrest; whilst the intense frost and the snow, joined to hunger, exhausted the little strength which the long sufferings of his prison-life had spared. But Fontainbleau was at length reached; and what awaited him there? To the Duc de Choiseul he was not allowed to approach, being seized by the messengers of M.

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Sartine soon after his arrival, and reconducted to Vincennes for the third time. The worst dungeon, marked A, was allotted him, into which no light ever entered except when the jailer opened the iron door, and was only seven feet long and six wide. Now his constitution yielded to multiplied woes, every part of his body swelled as if attacked by an universal dropsy, and in this dungeon Latude had undoubtedly died, had he not been removed by the kind-hearted governor Guyonnet, who, though threatened on account of the recent escape of Latude, sought to alleviate his misery by all possible relaxations from the savage orders of the narrow-souled M. Sartine.

The prisoner gave up for the present all further attempts to escape, but exercised his ingenuity in devising means for opening a communication with some of his fellow-prisoners, from whom he was isolated with extraordinary care. The garden was close to his dungeon; in this the prisoners, except Latude, were allowed to walk each by himself every day; and to hold conversation with some of these, it was necessary to bore a hole through a wall five feet in thickness. A man always on the watch for opportunities soon finds how numerous are the chances in his favour; and thus it proved with Latude, who contrived to pick up at different times a fragment of an old sword and a piece of iron hoop. With these he began to bore through the wall, and persevered for more than two years digging into the mass, when a space was opened sufficient to allow articles to be passed from one side to the other, whilst ample facilities were afforded for conversation between Latude and his fellow-captives. By thrusting a long stick through the hole, he soon gained the attention of several persons, and discovered no less than three who had been imprisoned for writing or speaking disrespectfully of the contemptible creature Pompadour. One of these, a marquis, had been in prison nineteen years, another seventeen, and the third twenty-three years; and this last case was the most cruel of all, as the sufferer was but *suspected* of having written something displeasing to the woman at whose feet a despicable monarch had placed the liberties of the noblest Frenchmen. The aperture became the means of softening the captivity of Latude, who now procured writing materials from prisoners more favoured than himself, and was consoled

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by the sympathy and advice of others. The various prisoners were allowed no communication with each other, but this regulation was nullified by Latude's hole; for, when a person desired to convey intelligence to another, he had only to leave his note with Latude, who kept it till the proper party made his appearance. To such an extent was this scheme carried, that Latude aptly called his aperture the *post-office* of the prison, from the privileges of which the jailers were of course excluded.

This comparative happiness was terminated by the appointment of a brutal person named Rougemont to the office of governor, who retrenched in every way the prisoners' food, discharged the jailers whom he suspected of kindness towards the captives, and evinced in all his conduct the spirit of a fiend. He ordered the officers to nail up a window through which the unfortunate man could obtain a sight of the distant fields, and when he remonstrated, directed the jailer to conduct him to his former dark and noisome den, whence he was not removed till disease had reduced him to a state of unconsciousness. Thus passed *eleven* years in the dungeons of Vincennes, at the end of which period his friends prevailed upon the minister M. de Malesherbes to procure the release of one who had already suffered so grievously. The minister visited Latude in his cell, and heard with deep commiseration the long tale of misery, promising, as he departed, a speedy liberation. The order for this was actually *signed,* when the enemies of Latude found means to prejudice M. de Malesherbe against him, and an imprisonment in the lunatic asylum of Charenton was allotted instead of liberty to Latude, who had been represented as a crafty and desperate character, subject to the most dangerous fits of madness, and this induced the benevolent minister to permit his temporary confinement at Charenton.

When this intelligence reached Latude he felt as if stunned by a paralytic shock, and resigned himself to the full agony of despair, though he was not at this time aware that Charenton was a mad-house. To aggravate his wretchedness the brutal governor of Vincennes, M. Rougemont, gave his attendants the most false accounts of his vicious propensities; and still further to excite the severity of his keepers, informed them that the name of *Danger* had been given to Latude.

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With such a character he was received into the asylum of Charenton, where the discovery that he was in a mad-house, and not a monastery, had nearly reduced him to that insanity which his persecutors doubtless expected would finally be his fate. Latude ascertained the character of his new prison in a few minutes after his arrival, when perceiving some lunatics dancing about in grotesque attire, he inquired of his guide the reason of their confinement, and received that answer which overcame for the moment his brain, throwing him into a swoon, in which state he was borne to a cell. The monks, brothers of charity, who attended their wretched patients, soon discovered that Latude was more miserable than mad; upon which the superior, Father Facio, interceded with M. de Malesherbes for his discharge. The minister was surprised at the report which described Latude as a sane person, and filled with indignation at the false representations made to him by the police and Bastile authorities. Liberty would now in a few days have been afforded to Latude, had not the political storms which were urging on the French revolution driven his friend M. de Malesherbes from power. The condition of the prisoner was from this time ameliorated, and some reasonable hopes of liberation began to operate happily on his feelings. He was no longer confined to a cell, but allowed to associate with some prisoners who were at that time detained at Charenton, and in their room his time passed more pleasantly. But a discovery was at hand which rendered his subsequent abode at Charenton most unhappy, and often in days long after filled him with sorrow. He had frequently heard of the iron-cages in which the more desperate maniacs were confined, and sometimes listened in the silence of night to their sad outcries, but had never visited the gloomy scene of such a fearful misery. One day a number of particulars respecting a lunatic being detailed, Latude was struck by a resemblance between these accounts and the history of his long lost friend d'Alégre. He instantly besought the attendants to allow him to see the lunatic; he came, and one glance sufficed to reveal the dreadful truth. His friend stood before him a confirmed maniac, with not a ray of reason left, nor the least remembrance of Latude, who in vain endeavoured to rekindle some association, or excite some recollections of the past. D'Alégre repelled his former

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friend with fierceness, to whose question, "Do you not know your old friend?" he replied, "No, I am God!" For ten years d'Alégre had lived at Charenton, and there he ended his days in the darkness of madness. Every cry of rage or woe from the maniacs' cells now pierced the heart of Latude with deeper anguish, for amid those lamentations he felt the voice of his friend might be mingling.

In about two years an order arrived for the release of Latude from Charenton, on condition that he fixed his abode at his native place, Montagnac, in Languedoc. With these terms Latude was not disposed to quarrel, and took his departure from Charenton June 7, 1777, clothed, if such a term is not inappropriate, in a tattered coat which he had purchased at Brussels, torn breeches, a pair of ragged stockings, and worn-out slippers. This beggarly apparel was little heeded, for the fresh breeze blew sweetly round him, whilst the trees and fields offered a luxurious treat to one who, for nearly thirty years, had not gazed with a quiet mind upon the beauties of natural scenery. Latude hastened to Paris, where the loan of some money enabled him to procure suitable apparel, after which he waited on the head of the police, M. Le Noir, who enjoined him instantly to repair to Montagnac. Had Latude obeyed this direction he might perhaps have been allowed to remain without further persecution; but he dreaded to return to his native place, where a thousand reports must have been circulated detrimental to his character, and not adapted to facilitate his reception amongst utter strangers, for such the people of Montagnac were to him. He therefore resolved to make another effort to interest the government in his favour, by a memorial containing an account of his sufferings, and the plans he had proposed for the advantage of the army. The weak Louis XV. was dead, and from his successor Louis XVI. Latude trusted some recompence might be granted for injustice inflicted by his grandfather.

The memorial was submitted to the Prince de Beauveau, who approved its contents, and consented to present it to the king. But all things were now becoming confused in France; amidst the general convulsion the resentment of an official was more likely to impede justice than the cries of the distressed to secure it. Latude had made an allusion in the

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memorial to his enemy M. de Sartine, who had been head of the police, but was now Minister of the Marine. This man, enraged at the presentation of the petition, used all his influence to prevent the monarch from taking a favourable view of the memorial, and Latude quickly had all his hopes blasted; even the Prince de Beauveau deserted him, and M. Le Noir intimated that imprisonment would follow any further delay in setting out for Montagnac. Resistance was useless, and escape from his foes impossible; he therefore departed for Montagnac, with a heart oppressed by the isolation in which he must for the future spend his days. But liberty was obtained, and this would compensate for the evils still attending him. He had journeyed a hundred and twenty miles towards Montagnac, when, to his utter astonishment, an officer overtook him, and declared he must return a prisoner to Paris.

Latude, suspecting some mistake, produced the order for his departure *from* Paris; but the officer was positive, and shewed his warrant for reconducting the prisoner to the capital.

In a few days he was conducted to that horrible prison the Bicêtre, where the vilest criminals, men convicted of the worst crimes, are confined, who, the moment he was introduced amongst them, began to ask what murder or daring robbery he had committed, expecting of course to see a ruffian like themselves in such a den of villains. The jailers stripped off Latude's dress, and compelled him to wear a coat and trousers made from the coarsest canvas, and a pair of heavy clogs for shoes, after which he was forced into a dungeon, and left with a little bread and water. Such was the punishment inflicted on one of the subjects of Louis XVI. by the infamous men who then held some of the highest offices in the government, and this for no crime save the presentation of a petition to the king! Here Latude was often compelled to listen to the most horrid language, the curses and blasphemies of men who had shaken off every feeling of shame, and delighted in the outpouring of their envenomed and corrupted thoughts.

For more than three years did he remain in a cell in this prison, at the end of which time disease procured his removal to the infirmary, where amid the diseased and dying some months of acute anguish passed away. A French princess having visited from curiosity the Bicêtre, Latude endeavoured to present a petition as she passed, for which he was instantly

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conducted to one of the worst dungeons in that worst of French prisons. Here the lowest depth of misery was entered; dungeons could inflict no further woe, and death was all that remained in the power of his tormentors. His prison was dark as night, insects of the most noxious kind swarmed in the place, and irritated his flesh, so that the surface of his body became one blistering wound, in the ulcers of which the vermin bred and drove him to the verge of madness. His enemies probably wished to destroy him by these tortures; and their object must shortly have been accomplished, as no human body could long exist under such an accumulation of miseries. But the means of rescue were at length about to appear.

The President De Gourgues made a visit to the prison in September, 1781, and listened to Latude's account of the shameful wrongs inflicted on him, into which the president promised to inquire, and therefore requested the unfortunate man to draw up a memorial of the facts connected with his imprisonments. During nine days Latude was diligently employed in composing the history of his woes, which he then forwarded to M. De Gourgues. The messenger dropped the packet in the street by accident, but it was picked up by a lady named Madame Le Gros, the wife of a private teacher. As the address was effaced, they opened the paper; but no sooner had her husband read the touching narrative, than he hastened to carry it to the president, into whose hands he delivered the document; when, to his surprise, the magistrate informed him that the writer of the memorial was a madman of the most dangerous character, whose liberty was incompatible with the public safety. It was thus evident that the benevolent president had been imposed upon by the falsehoods of some malicious foes of Latude, who resolved that his imprisonment should never terminate. Madame Le Gros and her husband argued against the calumny, pointing out many things in the memorial itself utterly inconsistent with the notion of insanity. The president relied upon the honesty of the men who had so falsely accused Latude, and was, therefore, led into error; but the kind-hearted woman sought for other evidence more incontrovertible than the unsupported assertions of interested officials. She procured a certificate from the chaplain of the Bicêtre, attesting the perfect sanity

of Latude, and caused the prison registers to be searched for charges of crime against him; when nothing was found in that record save the date of his admission within the prison, she became convinced of the existence of some atrocious scheme to prevent the hapless man from making his wrongs known, lest the infamous perpetrators of such wickedness should meet their due reward.

Madame Le Gros, aided by her husband, now commenced a long series of efforts, which exposed her to insults, toil, and danger, in behalf of Latude, whose cruel wrongs had roused her feeling heart to that pitch of determination which so often becomes the source of a sublime heroism. Few events can be recorded more abounding in traits of lofty generosity and noble self-abandonment than the persevering attempts of this spirited woman to procure justice for an injured man, who was a total stranger to her and her husband. For three years did her efforts last; now seeking the influence of some nobleman, now presenting petitions at the levées of the ministers, and then seeking access to the presence of royalty itself. Frequently were her days spent in distant journeys, and her nights in working for the support of her family; for this heroic woman had no resources save in the daily labours of herself and her husband. Her friends began to fear for her safety, for those who kept Latude in prison might not hesitate to sacrifice his resolute ally; but such insinuations fell powerless on her ear, as she was determined to find some means of liberating Latude. When she had been thus engaged for a year and a-half, Latude saw for the first time his generous patroness, and the interview redoubled the ardour which had hitherto impelled her efforts. In the pursuit of her object she sometimes experienced the severest sufferings, for her attention to this one grand aim necessitated an almost total neglect of her mercery warehouse, and ended in the loss of her trade; but the means for persevering in the attempt did not fail, a sufficient sum for this purpose being at the disposal of this noble pair. The great obstacle to her design was the brutal Le Noir, whose mean spirit seemed incapable of one generous action; but this base man was at length forced to yield before superior influences brought into operation by Madame le Gros, who obtained the aid of Madame Neckar in furtherance of her object.

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In a short time after the acquisition of this ally, an order was sent to Le Noir for the release of Latude ; and if France had not then been plunged into the disorganization caused by a vicious system of government, the prisoner would have received his immediate liberation. But Le Noir dared to keep this very order by him for the space of six weeks, when fears for his own wretched self compelled him to allow of its execution.

This order retained the condition of living at Montagnac ; and though it was rescinded after much trouble, another was substituted, by which Latude was directed to avoid appearing in the *public* walks, the *coffee* houses, and places of amusement. The object of this restriction was doubtless the prevention of popular agitation respecting the abuses by which a French gentleman had been subjected to such barbarous treatment. The public mind had already begun to canvas most freely the measures of government, and the ruling powers were, therefore, anxious to conceal Latude from the view of men.

The eventful day at length came, which brought freedom to the old man who had entered the Bastile at the age of twenty-five, and departed from the Bicêtre after a period of thirty-five years' imprisonment, the greater part being passed in isolation from the sympathies and society of men.

His property had been irrecoverably lost, no resources were at his disposal, and the government refused him any compensation for a life of suffering, except a small pension amounting to about fifteen English pounds.

The day of Latude's liberation was March 24, 1784, and he instantly departed to the house of M. Le Gros, where a neat apartment was prepared for his reception, in which those generous persons prayed him to dwell as in his own home.

Notwithstanding the secrecy in which the police sought to bury the whole infamous series of injuries, the reports of Latude's sufferings became the theme of Parisian conversation, and a fertile theme for the fierce declamations of the political agitators who then began to excite the populace against the whole social system of France. Wise men regretted that their rulers had given such an opportunity for mischief to the unprincipled demagogues of the capital, by injustice too plain for denial, and too gross for palliation.

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The paltry pension bestowed upon Latude excited the indignation of those who felt that the existing government had thus lost a suitable occasion of recompensing the wrong done by their predecessors in office. It was certainly a humiliating fact that a subscription of private persons should do that which the statesmen of the day ought gladly to have done. Two annuities were provided of three hundred livres each, one for Latude, and the other for his noble-minded friend Madame Le Gros, to whom other sums were granted by various liberal gentlemen, and the French Academy did honour to itself by the presentation of a gold medal to her whose devotedness to her humane object might well excite the applause of all good men.

Thus ended this most gloomy history of suffering, which stands alone in the annals of prison life, whether we regard the duration of the injustice, the unparalleled energy of the prisoner, the surprising ingenuity of his escapes, and the romantic interest connected with the circumstances of his final liberation.

One thing more was required, to raise our pity to the highest point—that Latude's calamities had befallen him whilst prosecuting a noble and virtuous course of action. As it is, we cannot avoid tracing his multiplied miseries to misconduct; and this consideration diminishes our interest in the *man*, though it leaves full scope for the exercise of pity for the *prisoner*. Had he been tried for his offence, and convicted upon equitable grounds, the voice of sympathy would have been silent: it is the shameful combination of vice and despotism in his accusers, and the infamous perversion of justice for the gratification of private malice, which excite our indignation against the wrongdoers, and pity for the victim.

If Latude cherished the desire of revenge, he lived to witness the full gratification of his most intense hatred. In five years after his liberation, he saw his first prison, the Bastile, surrendered to a revolutionary mob, and beheld, with inexpressible emotion, the ladder by which he had escaped from the lofty ramparts. This had been carefully preserved in the prison museum, as a lesson to all the officers, of the expedients which other prisoners might also adopt. Shortly after this great blow had been struck at the French monarchy, Latude saw the whole system of the ancient go-

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vernment fall, in one vast ruin, to the earth, and a sea of trouble roll upon France. The star of Napoleon was rising brightly before this victim of lettres de cachet ended his life, which happened in the year 1804, when aged eighty years.

Some years before this, in 1793, he brought an action against the heirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, claiming damages for the losses to which her malice had exposed him, and succeeded in his suit. So much had the state of society changed in France, that he whose prospects had been ruined by a mere whisper of that woman, was now able to expose her heirs in a full court, and wring from them a solid compensation for his wrongs.

With this notice, our sketch of Latude's eventful history must close, with the addition of this one reflection, that a hundredth part of the patience, ingenuity, and courage displayed by Latude in his attempts to secure freedom for his body, would lead to the highest advantages if exerted for the attainment of knowledge, and the liberation of the understanding from the bastile of ignorance and fettering prejudices in which many, even in this age, are content to dwell. Such a remark may seem like moralizing; and if so, the writer acknowledges the imputation, feeling assured that some thought of this kind will be suggested to many readers by the surprising exhibition of almost heroic courage and endurance developed under the pressure of evil, by men who would, in easier circumstances, have trifled away the whole of life in childish activity.

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